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WHERE DO YOU STAND?

An Open Letter to American Undergraduates

BY ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

GENTLEMEN: —

During the last six months something has been happening on the campus that many of us who graduated twenty-five or thirty years ago cannot understand. You may not be startled by this discovery, but I assure you that we are, since we have always prided ourselves on being able to understand you a good deal better than our parents ever understood us. We like to feel that we are more flexible and more tolerant. We admit that you are more inquisitive about the world than we were, that you have read more widely, and that socially you are far more mature. Incidentally, I wonder if you realize what gallant efforts we have made to get your point of view. And why not? The important thing is to keep the line of communications open between the two generations, and that is what we have tried to do. It has not always been easy. Superficially you may appear more demonstrative than we were. Actually you are like Cordelia in that you 'cannot heave your heart into your mouth,' and, like Cordelia too, you are sometimes dreadfully obstinate. At least we think so. You call it looking at things objectively.

Please don't think that I am drawing up an indictment against you. Obviously one cannot indict a whole generation any more than one can a whole country. There must be infinite shades of opinion among you, as indeed there are among us. Still I think that most of you feel very differently about the war than we do. By 'we' I mean those of us who fought in the last war. We are baffled by your attitude. You think us sentimental, we think that you are unimaginative and cold-blooded — not all of you by any means, but apparently the majority.

To be specific, we want to know why it is that the undergraduates of Dartmouth, Cornell, Harvard, Yale, — and other colleges as well, — have petitioned the President not to intervene in Europe. Youth is traditionally impulsive, generous, and idealistic. How do these qualities display themselves in the college press?

The *Daily Dartmouth* warns its readers against the dangers of helping Finland.

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'Contributing funds to Finland means shutting our ears to the other side, means swinging our emotions solidly to the side which may not have all the right . . . it means falling in with British and French propaganda, sending money, money not just for relief but for arms, perhaps eventually sending volunteers.' The *Harvard Crimson*, 'frankly determined to have peace at any price,' raps Presidents Conant and Seymour over the knuckles for having spoken 'so soon and so early the words that may send to destruction the lives in their charge.' Bishop Lawrence's expression of sympathy for the Allies is roundly denounced as 'warmongering.' The German rape of Belgium and Holland inspires 300 Harvard undergraduates to tell President Roosevelt in a petition dated May 15, 1940, that 'never under any circumstances will they follow in the footsteps of the students of 1917.'

At Cornell the American Student Union exercises its ingenuity by constructing a cardboard tank six feet high, topped by a dummy turret and gun, which is sent to the White House with the inscription, 'Dear President Roosevelt — keep America out of war,' painted on its side. The *Yale News* surveys the conflict in Europe with Olympian detachment and on September 29, 1939, finds that 'there is no preponderance of good or evil on either side.' Nor does the Nazi invasion of Norway, Belgium, and Holland appear to have altered that conviction among the students at large. At the end of May, when Hitler's armies were crashing through to Paris, a self-styled Christian committee of Yale undergraduates secured 1486 signatures to a petition to the President urging among other things that 'this country should grant no credits, give no supplies, and send no men.' It is true that a counter petition was set in motion the next day protesting against the isolationist poll and urging that 'the United States extend credits and send supplies to the Allies wherever such assistance is needed immediately,' and it is also true that a certain number of undergraduates who signed the first petition in favor of isolation cheerfully signed the second petition against it; but even so, only 700 went on record as being in favor of helping the Allies. With more time — the examination schedule interfered with the second poll — another hundred names might have been added, but no juggling with figures can alter the fact that the average student is not sympathetic to the cause of the Allies.

We find this flow of student petitions to the White House pleading for a purely negative attitude in foreign affairs very difficult to square with the notions of idealism we associate with you. A law-school student who is deeply interested in European affairs writes to *Life*, 'I hope desperately that England and France can win this war,' and in the next breath he adds, 'We feel that this country should extend no further aid to the Allied governments beyond what they can buy with the many billions in cash and credits that they now have over here.' In other words, he wants to see Hitler stopped, but he prefers someone else to do the job, and he is not going to lift a finger to help. What sort of idealism is that?

Some of you, no doubt, are Christian pacifists, and I think you will find that even the people you accuse of being warmongers respect your opinions. Unfortunately a good many students have rallied under your banner who don't belong there. The man who is inspired by hysterical timidity, and so refuses to send aid to Europe in case he should become involved, has no right to call himself a conscientious objector. He is an objector, all right, but his conscience has nothing to do with it. The true religious pacifist is a lion of courage, because, though he cannot bring himself to take another man's life, he is always willing to risk his own in the relief of suffering.

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A few of you, but I think only a very few, are actually hoping for a German victory. More than a few admire Hitler tremendously. You can't help it. You have been taught to admire success whether it be in the realm of athletics, business, social life, or politics, and Hitler is the greatest exponent of success the modern world has ever seen. In the midst of your admiration just remember what William James said about the danger besetting America, 'the danger of moral flabbiness born of an exclusive worship of the bitch-goddess Success.' Only on the plea of success worship can I understand why you are so very ready to condone the crimes of Germany.

Let me give you an example. The day after the *Altmark* incident, when the rest of the civilized world was chuckling over the rescue of British prisoners, the *Yale News* came out with a flaming indictment of Great Britain's breach of international law. Righteous indignation is not a popular weapon in campus journalism, but here for once the editors let themselves go. The law had been flouted, and the *Yale News* was not going to stand for it. Had there been any similar outburst over the German sinking of neutral ships? There had not. The fact that hundreds of neutrals had lost their lives through German action did not seem to the *News* worthy of editorial comment. Whether or not a belligerent is justified in using the coastal waters of a neutral for the transfer of prisoners I do not pretend to know. International lawyers are not agreed on the subject, but it is significant that the campus wiseacres jumped to the conclusion that Great Britain must be the guilty party, not Germany.

An undergraduate explained to me that it would be a great mistake to infer from editorials of this kind that student opinion as a whole was pro-Nazi. The argument seems to be that the worst fate that could befall America would be to become involved in the war. If we should go to war it would certainly be upon the Allied side. Therefore you feel it is your duty to blackguard the Allies upon every possible occasion and to soft-pedal the considered brutality of Germany. That explanation does not seem to us to be worthy of your heart or even of that brilliant young surgeon, your mind. Great Britain and France have learned to their cost that fear of war is no basis for a national policy, but, while you are very ready to criticize the tragically inept diplomacy of Chamberlain and Daladier, you seem to us to be heading in exactly the same direction.

Let us have a look at this isolationism which you cling to so fervently. You say that you are ready to defend America if and when we are attacked, but that that is not likely to happen, and that in the meantime America's opportunity lies in remaining completely apart. Someone has told you that we were hoodwinked into the last war by a stealthy combination of munitions makers, Wall Street magnates, and British propaganda. You have read a lot of books on the subject, including Walter Millis's *Road to War*, which you say has made 'a profound impression' upon you. You are absolutely convinced, on the basis of a pleasant trip through Bavaria last summer, that the Germans are a nice people and you can't imagine wanting to fight them. Anyway, it is all Chamberlain's fault for embarking on that ridiculous policy of appeasement. You say that we did not get excited about Ethiopia and Czechoslovakia, so why should you get excited about the fate of Norway, Holland, and Belgium?

I think you will recognize these arguments as old familiar friends in campus discussion. Are you satisfied with them? I am not, and I cannot believe that you are either. Nor can I believe that Colonel Lindbergh reflects your sentiments. Lindbergh recoils from the idea of sending aid to the Allies as that might ultimately involve us in war. His policy is much simpler. 'We insist upon military bases being placed wherever they are

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needed for our safety, *regardless of who owns the territory involved.*' In other words, he advocates our following the German example in Norway. Ignore the independence of weaker countries and take what you must have for defense. That is the inevitable conclusion to Colonel Lindbergh's 'realism.'

Since the subjugation of the Low Countries and then France, a good many people have changed their minds about the issues of this war. History has become a kaleidoscopic process in which the isolationist of yesterday reappears as the interventionist of today. If you are morally bewildered by the war, you are certainly in good company, for you have with you most of the Presidential candidates, but I am surprised that your bewilderment and mine spring from such very different sources. You are disgusted more than our generation realizes by any sort of moral appeal. I am disgusted by any appeal that is not founded on morality. In the last few years we have all heard of the timid souls who look under the bed every night to make sure that a Communist is not lurking there. I believe that you look under the bed every night for propaganda. Though you pride yourself on being able to recognize it under any disguise, there is nothing that you dread so much. The fact that the last war — or, to be more exact, the last peace — did not make the world safe for democracy has proved to you the terrible fallacy of all idealism. Any expression of patriotism makes you back away into your corner. It is immediately suspect as an incentive to war.

Forgive me if I have mistaken your position, but your distrust of ideals frightens me. It frightens me because, if it is true, it is our fault even more than it is yours. Our teaching, or at least the emphasis in our teaching, must have been all wrong. If we have made you think that there is no problem in life which cannot be solved by a rationally objective approach, then we are guilty, like Saul, of having played the fool and erred exceedingly.

I could sympathize with you in your present dilemma if you were merely shying away from the principle of supporting the Allies up to the hilt and still insisting on our neutrality. To sell ships to a junk dealer for resale to the Allies, to fly planes up to the Canadian border and then have them dragged across the line, may well strike you as a ridiculous travesty of neutrality. It is, but your objections to this policy do not seem to me very impressive. You complain that it is dangerous; I complain that it is equivocal. Our present conception of neutrality leaves us in the difficult position of the Irishman who admitted that he was neutral, and then, feeling vaguely dissatisfied, inquired of his Government, 'but neutral against whom?'

Judging by your college papers, I can't see that your pacifism is founded on any rock of principle. If you take the Quaker stand, then I have the greatest respect for you, though after reading what Lincoln said to the Quakers their position seems to me untenable. 'Your people, the Friends, have had, and are having a very great trial. On principle and faith opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen one horn, and some the other.' No conscientious objector has ever explained to me how, assuming that Hitler is the aggressor, he can escape this dilemma. But most of you, by your own admission, are not conscientious objectors. Whatever objections you may have are economic and political rather than moral. I picture you hovering on the sidelines, some of you inclined to cheer for the Allies, but most of you still contemplating the tragedy of Europe as something interesting but remote. You seem to me to be suffering from a sluggish imagination and arrested skepticism. You have arrived at the conclusion that war is heartrending and horrible, and there you have stopped.

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The further conclusion that there is something noble in defying horror and in enduring the rending of the heart has apparently escaped you.

Germany has been successful in this war up to date not only because of her numbers, her mechanized divisions, and her powers of organization, but because she has imbued her people with an ideal, however perverted that ideal may be from our point of view. The threat of a Nazi-controlled universe cannot be met by a philosophy of meaninglessness, nor can it be met by insisting at this hour on our individual right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The democracies have paid lip service to their ideals, but since the signing of the Armistice in 1918 we have not been willing to sacrifice anything for them. As Basil Gildersleeve, one of the most lovable as well as one of the greatest scholars America has produced, expressed it in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* nearly fifty years ago: 'Counting the cost is in things temporal the only wise course, as in the building of a tower, but there are times in the life of an individual, of a people, when the things that are eternal force themselves into the calculation, and the abacus is nowhere. "Neither count I my life dear unto myself" is a sentiment that does not enter into the domain of statistics.'

Students and professors are sometimes accused of leading a cloistered existence comfortably removed from the dust and heat of everyday life. There may be some truth in that accusation, but let us remember that in the Dark Ages it was in the cloisters rather than in the market places that the flame of the spirit was kept alive. How is it faring today at Harvard and Yale, at Dartmouth and at Cornell? Are you determined to use your education merely to get a good job, marry and settle down, — in ordinary times that would be the natural aspiration, — or are some of you chafing to defend the rights of the spirit in a rapidly materializing world? Unless you are, the shadow of Hitlerism is likely to darken the world for a long time to come.

For myself, I can see only two possible avenues of conduct. Either I must learn the technique of nonresistance, which implies accepting a Nazi-dominated universe, or I must gird up my loins and prepare to fight. It is not a pleasant choice. I am not a knight-errant by nature, and I hate the dirt, discomfort, and danger of war. On the other hand, I cannot suddenly acquire the Oriental passivity that the policy of nonresistance involves. You may say there is still another alternative that I have not considered. I can go about my business, forget about Hitler, and hope for the best.

My dear man, I have done a lot of hoping in the last few years. I hoped that the Chamberlain policy of appeasement would work, I hoped that Germany would be satisfied with Czechoslovakia, that the Maginot Line would prove impregnable, and that the Swastika would never fly over Paris. My capacity for pure, undiluted hope is finally exhausted. If the way of life which we have evolved in America is worth preserving, — and we have taken it for granted for so long that we forget how much we love it, — I believe we shall have to do something besides hope for victory and sell secondhand ships to Great Britain on a strictly cash basis. I believe that, much as we hate war, we shall have to fight, and the sooner we get ready for it, the better.

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AN ARMY WITHOUT ARMS

BY T. H. THOMAS

'It will be my duty to fight the next war in such a terrible manner that my enemies cannot endure it. Each country will imagine that it alone will escape. I shall not even need to destroy them one by one. Selfishness and lack of foresight will prevent each one fighting until it is too late.' — HITLER

I

MR. LOUIS JOHNSON, in the July *Atlantic*, set forth some of the circumstances which make the Army unable, at present, to take up its task of Hemisphere Defense. As to the future, he makes clear that we must expect nothing in the way of prompt results. In all this his warning is by far the most candid word yet forthcoming from the Administration.

Yet this candor stops short of certain essential points. The exact shortages of arms and equipment are not disclosed — nor are we told of the appallingly long time it will take to fill those shortages under the accepted schedules of deliveries. This partial veiling of an unpleasant situation reflects the mental attitude of the American public at the present time: we listen to the vague hints we are prepared to hear, but our minds close tight against the disagreeable *précisions* of facts and figures which call for prompt and decisive action. Even more perfectly it reflects the attitude of the present Administration.

This habit of mind and action, as applied to England and France, now goes by the name of 'Chamberlainism' — in some ways a serious misnomer. It is still an American affliction in an even more serious degree. If the other democracies did not awaken to realities until the time of Munich, we did not come to life until nine months after the outbreak of the war. Even then, after the collapse of France, we did not awaken to the realities of our own case. The slogan of 'not sending our boys to Europe' had served only to close our eyes to the neglect of our defenses at home. The new slogan of 'Hemisphere Defense' has raised a still more dangerous illusion — by turning away from Europe we have sought no solution of our own problem but merely a verbal device for not facing it.

The 75,000 available men in our Regular Army can provide no 'Hemisphere' garrisons. The National Guard will not be armed and equipped for more than a year. Our Navy cannot prevent Hitler from gaining a foothold in the Western Hemisphere: that foothold is already strong and secure, and the number of 'militarized' Germans in South America is far greater than any force we could now send. On the other hand, our recent guarantee to Uruguay makes a binding commitment from this time forward — and the sweeping declarations in support of Hemisphere Defense are backed by both parties and by all sections of opinion.

They are backed by nothing else. In the present state of our armaments we are no better prepared to defend the western world than to intervene in Eu-

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rope. As a military solution, Hemisphere Defense is today a fraud and a sham. Following exactly in the steps of England and France, we have given public and formal commitments which expose us to an open conflict at any time — and which we are in no way prepared to support. Inept, slow preparation is merely an invitation to pick a fight with us before we are really armed. Inept, slow preparation is our military policy today.

II

Mr. Johnson's brief allusion to the disappearance of our munitions industries came to most readers as a complete surprise. 'A generation ago we had a large munitions industry; today we have practically none.' In reality, the same causes led to the rapid dwindling away of most of the war industries during the post-war years. The ending of the war left huge stocks on hand, and little possibility of new orders. With luck, a wartime industry could turn to some different field: the firm continued, the buildings remained, but the tools and machinery were scrapped for new equipment designed for wholly different products. This process proceeded faster than any idea of disarmament or universal peace — and after a decade or so the Nye Committee set out on what was in effect a dinosaur hunt.

The coming of the Roosevelt administration resuscitated only the shipbuilding industries. For the President, the Navy was the fair-haired child in the most jealously exclusive sense of the word: the Army was left to one side as if it had been a personal creation of Mr. Hoover. The huge blanket appropriations at the time of the NRA authorized the President to expend large sums on the mechanization of the Army and the modernizing of equipment, but public opinion was centred on very different matters in 1933. The Army itself was afflicted with a curious form of sleeping sickness throughout this period, and the steady increases in military appropriations were absorbed chiefly by the Air Corps. The advent of Hitler produced among us no more of a protective reaction than in France or England — but our Army was by then even worse off. In its provision of new types of arms and equipment it was more backward than any of the forces of the Great Powers — far behind Czechoslovakia's.

At the end of 1937 it was realized in the War Department not only that the Army was flimsily provided with modern weapons, but that the industries of the country were without the tools and machines (to say nothing of the special skills and experience) necessary for producing them in any quantity if an emergency arose. This fact was laid before the President, and the proposal was made to lay out a modest sum for the preparations necessary to equip industries for these special and noncommercial lines of manufacture, so as to make them ready for orders when the time came. It was proposed also to follow this up with a certain number of orders, so that the Army would have a small reserve of arms and special equipment on hand. The sums involved were modest — in comparison to the handouts then lavished in every direction from the bottomless well of current deficits. But nothing happened. Apparently the proposals were not transmitted to the Congressional Committees, and the War Department had not confided them to the public.

After Munich, there were slight indications of a return to consciousness — enough at least to send up a trial balloon to sound out public opinion on a program of 'military recovery.' There was a lively response in the press — and the whole episode was reviewed by Arthur Krock in the *New York Times* (October 30, 1938). Far from being interventionist, this tentative effort was squarely on the line of home defense and sought to point out the practical lessons of Munich. Mr. Bernard Baruch, just after his re-

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turn from Europe, gave a brief interview after talking with the President: 'We ought not to find ourselves in the position of England. . . . I believe America is unprepared. We have not sufficient arms and equipment to put an army of 400,000 men into the field.' He explained also that we should be ready to 'break up all the bottlenecks of industry' which stood in the way of producing war matériel. In a press conference the following day (October 14) the President responded with the opinion that the national defenses were in need of modernizing.

The German and Italian press broke out into a storm of abuse concerning the 'American hate campaign,' 'Jewish spite,' and 'American and British warmongers.' 'Why is England arming?' — and so forth. These views were promptly echoed in the United States. Father Coughlin entered into the fray; numbers of clergymen smelled sinister influences at work; and the *New Republic* raised its voice of alarm. But the Congressional elections were under way, and both Congress and the general public were more interested in the President's attempted purges than in the warning offered by Baruch. The President let the matter drop.

The special tools and equipment needed to prepare industries for large-scale orders were thus not provided. When a first substantial ordnance program was begun, in the spring of 1939, it was found that three years would be required to complete it: the first 25 per cent of deliveries were due only in September 1940. The swallowing of Bohemia, the long approach to war, the rapid overrunning of Poland by an army with modern equipment — all this could not bring the Administration to tackle the known problem of adequate industrial preparations. When the President last May made his first appeal for a billion-dollar appropriation, he was reacting to the sudden bad news from France, but the urgent shortages of arms he reported had been formally reported to him at the end of 1937. In calling upon Congress for haste, he knew that the orders already under way could not be finished before June 1942 — from the *Army and Navy Journal* of May 4 the German Military Attaché had no doubt gathered the same information. Now, as in 1937, we are unable to arm and equip with modern weapons an army of 400,000 men. The gauges and dies and special tools and machines which might have been made ready at a modest cost during 1938 had still to be made and assembled in 1940 before the present vast projects could be got under way. The bottlenecks of industry discerned in 1938 were still untouched, and in approaching them the guiding idea seems to have been to sweep aside willfully every lesson of our industrial mobilization of 1918.

The huge scale of the President's proposals, the piling up of one blanket appropriation upon another, have served merely to mask the fact that additional industries equipped to manufacture many of the things most needed simply do not exist. They would exist if the beginning had been made in 1938.

III

To meet the chaos already prevailing in Washington, one thing necessary is legislation making possible the coördination and use of all industries needed for the present task. Another is a general registration of the man power of the country — for industrial as well as military purposes and for the endless range of things between these two. The volunteer local Registration Boards of 1917 showed how promptly the task can be got under way; and as a practical necessity all categories of man power in each district should be registered (initially) on a single list. It is not necessary that all categories should be registered at one time: at the present time, toolmakers and skilled machinists are much more urgently needed than 1,000,000 infantry

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recruits. The Chief of Ordnance has recently noted: 'The authoritative opinion of the War Department is that the procurement of this matériel should take precedence over desired increases in personnel.'

For skilled trades such as these, it would be wholly fantastic to accept men in designated categories on the basis of their personal declaration: hundreds of thousands would come forth as toolmakers or as 'skilled workmen' in other highly paid trades. Some sort of outside control is needed to determine real qualifications; and as it happens an almost complete census of this sort is already at hand in the monthly reports turned in by employers under the Social Security Act. New legislation could provide for adding to these reports the particular categories to be designated by the Advisory Council or other proper authority, and for ordering duplicate copies to be sent directly to the Registration Board of the proper district.

Enrollment in these particular categories would not establish exemption from military or other service — nor would it mean putting labor into uniform in any sense. Registration would mean no more than the necessary statistical preparation for any subsequent measure for national service. It would show the number of those available in the different categories, who they were, and where.

Military man power, and the wide range of those with minor but much-needed qualifications who for one reason or another may be outside the records of the Social Security Act, would be recorded by direct registration. Their various qualifications could be determined by whatever practical tests might be devised. But there is no clear line between military and industrial services: the army will need carpenters, plumbers, machinists, stenographers, and engineers no less than the industries on the home front. No category should offer a way of avoiding military service: there must be a common obligation to serve wherever the service of any individual may be most needed.

Or the other hand, spare us from any *ex post facto* classification of these qualifications. The ground crews of the Air Corps do not need eight months of infantry training in order to fit them for their work, and there is no sense in putting through this mill other men who will be instantly needed for special tasks. In all these respects, 1917 was a model of how not to do it. In 1940 the doughboy will have much more to learn, and the labor of training should not be wasted on those called upon for other than combat duties. A proper concept of the work of registration will save an incredible amount of wasted effort.

The mistake was made in 1917 of not registering industrial qualifications at the outset, partly because the British attempt at this had been a failure. General Crowder records the disastrous confusion that followed, until the error was corrected late in the war. 'It is perhaps unfortunate,' he concludes, 'that the Selective Service Law as originally enacted did not provide for the classification of labor upon industrial grounds as broad as labor itself. Yet the haste in which the Act was prepared and the lack of precedent available at the time precluded the enactment of a more perfect measure.' To learn from experience means not to make the same mistake twice.

IV

One result of the failure to act in time is that the National Guard is now left without its quotas of modern arms and equipment. On paper its provision of new weapons kept pace with the changing tables of organization of the Regular Army, but the weapons themselves did not appear. The process of 'modernization' continued, but it continued chiefly on paper as an expression of abstract aspirations. The horse, in due time, was officially set aside as the main reliance

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for traction, but the motorized equipment necessary to fit out a division on modern lines was for the most part not provided. As far as training could be carried out with old matériel (and with a few samples of the new, such as anti-aircraft guns), the National Guard has carried out its work year after year. But in the main it was condemned to working as best it could with what was left over from 1918 — and to hoping for something better.

The Plattsburg manœuvres of 1939 made public in a conspicuous fashion the shortages that the personnel of the National Guard had been painfully aware of for some years past. The lively and well-informed press reaction which followed suggested that responsible quarters, in the Army and outside, were appealing in earnest to public opinion to prod Congress and the Administration into taking some real action. But the outbreak of the war left this a mere nine-days wonder. The press turned to other things; and public opinion, as ever, turned readily away from a troublesome practical question. The War Department had no arms to offer, and the Administration still took no steps to organize industrial production.

As a result, in the summer of 1940 the President finds himself forced to ask Congress for authority to call into active service a National Guard which he has neglected consistently and systematically since the beginning of his administration. It has received only pitiful driblets toward filling the shortages revealed in the *exposé* which followed the Plattsburg manœuvres: practically speaking, the Guard is as badly equipped in 1940 as it was a year ago.

In that masterpiece of casuistry, the Fireside Chat on national defense of May 26, the President offered the following vision: 'And by the end of this year every existing unit of the present Regular Army will be equipped with its complete requirements of modern weapons. Existing units of the National Guard will also be largely equipped with similar items.'

'Largely' in this case means much less than the quota of the Regular Army — and by the schedules now in force the last of this very incomplete provision will not be delivered until September 1941. In regard to the Regular Army, General Marshall, some days before the President spoke, had given more precise statements in the present tense. The force of 75,000 Regulars which could now be put into the field, he noted, 'would lack almost entirely at the present moment the 37 mm. anti-aircraft guns.' Of the 1423 guns-to-be of the defense program, the number now on hand is 15. Of the 1432 modernized 75's on the program, 141 guns are now on hand — a little less than half the quota for the 75,000 men. These modernized 75's with the wide traverse, it may be noted, are essential for effective direct fire against numbers of fast-moving tanks. 'These,' General Marshall noted, 'are being delivered at the rate of 24 per month.' (Not one has yet reached the National Guard.) Of the standard 37 mm. anti-tank guns, the Regular force had, at the end of May, 'a fair complement.' (The National Guard has none.)

Last of all, the phrase 'complete requirements of modern weapons' means not the number really needed, but the requirements laid down by tables of organization drawn up (necessarily) before the German offensive into France. What will the 'complete requirements' be when the lessons of that overwhelming surprise are clearly known? At the time the President spoke, not a single American tank division existed even on paper. In reality, in that rather distant time when all the orders now under way are delivered, will our troops have a better provision of modern arms and equipment than that which has left the infantry of France strewn out across the fields of Champagne and Picardy?

Most disturbing of all is that slippery future tense: 'the National Guard

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will also be largely equipped with similar items.' Since the end of 1937 the President has known that the War Department could not provide these items, and that they had not been covered by current appropriations. He knew that the arsenals could not provide them, and that the few private industries equipped for such work could not complete their orders until late in 1941. At the time he spoke not a single Guard Division had one of the weapons most needed by infantry to defend itself against airplanes and tanks.

Yet five days later the President called upon Congress for 'authority to call into active service such portion of the National Guard as may be deemed necessary to maintain our position of neutrality and to safeguard the national defense.' With no anti-tank guns? With no 37 mm. anti-aircraft guns? With two light tanks per division? With no field artillery of the most modern type? With this miscellaneous total of shortages, deficiencies, and antique equipment, are we asking the Guard to safeguard the national defense?

Where the Guard now stands, as regards the 'similar items,' is made clear in a letter from Major General Haskell: 'I do know that industrial production is not on a basis that will give us the necessary equipment for an army of the size that is evidently necessary in the near future. I am exceedingly worried about the equipment for our army. You have stated the case very clearly, but I wonder how many people in the United States appreciate the condition that we are in. If we cannot have equipment before 1942 we might almost as well not have it at all, in my opinion, because I think that before that time the test for America will come. I can tell you that in my command, the New York National Guard, of about 26,000 men . . . we have not received a single anti-tank weapon of any kind, not a single .50 calibre machine gun, not a single 81 mm. mortar, and not a single 60 mm. mortar — and we don't know when we are going to get them. Meanwhile, our infantry has been reorganized and set up in groups to handle these particular weapons.

'I think you make it clear, and I certainly agree, that the passing of huge appropriations will not defend the United States, unless industry can produce very much needed weapons. We now have two tanks in the State of New York and 18 anti-aircraft guns. We have no 37 mm. anti-aircraft guns for our present anti-aircraft regiment, nor have we any .50 calibre machine guns for our infantry. As you well know, all this takes a great length of time, and as new equipment becomes slowly available it will be unable to meet the requirements of the rapidly expanding Regular Army. There is no telling when the National Guard will be equipped.

'I am heartily in accord with any steps that can be taken looking toward the mobilization and proper use of skilled labor and semi-skilled labor for producing, at the earliest possible moment, equipment required with which to fight.'

Are the ordinary citizens of the country in accord with this view? The National Guard units in other states are no better equipped than in New York. Both political parties, all our political leaders, all sections of opinion, have come forth in support of the policy of Hemisphere Defense. It is a large order at best — and after the categorical promise our Government has given Uruguay, an 'incident' requiring the calling out of the Guard may occur, from this time forward, without the slightest warning.

They will have to go forth half-armed. With the present schedule of rearmament, with the appalling rate of production accepted by the Administration, they will stand without modern weapons and equipment for a year or two.

Today, in an overwhelming emergency, the President is taking for the first time the steps pointed out to him as necessary *preparatory measures* well over two years ago. The astonishing record of

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neglect in the past is now being plastered over and obscured by the pyramiding of huge appropriations which cannot now be spent — by proclaiming vast additional programs for war matériel which (as things stand) cannot be manufactured — by taking cover behind distinguished names in industry instead of tackling the actual task with necessary legislation and with a rational, nation-wide mechanism for mobilizing industry and labor. Above all, instead of grappling with the critical needs of an immediate situation we are taking refuge in vast and nebulous preparations for 1942, and in naval projects for a still more distant future. Whatever his Latin American policy may be, Hitler will not stand waiting until 1942.

General Drum summed up the essential point on May 15: 'America must produce armaments at a more rapid rate.'

The consistent record of the President and of both parties in Congress, the adroit hocus-pocus of the Fireside Chat on national defense, the eagerness of Congressmen and Senators to avoid responsibility, the readiness of the public at large to accept pleasant falsehoods and illusions rather than face unpleasant facts — all this makes an outstanding example of the political habits which have brought France and Britain to their present grip with realities. These habits have no particular relation to Democracy. Hitler, had he chosen, could have taken refuge in similar illusions. Stalin and Mussolini, the original totalitarians, have actually done so: they have built up 'vast' armies that cannot fight. The habits are not weaknesses of a political institution, but faults of character — Roosevelt's character, the character all of us have gradually fallen into. What happened at Philadelphia showed that even now it is possible to snap out of it: that Democracy need not mean merely standing aside and laying the blame on 'politicians.' Apart from the particular responsibility of the President, Democrats and Republicans alike have been to blame. But a country in earnest can overcome the paralysis of Congress. With a proper direction, the abilities and resources of this country can produce results long before 1942. All our future depends upon a complete break with the complacency we have indulged in hitherto.

FOR ATLANTIC READERS AND WRITERS

THE *Atlantic Monthly*, in association with the Moses Kimball Fund of Boston, announces a prize of $500 which will be awarded to the author of the best essay on 'Citizenship, Its Privileges and Responsibilities,' submitted between now and August 25, 1940. The essays are limited to 1500 words; they will be judged by a committee consisting of the editorial staff of the *Atlantic Monthly* and a Trustee of the Moses Kimball Fund. The judges reserve the right to reject any or all manuscripts, but it is hoped that the prize-winning paper will be available for publication in the October issue. All rights to the winning manuscript will revert to the Moses Kimball Fund for the Promotion of Good Citizenship.

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THE BEACHES OF DUNKIRK

BY 'BARTIMEUS'

It is too early to describe the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force as a composite operation and no one person can yet piece together a panorama of the fire-swept coast of France, from Calais to the beaches of La Panne, from which the British and French navies embarked 335,000 troops and carried them to safety. It has been described as a miracle; and certain factors of chance did undoubtedly operate in the Allies' favor. Calm seas and occasional mist on certain days were an advantage. But wherein lay the miracle was the degree of stubborn courage attained by hundreds of thousands of quite ordinary men. Mere leadership, mere skill in organization, could have achieved nothing without this mass resistance to the fear of death and an unconquerable belief in ultimate victory. The tale of human valor outlives the causes that gave it birth, whether they are victories or reverses. The world's tragedy is that war brings it to its most splendid flower.

The chalk cliffs of Dover made a curiously tranquil background in the early morning sunlight, with jackdaws cawing and circling, and the faint echoes of gunfire across the Channel whispering about the escarpment.

Away to the westward, alongside the pier reaching out from what was once the Lord Warden Hotel, were the funnels and smoke of transports and a hospital ship. They were pouring ashore their khaki-clad cargoes and stretcher cases, fruits of a night's desperate garnering, and long trains crammed with men were sliding along the foreshore into the haze. But that was far away; one imagined rather than saw what was going on there. Here in the shadow of the cliffs were actualities — a destroyer limping in with a heavy list, spattered with splinter holes, making fast alongside to disembark hundreds of weary *poilus*, an armed trawler going out with a defiant toot of her siren, followed by a motor yacht painted gray. The owner-skipper, in the uniform of the Volunteer Reserve, was cleaning a revolver with a silk bandanna handkerchief. He hailed the crippled destroyer's bridge. 'What's it like over there this morning?' he shouted. It was his first trip. A bandaged figure replied with an impotent movement of his hand to his ears. He was probably deaf with gunfire and bomb explosions. 'Not so funny!' replied a man busy about a wire aft. 'Not so bloody funny.' The haze swallowed them.

There was another destroyer alongside. Her captain came out of his bridge cabin yawning. He was hollow-eyed and unshaven, but he had had nearly two hours' sleep while they patched some splinter holes in his funnel and filled up with ammunition. Two hours in four days.

He climbed up on to the compass platform and glanced fore and aft. Men were standing by the wires. The first lieutenant was looking up at him expectantly from the forecastle. The sun was on his face. He was twenty-five and smiling.

'All ready, Number One?'

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The boy raised his hand. His teeth were very white in the sunburn of his face.

'Cast off! Slow astern starboard.'

The captain slipped the strap of his binoculars over his head and glanced back once at the cliffs and the fields beyond, where the young corn was green. Then he turned seaward, his face a mask.

'Well,' he said to the navigator, who was a sublieutenant, 'we've got a nice day for it.'

The lookout to port yelled the first air alarm as they neared the Dunkirk beaches. 'Here they come,' said the navigator grimly. The foremost guns opened fire; the hot blast from their muzzles swept over the bridge; the multiple pom-pom joined in. The captain had his glasses leveled on the beaches. They looked like a holiday resort thronged by a vast dun-colored motionless crowd. Fires were burning in the background under a pall of smoke.

He ignored the causes that made his own guns open fire. His immediate concern was the navigation of his ship in the treacherous shallows. The sea astern belched great columns of water into the air, and the ship lifted and fell again. He was listening through the roar of the explosions for the next sounding from the leadsman in the chains. The ship was an easy target with barely steerage way on her. She shook with the recoil of the guns like a nervous horse. There were a sudden bright yellow flash and a cloud of smoke among the packed throngs ashore. Another bomb. The water was dark with men wading out waist-deep. He counted the ships inshore: three destroyers, their boats coming and going laden to the gunwales, and their guns blazing skyward; six trawlers, motor launches, motorboats . . . he lost count of them. The army had contrived to drive some lorries into the sea during the night and to build a sort of pier. There was a trawler sinking to the westward in a cloud of steam and smoke. Well, they'd have to fend for themselves. He glanced skyward, where there was a dogfight going on between some Spitfires and Heinkels. His guns ceased firing.

He nosed closer inshore. The destroyer to the eastward, her decks crammed with troops, was hoisting her boats and turning northward. Suddenly she began firing. A German bomber was coming down out of the sun in a low power-dive. A great yellow sheet of flame and a cloud of smoke and spray obliterated the destroyer. Hell's delight! They'd hit her! The steam began pouring from her exhausts. The plane had vanished. He gave his orders for turning to the rescue, and then saw a sloop and a flotilla of motor yachts closing the stricken destroyer from the northward. They could look after the survivors. He turned again to the beaches and presently stopped and lowered his boats.

His steward brought him a cup of soup and placed it beside him on the chart table. The steward was a Maltese, a little man with a black jowl jutting out under a shrapnel helmet. His eyes were like an anxious spaniel's; his anxiety was not for himself but for his captain, whose strength must be sustained with soup.

'Soup, sair,' he urged with gentle insistence. He had a stout black-eyed wife and seven children in Valletta, but he had forgotten them. The figure in the duffle coat, staring through glasses at the beaches, was the centre of his existence, held all his loyal heart. ''Ot soup. Better drink, sair.'

The captain watched the boats toiling shoreward. God, the men were tired! He began calculating the number of trips they would have to make. A motor barge swung away from the improvised pier and came towards them, crowded with troops. That was better; now they could get on with it. More and more craft kept arriving from seaward. There was a rumble of gunfire out of the haze. Something kept intruding on his consciousness. A low voice at his elbow. He turned. What was it? Soup? What

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d'you mean, soup? The steward indicated the cup. 'Better drink it nice and hot, sair.' He smiled and drank absent-mindedly. 'Thank you, Carlo.' The destroyer that had been bombed had grounded on a sandbank and lay canted over with her upper deck half awash. The transfer of troops to the sloop and launches was going smoothly under a pall of smoke and steam. Along his upper deck men were broaching tins of corned beef and cutting loaves into hunks in readiness for the soldiers. They had been days on the business — it was settling down into a fixed routine. The young Volunteer Reserve surgeon came out of the after superstructure where he had his casualty station, and lit a cigarette, staring shoreward. Then a lookout shouted and the guns broke out again. The roar of the plane's engines and the screech of the bomb deafened them as it hurtled down. The burst was like the flash of a fifteen-inch gun ten feet away, annihilating thought and all sensation with a hell-hot blinding blast of steel fragments.

He picked himself up and held on to the chart table. His concern for the moment was the bargeload of troops approaching. They were safe. The first boat had filled up and was pulling back. There were splinter holes everywhere, but not much visible damage. The navigator was untouched; the lookouts and signalmen were disentangling themselves out of a confused heap of duffle coats and seaboots and shrapnel helmets, grinning sheepishly. Carlo was standing staring at something on the deck. The captain looked down and saw a crimson puddle. He was standing in it. A red puddle, spreading slowly. . . .

The barge came alongside and the men of the Expeditionary Force began climbing wearily over the rails.

His head nodded where he sat conning his ship back through the minefields. Again and again he forced open his leaden eyelids with all the will power he possessed. It was bad enough to have to fight this overwhelming desire for sleep, this tyranny of weariness; but he had to fight the surgeon too. 'Better come below, sir,' the youngster kept insisting; and now the first lieutenant joined in. 'Let them carry you below, sir.' But he was damned if he'd go below. He had a thousand men on board in his charge — a thousand exhausted soldiers who had fought a rear-guard action against tanks and bombers for a fortnight. He looked down at the decks where they lay already asleep in the security of their trust in him. This was the last phase of the rear-guard action, and, before God, you didn't fight it by going below! He told the surgeon so while the lad was fumbling for the tourniquet to ease it. Already he could see the cliffs of Dover.

The cliffs and the sea and the sky blurred and darkened. Carlo, who smelt faintly of garlic, had his arm round the captain holding him upright.

The darkness deepened. Waves of faintness engulfed him.

'Tell them,' he said, 'to send more boats . . . more boats . . .' Then his chin dropped.

The first lieutenant and the surgeon tried to lift him down from where he hung across the binnacle.

'No, no,' insisted Carlo passionately, 'I take him! I take his body, sair. Give him to me.'

The yacht-club telephone rang, and the elderly steward, unaccustomed to the sound of it, laid down his paper, removed his spectacles, and picked up the receiver. A man's voice spoke authoritatively for about a minute.

The steward said nothing. He was an old Navy man and had been a pensioner for a quarter of a century, but he recognized the note in the speaker's voice. He waited till the end of the message.

'Aye, aye, sir,' he said, and then added, 'There's only the one yacht here now, sir. The *Wanderer*. Motor yacht,

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forty feet long. There's no crew, sir. Owner's fighting in France. There's a young lady on board at this moment —'

The voice interrupted him. He listened, turning the spectacles over in his knotted fingers, staring into vacancy.

'Aye, aye, sir. I'll do what I can. Old Navy man myself. They said I was too old to fight.'

There was no answer. 'Hullo, sir?' Silence. He replaced the receiver.

The *Wanderer* was lying at her buoy and there was no sign of the girl. He untied the dinghy lying at the jetty and rowed alongside. At the sound of the oars as he boated them the girl's head and shoulders appeared above the companionway. She was flushed and had a scrubbing brush in her hand.

'They want her, miss,' he said simply. 'They rung up from the Admiralty. Proceed to Ramsgate for orders. They're taking every craft on the south coast.'

She brushed a lock of hair back from her damp forehead with her forearm. 'I'm single-handed,' she said. 'Can you run the engine if I steer?'

'You, miss?' He hadn't thought of that.

'She's full up with petrol. There's water, too, and some stuff in tins to eat. Bring some bread.'

'You know what it's for, don't you, miss? They won't let a woman —'

'They needn't know,' was the girl's answer. She stood motionless, thinking. The ebb tide running past the strakes of the dinghy made a little chuckling noise in the stillness.

'Bring a couple of shrapnel helmets. Get them from the A.R.P. people. . . . What about Johnnie?'

'Johnnie?' He turned that over in his mind. Johnnie was simple, but he was useful in a boat. Ashore he just sat and played with pebbles, but put him in a boat and he was all there. The club employed him to ferry people to their yachts and for attending to the moorings and odd jobs like scraping and painting. He didn't speak very plain, but after all it wasn't talk they wanted on the beaches of Dunkirk. Another aspect of the situation occurred to him. She seemed to take it for granted he was coming. 'What about the club, miss? I'm the caretaker *and* steward.'

She had emerged from her reverie. 'The club? What the hell does the club matter?'

He grinned, showing tobacco-stained fangs. 'You've said it, miss. Give me half an hour.'

When he was halfway across to the jetty she hailed him again. Her clear voice was like a boy's.

'Johnnie will want a shrapnel helmet too.'

He nodded; she went below and fell to mopping up the mess on the cabin floor. She had decided to give the boat a scrub-out because it occupied her mind, which, since she had had no word from France for three weeks, was inclined to imagine things. This was where they had spent the happiest hours of his leave — the happiest hours of their lives. And now, for all she knew, he was waiting on those hellish beaches, one of all those thousands of exhausted men, waiting under shell and machine-gun fire for succor from England. She flung the mop and scrubber into the bucket and jerked open a drawer. There was all his old kit: gray flannel trousers, sweater, an old shooting jacket, a yellow muffler. She would push her hair up under the shrapnel helmet. His pipes stuck in a rack over his bunk caught her eye. That would be the finishing touch. Keep one of those in her mouth when they got to Ramsgate, and talk gruff. She selected a blackened bulldog and experimented in front of the glass. It tasted utterly foul. . . .

Coming down channel, they overtook a convoy of motor yachts and followed them. She had the chart open in front of her, but the daylight was fading and there were no lights anywhere she could recognize. She had never entered Rams-

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gate from seaward — only from the railway station, once as a child, carrying her doll and a spade and bucket, in charge of her nurse.

She listened to the drone of the engine with satisfaction. Old Ferris had been a mechanician when he served in the Navy. It wasn't so good at the start, but he was enjoying himself down in the engine room now he had picked up the hang of the thing. Every now and again he put his head out of the hatch with his spectacles on the end of his nose. 'Running as sweet as a nut, miss,' he announced.

'Bravo,' she answered.

Johnnie sat in the bows staring at the evening star. She tried to remember why she had brought Johnnie. He worshiped her like a dog, but that wasn't the reason. It was because she felt she had no right to take an able-bodied man from his work in England; and on the spur of the moment she could think of nobody on the spot who was as handy in the boat. He and she used to take Johnnie away for the week-end sometimes. Johnnie washed up and looked after the boat when they went ashore. . . . She was one of the few people who understood what he said. He turned his head and smiled at her at that moment. It was the slow, confiding smile of a child. He hadn't the remotest idea where he was going. He didn't care. He just trusted her. She felt a swift pang of compunction, and stifled it, giving him back his smile. Reassured, he resumed his contemplation of the star.

She climbed ashore in the dusk, the awful pipe clenched between her teeth, and was confronted by a man in the uniform of a lieutenant commander.

'What ship?'

'*Wanderer*.' Nobody had ever called the *Wanderer* a ship before. He would have liked that.

'What is she?'

'Forty-foot motor cruiser.'

'Armed?'

She shook her head. Other owners of yachts were crowding round asking for orders.

He glanced at her shrapnel helmet.

'Well, you'd better collect some rifles and life belts. First-aid outfit, too, if you haven't got it.'

'Then what?' She stuck her hands in her trouser pockets, making her voice as gruff and laconic as possible.

'La Panne. Time it so as to get there in the dawn. Take off all you've got room for each trip and transfer them to something bigger. Stick it as long as you can, and good luck.' He indicated a gap in the barbed wire, where she supposed rifles and life belts were obtainable, and dismissed her from his mind.

She went back to the edge of the jetty and hailed old Ferris. The harbor was crammed with the dim forms of boats manœuvring for berths alongside. Beside her on the pierhead was a soldier with a Bren gun mounted on a tripod.

'Ferris,' she called down to the *Wanderer*, 'come ashore with me and collect some rifles and life belts.' The soldier sidled up beside her.

'Here, Skipper,' he muttered, 'rifles ain't no use. Take me and this Bren gun. Wait till its dark and I'll slip down and come along with you. They won't miss me till I'm back.'

She grinned delightedly. He would know about rifles, too. She had never fired one in her life. 'All right,' she whispered. 'What's your name?'

'Tanner's the name, Skipper. You're a sport.' She felt a bit of a sport.

The sky line was like the edge of the Pit. To the westward the oil tanks of Dunkirk were a sullen blaze that every now and again leaped upwards like the eruption of a volcano as a shell burst in the flaming inferno. Fires glowed dully along the coast, and shore batteries blinked white flashes that reached the ear as dull reverberations like distant thunder. The searchlights wheeled about

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the low-lying clouds into which tracer shells were soaring.

They had solved the problem of navigating to La Panne by following a paddle steamer that had half a dozen lifeboats in tow. The whole night was full of the sound of motorboats' exhausts. There was a young moon peeping in and out of the drifting clouds, and it revealed the indistinct lines of little craft far and wide, heading in the same direction.

Johnnie sat entranced by the spectacle, crowing huskily at intervals. Tanner, having mounted his Bren gun in the stern, gave her a relief at the wheel. He said it was much the same as driving a car. She practised loading the rifle under his tuition. Old Ferris visited them at intervals, calling her 'Skipper.' It didn't matter what Johnnie called her, because nobody could understand what he said.

'You're a bit young for this game, eh, Skipper?' asked Tanner. 'How old are you?'

'About a hundred,' she replied with a gruff laugh. And in that moment, before the dawn of hell's delight, she felt it.

The dawn came slowly, revealing the small craft of the south coast of England covering the Channel like water beetles on the surface of a pool. Pleasure steamers and yachts, barges, scoots, wherries, lifeboats, motorboats, rowing boats, and canoes. . . . Fishermen, yachtsmen, longshoremen, men who had never been afloat in their lives, millionaires and the very poor, elderly men and lads in their teens, answering in a headlong rush the appeal for boats. Boats for the beaches and the last of the Expeditionary Force.

Somehow she hadn't thought about the dead. Her thoughts were entirely occupied with the living. It wasn't till Johnnie began making queer noises of distress and pointing down into the shallow water that she saw them — the men who had been machine-gunned in the shallows, wading out into the water to reach security. They were still there, some floating, some submerged; in an odd way they seemed to convey resentment at the disturbance of their oblivion by the passing keels.

She called Johnnie to her side. 'Take the lead line and sound over the bows. Call the soundings. Nothing else matters. Do you understand, Johnnie? Nothing else matters. I am here.'

He made guttural noises, pointing at Tanner, who was blazing away with the Bren gun at a Heinkel overhead that had bombed a trawler astern of them. She held him with her eyes. 'Nothing else matters, do you understand?' He picked up the lead line and went forward obediently. She put her lips to the voice pipe. 'Go very slow, Ferris.'

'Go very slow,' repeated the old man.

She crept inshore. The beach was pitted with shell craters out of which men came running, wading out into the water to meet them. From the sand dunes more men stumbled, helping the wounded. The whole foreshore was alive with men and boats, and the smoke from the Dunkirk fires flowed over them like a dark river.

At three and a half feet she would stop. It was the least they could float in. She listened to the strange cries Johnnie emitted as he hauled in the dripping lead line, understanding them perfectly.

Presently, her mouth to the voice pipe, she gave the order to stop. Tanner was having trouble with the Bren gun and swearing in a ceaseless flow of incomprehensible blasphemy. Old Ferris, complete in shrapnel helmet and life belt, climbed out of his hatch and came towards her, lighting his pipe.

'They said I was too old to fight, but —'

'Get back. We're in four feet. I must keep working the engines.' A bomb burst among the men wading towards them. She shut her eyes for a moment. 'Keep on sounding, Johnnie. What water have you got?'

'Fraghfaph-ah-ah,' crowed Johnnie.

'Good boy. Keep it going.'

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The Bren gun broke out afresh. Tanner, having cleared the jam, opened fire again, chanting oaths like a denunciatory psalm. 'Slow astern, Ferris.'

Another cluster of men wading to their armpits had reached them.

Johnnie looked back at her and pointed at their sun-scorched, puffing faces. No doubt existed in his mind that it was all something to do with his headline achievements. He was delighted. Somewhere out of sight a German field-gun battery opened fire, the shells whistling viciously overhead.

She searched every face as they came splashing and gasping towards her and somehow contrived to hoist each other inboard. She took sixty or seventy at a trip and transferred them to the nearest vessel lying out in the deep water; she had hitherto believed that the utmost capacity of the *Wanderer* was a dozen. Backwards and forwards they went under exploding bombs, under machine-gun fire and whining shells. Tanner ran out of ammunition and they went alongside a destroyer, where he got another case and a spare barrel for the Bren gun. She lost all count of time, all fear, all feeling. Sometimes she interrogated weary men: Had they seen his unit? Had they ever heard his name? They shook their heads and begged for water. She had none left.

Then suddenly it seemed that the beaches were empty. She didn't know that the men were being marched westward to Dunkirk, where the French and British destroyers were crowding alongside the mole and embarking troops in thousands under shellfire. Except for a few scattered units moving west, the beaches were empty. The task was done; but where was he — Oh Christ, where was he?

The Bren gun had been silent for a long time, but she hadn't noticed. Now, turning to look seaward, she saw Tanner lying beside it with his knees screwed up into his belly. She ran aft and knelt beside him.

His eyes sought hers out of his gray face. 'I bought it, Skipper. Sorry. . . . Got a drop of water?'

She raised his head and held it against her breast. 'There isn't any water left.'

His eyes were suddenly puzzled. . . . He moved his head sideways a little and then smiled, and died, ineffably content.

They followed a big gray coaster back to Dover. Old Ferris got a spare red ensign out of the locker and tucked Tanner up in it. He didn't mind Tanner's being killed, having been disposed to regard him jealously as an intruder into a nice little family party. Moreover, he disapproved of his language. He walked forward to the wheelhouse. She was moving the spokes of the wheel slowly between her blistered hands. Her shrapnel helmet lay on the chart beside the valiant briar pipe. She was aware of the old man beside her and of having reached the end of her tether at one and the same moment.

Old Ferris kicked Johnnie, asleep at her feet, into wakefulness. 'Take the wheel,' he said gruffly, and held her as she pitched, sobbing and exhausted, into his arms.

They berthed alongside the Admiralty pier and she climbed ashore to find someone who could give them fuel and water. The quays were thronged with troops in thousands, being fed and sorted out into units and entrained. A hospital ship was evacuating wounded into fleets of ambulances. She stepped aside to give room to the bearers of a stretcher and glanced at the face on the pillow.

He had a bandage round his head and opened his eyes suddenly on her face.

'I've been looking for you,' she announced in a calm matter-of-fact tone. She felt no emotion whatever.

He smiled. 'Well, here I am,' he said.

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POEMS

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

SHE SAID

She said, 'I will come back again
As soon as breaks the morn.'
But the lark was wearying of the blue,
The dew dry on the thorn;
And all was still forlorn.

She said, 'I will come back again,
At the first quick stroke of noon.'
But the birds were hid in the shade from the heat
When the clock said, '*No? — But — soon!*'
And then beat slowly on.

She said, 'Yes, I'll be back again
Before the sun is set.'
But the sweetest promises often made
Are the easiest to forget,
Whate'er the grief and fret.

The moon, now silvering the east,
One shadow casts — my own.
Said I, 'Lone soul, how often we
Have shared this solitude, and see,
Midnight will soon draw on,
When the last flower of hope is fallen,
And silence haunts heart's vacancy,
And even pining's gone.'

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IZAAK WALTON

(August 9, 1593 — December 15, 1683)

THAT lucent, dewy, crystal prose —
Oh, what a priceless dish
Whereon — a feast for tongue, eye, nose,
Beyond the gourmet's wish —
To serve, with tongue of nightingale,
Not manna soused in hydromel,
Garnished with moly and asphodel,
But fish!

DIVIDED

Two spheres at meeting may so softly collide
They seem all but to kiss — couched side to side.
Two friends may part, yet severance seem so small
Not even a lynx could see a gap at all.

THE FIELD

YES, there was once a battle here:
There where the grass takes on a shade
Of paradisal green, sun-clear —
There the last stand was made.

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AMERICA TO ENGLAND

BY DAVID L. COHN

> It is therefore very difficult to ascertain, at present, what degree of sagacity the American democracy will display in the conduct of the foreign policy of the country; and upon this point its adversaries, as well as its advocates, must suspend their judgment.
> — Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, 1835

> The motto must be, 'Never war again.' The Sudetenland is the last territorial claim which I have to make in Europe. I have assured Mr. Chamberlain, and I emphasize it now, that when this problem is solved Germany has no more territorial ambitions in Europe.
> — Adolf Hitler, *September* 1938

The United States is again at war with Germany. Technically we are at peace with the Third Reich; actually we are at war. We did not choose to help other nations keep the peace. We did not choose to use our herculean power to prevent wars. We had no foreign policy that made sense. We have been intoxicated by the sound of our own high-flown words. 'Cackling geese may have saved the capitol once; they will not save it a second time,' said General Weygand sadly, as he prepared to surrender France to the Nazis. Our foreign policy has recently been fashioned not in Washington but in Berlin. Our minds have been made up not in conferences of citizens in California, Mississippi, and New York, but on the battlefields of France. The remorseless logic of events — not reason, humanitarianism, or even self-preservation save at the desperate midnight hour of our despair — has driven us to the status of a belligerent nonbelligerent at a time when France is in chains and England is battling for her life against the mighty German armaments.

Make no mistake about it. The United States is now at war with Germany. Such have been the stupendous events of May and June, 1940, that the President, with the consent of a slow-footed Congress, has in effect already declared war upon Germany and committed warlike acts against her. A so-called neutral nation that detaches airplanes and other material from its military services and sells them to a belligerent — no matter by what legalistic sleight-of-hand the deal is accomplished — is at war with the opposing belligerents. Certainly the Nazis, who are masters of diplomatic prestidigitation, are not likely to be deceived by our clumsy international pea-game. But in the long run of events as they are seen in the light of recent history, it little matters whether a country that stands in the way of Hitler's ambitions is at peace or at war with him. In his own time and in his own manner he will carry war to that country. What did it avail Denmark, Norway, Belgium, and the Netherlands that they preserved a scrupulous neutrality toward all the belligerents? They were throttled just the same. It is as futile to live by the diplomatic precedents of the first World War as it is futile to fight now with the weapons of that war.

The upshot of all this is that, for the first time since the founding of the Republic, America faces a hostile world in

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arms without a strong friend or an ally save perhaps wounded Britain. It faces a hungry, insatiably grasping, revolutionary, dynamic world driven ruthlessly forward with demonic energy by a small group of fanatically determined men with one of the most capable nations on earth at their back, and with most of Europe prostrate under their feet. We are, so to speak, One Against the World: this is the highest triumph of isolationism. Where are our friends? France is in chains; Britain battles for her life; Japan, our ally of 1917, is, if not actively hostile to us, noncoöperative. The South American countries? It is perilous to our security to lose them; we must protect them; and they have little to give us by way of active support.

It is a dangerous delusion to believe that Germany will leave us undisturbed to enjoy the luxuries of wrangling over the appointment of a postmaster at Red Oak, Iowa, or outguessing the experts on 'Information, Please.' For the Nazis are not only making war, but spreading world revolution. According to the tenets of this revolution, the United States contains all the elements that Germany is determined to exterminate. This country is democratic, capitalist, free-trading (that is, non-bartering), and Christian. These qualities are anathema to the Nazis. Hitler has repeatedly expressed his corrosive contempt for the 'degenerate pluto-democracies,' while Mussolini, calling his people to enter the war, appealed to 'proletariat Italy.' The Nazi world revolution, it is clear, can never be achieved so long as the incalculable resources and vast populations of North and South America remain beyond Nazi domination. The dynamism of Fascism will not be satiated until it achieves world dominion or collapse. The issue has long been drawn: We or they.

Under the circumstances, what can the United States do? (*a*) It can go to war now in the company of Britain. (*b*) Or it can rearm, attempt to defend North and South America, and reorganize its economy to be self-sufficient so far as that is possible.

If we grant — as most Americans now do — that our first frontier of defense was the Rhine, it follows that the last frontier has shifted to the English Channel where Britain is making a last stand against the world's enemy and ours. Let Britain go under now, and we face alone the bombers and the gray-green hordes and the U-boats and the fifth columns and all the brutal, sordid stratagems of Germany. Let Britain die, and we let die the last stronghold of humaneness, of liberty, and of reason left in Europe. Let Britain die, and we face the loss of the import of vitally needed raw materials, of our overseas trade and investments, the ruin of our prosperity, the end of the kind of living and thinking that this country has enjoyed since the founding of the Republic; we face the centralization of government until it achieves or approaches totalitarianism, the prospect of violent internal revolution, and, in my opinion, eventual ruin. If we save wounded Britain, we may save ourselves; if we abandon her to death today, the chances are that we shall face death in a not too remote tomorrow.

If Britain goes, we shall have to fight a defensive war against the mightiest and most ruthless coalition of powers the world has ever known. The time and the place will be of Hitler's choosing. He will have available to him the shipyards of Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Italy, Spain, and Germany. Within the continent of Europe the Nazis will find nearly everything they need for shipbuilding; what they do not find they can obtain with goods; and their ships will be built by a vast mass of skilled workers employed for a pittance. Under these circumstances Germany can build two or three ships to our one. We shall have to defend the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States, Canada, and Mexico; Alaska,

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the Gulf, the Caribbean, and Panama; Hawaii, the Philippines, Guam, Samoa, the Virgin Islands, and much of South America. And if we assume that we are capable militarily, economically, and spiritually of successfully accomplishing a task of almost cosmic proportions, we shall nonetheless be eternally on the *defensive.* Our eyes will forever be turned seaward and skyward; our economy will be a military instead of a peace economy; our souls will have to be trained to an inexhaustible patience and a quality of steel resistance they have never known.

We know now that Britain and France, amid a host of other errors, made the fatal error of committing themselves to a war of defense. Why should we now with our eyes open consign ourselves to the same error? The primary object, therefore, of joining with England is to fight *offensively* — to carry the war to the enemy on his own terms on his own soil. We shall be fighting to preserve the British Isles as naval and air bases from which at some time in the future we might be able to launch unceasing and irresistible air attacks on Germany. Once the United States is organized for production, we can build planes faster than Germany. Certainly we can build them faster than a still fighting, war-weakened Germany. We can train pilots. We can find mechanics. The future of the world might turn upon our present resolution to strike now before the last hope of striking shall be gone.

It is not necessary, for the purposes in view, to send millions of men to Europe. The question is one of airplane production and pilot training at home; of the transport of men, materials, and food; of the use of these men and materials against Germany in precisely the way she used her air force so crushingly against Poland and the Netherlands. The Nazis are neither superhuman nor invulnerable. Their bodies are maimed by bombs just as easily as French bodies; their factories collapse under explosion just as readily as English factories. By the continuous, unceasing employment of overwhelmingly superior air power the Nazi will to war can be broken as the Polish or Dutch will to resist was broken. Given time, we are capable of producing and applying that force. But we shall be able to do it eventually only if we act now while Britain still has the strength and the will to resist, while her mighty fleet is still intact. If anyone believes that we shall be spared by Hitler because we do not make war against him, let him go to bomb-blasted Rotterdam. If anyone believes in the superiority of the war of defense, let him visit France.

There are other possibilities. With the United States ranged alongside Britain, Turkey may enter the war. Russia, knowing that her day will come when Hitler has crushed England, may also enter the conflict. A war-weakened Germany would then have to dissipate her strength on other fronts, while Italy becomes a burden to her; and the remaining free countries of Europe, all of which dread an ultimate Hitler triumph, may align themselves against the Fascists. If this war can be continued, it will be won by the democracies. But its continuance depends upon what America does now.

If we join Britain, many men may be lost. Many billions will be spent. Against these the country must weigh the grim possibilities of the future as they affect the lives and liberties of 130,000,000 people; the enslavement or liberation of the whole western world; a descent into abysmal darkness or the beginning, perhaps, of a new era of light for all men everywhere.

Suppose, however, that we abandon England and Europe to their fate? It means that we must forever stand to arms, and for an indeterminate number of years spend fifteen to twenty billion dollars annually on armaments. To arm insufficiently is not to arm at all; to arm

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equally with the enemy is to run the risk of defeat; to arm in a manner overwhelmingly superior to the enemy is to assure the greatest probability of victory. Our defense problem is as great as or greater than that of the British Empire. Britain has recently been spending about ten billion dollars annually for arms. (Germany, it is reliably estimated, has spent about seventy-five billions during the past seven years.) Three considerations must be borne in mind in calculating prospective American arms expenditures: the vast territories, overseas and at home, that we must defend; the fact that costs are higher here than elsewhere; and the further fact that we must begin practically from scratch. It is not far wide of the mark, then, to assume that we shall have to spend fifteen to twenty billions annually for armaments for an indeterminate number of years. Add to this eight or nine billions for the ordinary federal budget and we shall have *annual* budgets of about twenty-five billion dollars, or more than one third of our present national income. But this by no means marks the end of our necessary efforts.

While engaged in a gigantic task of rearming we shall have to revise nearly every department of our economic life. This calls not only for a wisdom which we seem hitherto to have lacked and for an experienced civil service which we have never taken the trouble to create, but also — considered merely in money terms — for a new, vast, and expensive bureaucracy. We shall have to overhaul our agricultural production. There is little point in growing cotton, tobacco, and other crops when there will be no place to export them to save a Nazi-controlled Europe which will take them only in exchange for manufactures which we ourselves produce. And if, in the field of industrial exports, the loss of these exports is compensated for by the production of armaments, it must be remembered that arms are nonproductive instruments, the continued manufacture of which on a gargantuan scale must inevitably lower the standard of living of the people. We may find ourselves after a while — unless we show iron resolution and a greater spirit of sacrifice than any Americans have shown since the War between the States — in the position of France during the régime of Léon Blum. He then said that it was impossible for France to build armaments, service the national debt, and maintain the social services demanded by the people. No government that reduced armaments could survive; if the debt was not serviced there would be financial chaos; and if the social services were discontinued or curtailed there might be internal revolution. We are a far richer country than France, but the strain upon us will be enormous and perhaps eventually intolerable unless the people are determined to work without regard to hours and pay taxes without regard to personal comforts. That is the challenge easy-going, comfort-loving America faces.

So far we have been considering the measure of our efforts in terms of arms and the domestic economy. But turn to South America. In the Hitlerian world, economic domination precedes political domination. How are we to prevent Hitler's economic-political domination of South America? The odds are with him. His economy is complementary to that of the South American countries: he needs their raw products and they need his machine products. Our economy, by and large, is antithetical to the South American: that is, we produce the same agricultural products and minerals that those countries produce, and so in the normal course of events we are debarred from taking great quantities of their goods in exchange for our manufactures. How, then, are we to keep Hitler out of South America? It is proposed that we set up a federal corporation with a capital of one or two billions. 'Exportable surpluses of Western Hemisphere countries would be deposited with the corporation for orderly marketing.' Ever

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since Hoover's ill-fated Farm Board we have had with us the comforting phrase 'orderly marketing'; ever since that day we have had the surpluses with us and Uncle Sam has taken the losses of orderliness. We now propose to take the surplus products of twenty-one countries and market them in an orderly manner in a hostile world when we have been able to do so little by way of marketing our own surpluses in a friendly world.

If, however, we guarantee a market to South America for her surplus products, what is there to prevent her from increasing her production? Are we going to lay down crop-control plans and administer them from Cape Horn to Panama in twenty-one countries of which one alone (Brazil) is larger than the United States? Are we to succeed on another continent, at a great distance, and among alien peoples, in doing what we have been able to do at home only with the greatest effort and at gigantic money cost? But if we do not, Latin America goes to Hitler. If, therefore, the plan succeeds at all, it will probably cost us between 300 and 500 millions a year. And while such a cost would be cheap in view of the purpose sought, it must come out of the pockets of the people of the United States.

It is impossible to envisage the myriad difficult and dangerous problems that we shall face in a Nazi-dominated world. One of them is already upon us. Congress has passed a joint resolution to the effect that no transfer of the possessions of one European power in this hemisphere to another would be tolerated by the United States. But suppose puppet Fascist governments are erected in France and the Netherlands — governments which will control French and Dutch islands in this hemisphere for the actual benefit of the Nazis? What shall we do then? Or, rather, what should we do now? It is clear that we should now take over these possessions, alone or in concert with the Latin-American countries, and without so much as a by-your-leave from anybody. Is the United States a ladies' sewing circle animated by the clacking of tongues, or is it a vigorous country preparing itself against the direst peril it has ever known?

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CAN EUROPE FEED HERSELF?

BY JOHN D. BLACK

SOMEWHERE around 540 million people have been living in recent years on the continent of Europe — 400 million of these outside of Russia. Another 50 million have been living in the United Kingdom and Eire. The United Kingdom has been producing about 30 per cent of its foodstuffs. Eire imports most of its wheat, and much feed concentrate for its cattle and swine. Russia is still an unknown, but is not likely to figure largely in the present situation. The rest of the continent has normally been importing around 38 million tons, or 10 per cent, of the 380 million tons of food and feed which it annually consumes. Its livestock production has been dependent upon 6 million tons of feed concentrates, of which all but 4 per cent has been imported, and nearly 8 million tons of corn imports — both included in the 38 million.

Since last winter possibly thirty million of the most able-bodied workers of Europe have been under arms much of the time, and as many more have been engaged in supplying these with armaments and munitions. Farm workers have not been spared. Farm tractors and trucks have mostly been either in war service or idle for want of gasoline. Farm horses have been taken from the fields to the cities to haul the trucks. A familiar sight in some cities is a team of horses hitched by a makeshift wagon tongue and whiffletrees to the front axle of a motor truck. Horses are reported to be selling as high as 2000 kroner in Denmark.

Given such a situation, one cannot doubt that food will be scarce next winter on the mainland of Europe. Nothing less than stark famine, if the continent is still under blockade, is the way journalists have been forecasting it. Europe threatens to become the greatest famine area in all time, a traveler recently home from Europe reported in the June *Mercury*. Mr. Herbert Hoover, whose broad interest in hungry people the world has not forgot, has recently given to the press the statement that the city of Brussels will be without food in thirty to sixty days. Spain has been upon a short bread ration for some time.

The agencies in our federal government concerned with this situation have not been quiescent. The foreign commercial and agricultural attachés have reported whatever figures and facts they have been able to find. The Office of Foreign Agricultural Relations has put these reports into tables parallel with carefully compiled statistics of normal production, imports, and consumption of the different foods and feeds. What follows is the best summary of the returns that can now be made. The data are of course less complete and accurate than usual. The effects on production of a shortage of men, fertilizers, and power are beyond the ordinary experience of crop reporters and consulates. And the reports are not strictly current. One can only guess at the destruction of crops and livestock wrought by the invasions of the Netherlands, Belgium, and France.

First in any discussion of Europe's

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food supply must come wheat. The consumption of it on the continent, outside of Russia, has been running around two billion bushels, of which one seventh has been imported. The latest report on the new crop, in *The Wheat Situation* of June 26, indicates a harvest, so far as planting and weather conditions are involved, not more than 400 million bushels short of normal. Military operations may cut off another hundred million or two. To consume wheat at the pre-this-war rate would require imports before next July of perhaps 700 or 800 million bushels. Then there is the further circumstance that armies in the field, and men working long hours in heavy industries, consume a fourth more food than ordinary workers. We know which will be fed first.

By countries, the important Rumanian acreage is 18 per cent under last year's; Yugoslavia's is low also, but not so much. (The flood damage was not so great as first reported.) Hungary, another large producer, has a poor crop because of adverse weather. Bulgaria has only a fair crop. The German and Swedish crops are said to be well below normal in condition. In most of Europe the winter was very severe and the spring has been backward. In Italy, Spain, and France, however, the weather has improved so much in the last month that acre yields are expected to be good. Italy and Spain each expect to have about enough wheat for next year's need. France's normal production of wheat and rye does not quite balance her consumption. The heaviest fighting was in the most productive areas.

But we must not let our thinking focus too much on wheat. The continent, again outside of Russia, commonly consumes almost half as much rye as wheat, and imports very little of this. It produces 86 per cent of the 2650 million bushels of barley and oats it annually utilizes, some of it directly as human food. The weather and the war seem not to have cut in on these crops, taken as a whole, as severely as upon the wheat crop. Rye stands bad winters better than wheat, and spring grains recover fast from late plantings. The reports upon the corn crop are not of much use as early as this. About a fourth of the billion bushels consumed is imported.

Europe is a land populous with livestock. It has more cattle, hogs, and sheep than all North America. They live and produce on the grass and clover that thrive in its northern latitudes, on the large output of oats and barley, and of corn in southeastern Europe, and on the large imports of oil cake, cottonseed meal, corn, and other rich feeds. The present war started with 15 per cent more hogs on the continent than at the beginning of the World War, and 10 per cent more cattle; also more than in recent years. But shipping space has been needed since last winter for more valuable commodities than cattle feed. The Danes, for example, have had only a third of their usual imports of concentrates, and none since the German occupation. They are also prohibited from feeding wheat and rye to livestock. Milk production has fallen somewhat, but of course not proportionally. A decline of 10 per cent in butter output in Denmark may be typical.

Hogs are being slaughtered more rapidly than usual. Cattle will be slaughtered freely also — especially beef cattle. If the rye, barley, oats, and corn of Europe were fed to livestock, it would take five pounds of them to produce one pound of human food in the form of milk (reckoned as dry matter), eight pounds in the form of pork and lard, fifteen pounds as eggs and poultry meat, and twenty pounds as beef. It will be good food strategy to reduce livestock numbers greatly, with the possible exception of milk cows, if there is to be a serious food shortage, and convert the grains into human food. The meat will take the place of cereal foods at the start, and leave more of them for direct consumption later.

But it must be borne in mind that the

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continent of Europe, in spite of its large livestock population, always has imported large amounts of beef, mutton, butter, cheese, and lard. Its deficiencies in these products have run from nearly a fifth for lard, and a sixth for butter and beef, to 4 per cent for pork.

The people of much of Europe are large eaters of potatoes. So well suited is the climate to this crop that great quantities are fed to livestock in Central Europe. Few potatoes are traded between countries. Each grows almost exactly what it consumes. The potato acreage commonly increases in wartime; but the unusual temperatures of last winter froze large quantities of seed in storage.

Imports of sugar have averaged 2,700,000 tons — about a fourth of the consumption. Sugar is not a vital part of the human diet; but its absence is keenly felt.

Vastly more important is the fats and oils situation. The pork of Europe is lean, fitted for market on barley mostly. The countries on the mainland have been supplementing their domestic and imported supplies of fat in pork and beef with butterfat in butter and cheese, with lard and whale and fish oils, and with imports of over three million tons of vegetable oils a year. The Norwegian whaling vessels took to port in North America when the Germans invaded the homeland. Only a small part of Manchuria's soy-bean crop has been exported this year. The Danes have doubled their consumption of butter, substituting it for the margarine which they have imported till now. Their butter exports have fallen a half, and now go to the German-bloc states, including Sweden. The Netherlands is making the same sort of shift. If feed imports are not resumed, the production of butterfat will decline next winter. Germany has recently substituted butter for margarine in its food ration.

The situation described may be summarized by saying that if the continent of Europe must feed itself until the 1941 crop is harvested, assuming that the reserves now on hand are no larger than estimated in this country, it may possibly be able to endure by slaughtering livestock freely, reserving all its wheat and rye for bread uses, and diverting a million bushels of barley, oats, and corn to direct human use. But it will be a close squeeze, and there will be a large deficiency of fats and oils, with effects on health difficult to foresee. And it cannot be too strongly stressed that later information may make the situation look worse than is here indicated. At the best, the diets of many groups will need to be much changed — perhaps no more, however, than those of Germany were changed in anticipation of hostilities.

The foregoing statement also assumes a more equal distribution of the food resources between countries than has prevailed in the past — that any amounts of an essential food one country has in excess of the average will be made available to those in deficit. One has no right to expect in the present situation any such beneficent and efficient ordering of the affairs of Europe as this would require — certainly not with large armies still in the field and having first call on provisions. The four Baltic States included in this analysis have already been drawn within the Russian focus, and in more recent days some of the most productive parts of Rumania also. Russia herself had a bad winter and spring and may be as short of food as the rest of Europe. How wide the differences are by countries is indicated by the following percentages of food self-sufficiency recently compiled by the Berlin Institute of Business Relations: the Old Reich, 83; Austria, 75; former Czechoslovakia, 100; Poland, 105; Denmark, 103; Sweden, 91; the Netherlands, 67; Belgium, 51; Switzerland, 47; and Norway, 43. Some of these percentages are too high by a considerable amount because no deductions have been made for imported feeds.

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Again, there is an implication in what has been said that the available food will be so distributed between families that those in particular distress from losing their homes or crops or livestock, or their breadwinners, will be provided for equally with those that are not. Otherwise there will be a vast amount of starving and accompanying illness in the midst of subsistence at least for the rest. Nor have we any right to expect a perfect dispensation on this score, either.

A balanced view of the total situation is, therefore, that an effectively blockaded European continent will mean that a great number of people in some areas will suffer for want of food. Delay in restoring the necessary organization for procurement and distribution of food to stricken cities and areas may bring some of this suffering very soon. There may develop a great humanitarian need for assistance in feeding and caring for women and children. Mr. Hoover has suggested calling upon an outside power — 'neutral,' I presume — to direct this.

What about after 1941? With time to replan and reorganize and rehabilitate, the continent of Europe, if it could operate approximately as one economic unit, could come much nearer to feeding itself than will be possible next year. It could shift its production more nearly to the potatoes, vegetables, and milk that Sir John Orr and David Lubbock advocate as an adequate diet for England in their recent book on *Feeding the People in War-Time*. Germany alone has not been able to achieve this because she has had too many people to feed per acre of her indifferent land; but with the better lands of Denmark, France, and the former states to the east brought into the same economic system, the self-sufficiency the Germans have been talking about would not be merely idle boasting. The food part of the standard of living, as we ordinarily define it, would unquestionably be lowered; but if enough cows could be kept and some fats could be imported, the diet would maintain health. The pinch would come in getting enough feed concentrates and vegetable oils. The latter might be obtained in the East.

The United Kingdom, feeding itself until the 1941 harvest, will need large importations of wheat and fats especially. Orr and Lubbock have figured out the calories of food energy in thousands per cubic foot of shipping space for a list of foods beginning with butter at 143, fats and tallow at 118, sugar at 83, on down to bacon at 39, frozen beef at 26, and eggs in the shell at 12. When these rankings are balanced with prices, the best buys by a wide margin are sugar, fats, and wheat, with butter and dried fruits coming next. These British food specialists therefore urge that shipping space be reserved mainly for 'wheat, fats, especially butter, sugar and/or cheese, and dried fruits, in the order named,' and urge upon the Ministries of Food and Agriculture a program of subsidizing a large consumption and production of potatoes, vegetables, and milk. They condemn the present subsidy on meat production, and would encourage only so much of it as can be made incidental to the production of milk. Even though the Orr-Lubbock prescription is adopted, the United Kingdom will need to buy heavily abroad either in war or in peace. The fortunes of war in the next few weeks or months will suggest, if not determine, how far it needs to swing toward self-sufficiency. Whatever betides, it must have large amounts of food from somewhere this winter and indefinitely. Eire will need proportionately much less.

A further question that has disturbed many of late is whether the noncombatant countries are producing enough food to make up the deficiencies on the continent and in the British Isles. There need be no misgivings on this score. As for wheat, a year ago the world's supply was the largest on record, and on July 1 of this year it will be only 100 to 200 million bushels less. Canada and Australia have 450 million surplus bushels

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on hand or in prospect, and Argentina has a promising crop coming. The United States would like to export 200 million bushels. Our current carry-overs include 288 million bushels of wheat, 675 million bushels of corn (as compared with 250 million normal), unusually large stocks of pork and lard, and about average stocks of nearly everything else. The problem of supplying Europe with food is not one of stocks and production — it concerns freedom to export and import, and ability to buy and to transport.

In making plans for next year's production, the United States may well consider stepping up its wheat acreage a little just as a matter of insurance against who-knows-what in a war-crazy world. But there is nothing in the actual figures to indicate need of it. Dairy production would expand immediately if a larger demand were in prospect. Corn and hog production, what with widening use of the new high-yielding hybrid strains of corn, would surge forward in a great wave if someone would only buy.

Take off the brakes and let production mount where it will is a counsel sometimes heard these days. We may have to defend ourselves in a few years, they say, and will need all the reserves we can pile up. There is wisdom in keeping reserves ample, but beyond this any expansion of agricultural production would be a premature wasting of the soil resources which we have been building up in the last five years. Never has there been a time when we needed to plan and guide our production more carefully. More flexibility, to meet suddenly changing situations, would be desirable; but not more laxity.

The principal revision needed in our agricultural program is greater freedom to export. We must find some way of selling our surplus stocks of wheat, cotton, and other products at the going export prices. Otherwise, in the new barter economy that confronts us, we shall be helpless pawns.

Also, otherwise we shall not be in position to enter on equal terms with other New World countries into the export-sharing agreements now being discussed. Such agreements may specify export quotas only; but behind these must be either production quotas or devices for disposing of surpluses in domestic uses. In our country we shall need both. Fortunately we have already learned much about how to use both.

If hemisphere planning and direction of exports and production are to be effective, the United States will need to carry out its part firmly. It will need to say that it will confine its exports of wheat, cotton, corn, and butter to specified amounts, and keep strictly within these limits. If its leadership is to be accepted, it will need to be a little generous in its offers to restrict its offerings abroad, and more generous in its efforts to help some of its sister nations dispose of their surpluses. To get itself into a position to play such a rôle, it will need above all to reduce its current stocks to normal proportions. History may possibly be so enacted in the next few months that the continent of Europe and the British Isles both will become places where the United States can dispose of some of its surpluses to its own advantage and humanity's. We can be certain even now that disposal of large amounts of them among our own low-income people will be good for all concerned.

So fast is the world changing these days that conceivably a few years hence this country will find itself sitting down in conference with its sister American states and with representatives from Europe and outlining a program of production in this hemisphere that will best supplement Europe's. The barriers to be surmounted in our own country are as high as anywhere. The demand for protection of beef prices that the ministries of Great Britain chose to meet was a trifle compared with the special-interest pleadings that will be encountered here.

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THE COUNTRY BUG

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

It is rather interesting to notice how persistently our popular literature keeps on exploiting the various aspects of American country life, and how insatiable the popular appetite for that sort of literature appears to be. All of twenty years ago fictioneers began giving us a horse-doctor's drench of revolting romance about the goings-on in barnyards of the Mississippi Valley; and from this there followed on in logical order the still more revolting fictional exploitation of crackerdom, share-croppers, and denizens of the dust bowl. A new development has lately taken place, however, which perhaps promises better; in theory, at least, it is better. Publishers seem to have become aware that the best they can do with our rural life is by way of personal narrative, and that this best may be a very good best indeed; it may be something which a civilized spirit can read with interest and gratitude. Perhaps their enlightenment may some day spread to cover our urban life as well; one sincerely hopes so.

Thus we have lately had the life-stories of persons presumably more or less typical, who for one reason or another have taken up with rural life and like it; at least they say they like it, and one may not go behind the returns. We have had the epic of the country doctor and the country lawyer. A friend remarked to me yesterday that the country dentist had not as yet been heard from; no doubt his turn is coming. As I say, two of the four learned professions — Law, Literature, Theology, and Medicine — have already been accounted for, and it is now the turn of Theology, which has come forward with a volume called *Forty Years a Country Preacher*, by a clergyman of the Episcopalian persuasion, Reverend George B. Gilbert.

The preface, which is by another hand, seems to suggest that the production of the book was not arrived at spontaneously. It states that by some kind of poll or plebiscite Mr. Gilbert was chosen as 'the typical country minister of the United States,' and that he wrote the book by request. Who organized the poll, or who did the requesting, is not clear. Sinful persons, like my cynical friend who made the remark about the country dentist, might smell the blood of a publisher in this account of the enterprise. That, however, is as it may be; and if the suspicion were ever so well founded, it puts no discount on the very great merit of either book or author.

The story is simple. Mr. Gilbert has put in a lifetime at every conceivable kind of hard work in the service of what our demagogues and uplifters are fond of calling 'underprivileged' people, mostly sub-proletarian, in an appalling broken-down region of central Connecticut. This sort of thing is exactly what he was cut out to do, and what he most liked to do, and therefore he got the reward of a happy life. That is all there is to it. Under those circumstances a man is bound to be happy — there is no help for it, he can't be unhappy if he tries; and if he writes a book he can't help producing a happy book. Mr. Gilbert's book is no

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more introspective than a glass eye. What a relief it is to turn up a life-story without a shade of self-questioning, uncertainty, or disappointment.

For thus bringing the reader into the powerful and salutary contagion of sheer happiness, this story, simple as it is, deserves the strongest recommendation. Its spirit cannot possibly be counterfeited. Mr. Gilbert is not carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders, and neither is he taking refuge in any snuffy piosity, still less in any fraudful and vapid Pollyannaism. There are few such stories going, far too few; and for those few the civilized reader would cheerfully swap off the whole dismal mess of pseudo-Freudian autobiography at a ratio of sixteen to one, and throw in all the share-croppers, crackers, barnyards and dust bowls, for lagniappe.

Mr. Gilbert's book makes him out to be a man of many gifts. It does this casually, without putting on any airs about it, but the inference is clear. He seems to be a first-class farmer, a good plain cook, a pretty fair jackleg plumber, and something quite considerable in the way of a builder, painter, carpenter, barber and all-round mechanic. His idea seems to have been to make himself the social-service factotum of all outdoors, not to Episcopalians especially, but to anybody whom he could help and make happier; and there were so many of these in that wretched locality that he had no trouble about finding plenty to do.

He preached anywhere and everywhere, and faithfully administered the offices of the Church, but there is no evidence that he thought much about rounding up a congregation or 'building up his parish' in the conventional way. His congregations pretty well made themselves; so did his Sunday Schools. He liked children, knew what they liked and needed, and was promptly on hand with whatever resources he had to brighten their lives; and so the poor jetsam of those regions for miles around cottoned to him valiantly with no sense of being under any institutional pressure. Mr. Gilbert did not use his gifts as bait to get children into his Sunday School or their elders into his church. His notion was that the exercise of those gifts — cooking, haircutting, tinkering of all kinds — was an integral part of his Christian ministry, as much so as preaching, baptizing, burying. His job was to keep those gifts in action among all the needy souls in his bailiwick, and whatever came of it was the Lord's lookout, not his.

This division of responsibility seems to have worked uncommonly well with all hands except Mr. Gilbert's bishop and most of his clerical brethren. They were rather in a quandary. Brother Gilbert certainly got results — there was no doubt about that. He was no heretic, not 'unsound,' — whatever that is, — nor was he even irregular. He did not make much of the purely ecclesiastical and theological sides of his calling, but he kept within the law. He was informal to the last degree; that was the trouble. He cooked rousing beef stews in church, between services, for his poverty-stricken people who hardly ever had a square meal. He sometimes forgot to remember to put on vestments on a broiling summer Sunday. He brought a rocking-chair to church for a very old woman who could not sit comfortably in a pew; and another for a woman who had a fretful baby. All this sort of thing was not exactly wicked or profane, and he could not be had up for it, but it was improper, indecorous. Worst of all, Brother Gilbert had the scandalous habit of speaking his mind in full on any subject whenever he saw fit; and in orthodox clerical circles that is one of the things that simply aren't done. So the brethren bore down hard on Brother Gilbert for a while, but, finding that nothing came of it, they finally decided to charge him off to profit and loss, and let him alone; which, he says, was all he ever wanted.

Mr. Gilbert's book sets one to wonder-

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ing afresh about the actual connection between religion and organized Christianity. His case seems to make it pretty clear that they are not the same thing. Put him through any test that the New Testament sets, and he qualifies as a religious man, doing a religious work. Saint James, who ought to be something of an authority, says that pure and undefiled religion is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep oneself unspotted from the world. Brother Gilbert seems to have filled this bill in a rather distinguished way. He was as unworldly as they come, naïvely so, and he not only visited the derelict but spent his life feeding them, cleaning them up, cutting their wood, mending their roofs, riding herd on their children, and standing by with every conceivable kind of comfort and assistance. This being so, the interesting question is, what part did organized Christianity — that is to say, the Christian Church as an institution — actually play in it? Putting a sort of spiritual cost-system on the production of Brother Gilbert's results, how much do we write up to the credit of the institution, and how much to the credit of the man behind the gun?

It is a hard question, for the answer has to take account of so many imponderabilia; yet the interesting thing about activities like Brother Gilbert's is that they make us ask it. Certainly those who are impatient with organized Christianity and would make a clean sweep of it should look up their history and think again. Just as one little matter by way of illustration, in the Dark Ages, from the fifth to the eleventh century, it was Christianity, organized in the monastic institutions, that preserved the seed of whatever civilization we now have. That is a fairly long mark to its credit. If our civilization is on its way into another Dark Age, as seems by no means impossible, what institution now existing can be relied on to perform a like service? I know of none.

On the other hand, it is clear that Brother Gilbert's branch of organized Christianity distinctly did not appreciate him beyond the point of a chilly and ungracious tolerance. As in the Church of the Middle Ages, from the eleventh century to the sixteenth, his conception of practical religion was distinctly not that of the organization. As a Christian minister, Saint James would have as rough going in a Connecticut or New York parish today as he would have had under the papacy of Julius II or Leo X; the terrible experiences of Leo's successor, Adrian VI, are worth recalling in this connection — he lasted only one year. There is a close parallel here with political party organization. In republican politics, as Benjamin Franklin observed and as we all now so plainly see, one's duty to the party takes precedence of duty to the country; and as John Stuart Mill further observed, the political test of a great mind is its power of agreement with the opinions of small minds. Much the same is true of organized Christianity, as Brother Gilbert seems to have discovered. The brethren looked askance at him because it was his first duty to become an 'organization man'; essentially the same requirement that Tammany puts upon all its votaries, from the Grand Sachem down to the humblest wardsman.

Brother Gilbert did not see it that way. He had no favors to ask. He was doing very well where he was, and had no personal ambition — indeed, when the chance of some slight preferment came his way, he declined it. Being an 'organization man' involved too much that is nonessential to what he regarded as the main enterprise, too much even that is dead against it; too much finesse, too many hostages to expediency, too much indirection, too much sheer intellectual dishonesty, too much moral and spiritual dishevelment — no, the organization's favor was not worth the price. He was loyal, conscientious, law-abiding, and that ought to be enough. So Brother Gilbert and the organization

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were finally content to establish a *modus vivendi* on terms of what the diplomatists call 'distinguished consideration.'

This somehow seems rather a pity. One thinks that the organization would have done better by itself if it had loosened up a little, taken Brother Gilbert wholeheartedly 'as is' and made the most of his gifts. In the long run, the accumulation of power and prestige is as bad for an institution as it is for an individual. Today, for example, our political system has become institutionalized to the point where great numbers of people regard a man's acceptance of public office as *prima facie* evidence that he is utterly unfit to hold it — and who can be quite sure that they are wrong? This is bad for the institution, for if its power and prestige are best served for the moment by pliant knaves and charlatans it will attract no other, and in the end its supporting social structure rots away. The case of the Church seems analogous; if it chooses to be manned and represented chiefly by 'organization men' and gives them preferential treatment for the sake of an immediate and temporary self-edification, it is merely fostering the conditions of its own ultimate decay.

Besides being an animating and delightful story, Mr. Gilbert's book presents a number of matters which are worth some thought; for instance, his few words about our rural slums' being as bad, or almost as bad, as our urban slums. No doubt they are bad, and my own impression is that Mr. Gilbert's lot was cast among specimens as bad as any we have. No doubt they should be improved. But while his words fall in very well with the great popular urge for 'social legislation' and the current to-do over the one-third — or was it two-thirds? — who are 'ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-housed,' one ought not to forget the curious fact first observed, I believe, by Herbert Spencer, that the more things improve, the louder become the exclamations about their badness.

We all remember that we were by a long way farthest towards being a sober nation when the great movement for prohibition set in. When women were actually under serious legal and social disabilities, not much was said or thought about it; the earlier assertions of 'women's rights' aroused more derision than excitement, even in the disabled sex itself. It was only when the disabilities had been removed and most of the rights secured — that is to say, about twenty-five years ago — that the hullabaloo began. So with labor; so with education; so with the franchise; so with general social welfare. When things were at their worst, little was said about their badness; it was always when they were at their best that a great sweat set in.

It is well to keep this rule in mind, because getting into a great sweat is the worst thing that an excitable, violent, ill-balanced people can do. It has kept us at the mercy of designing demagogues, propagandists and swindlers throughout our national existence, and dearly have we paid for every indulgence. Here is a signal merit of Mr. Gilbert's book — he sets us an example of sanity and common sense which it would be money in our pocket to follow. He says that while our rural slum conditions have notably improved, they are still bad; but he does not get up a great sweat about them. He is calm, just, clear-minded, too well informed to think the job can be done overnight by magic; and at the same time he is resolute about doing his share of improvement wherever and however he can. One lays his book aside in full belief that a couple of regiments of Gilberts scattered about the country would do an infinitely more intelligent and lasting job of slum clearance in six months than all the planners, crusaders, bureaucrats and social-service wizards in Washington could do in twenty-five years; nor yet would they set us all by the ears or pick our pockets while they did it.

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CHILDREN OF THE ISLAND

And one brief season is their only year,
Summer illumines all and is their year,
Soon at the rumored breath of cold they fade,
Into fine air of which their breath is made.

Long have I wandered, seeking, seeking them,
Who are my spirit's roots, the flower, the stem,
Only in sudden glimpses have I seen
Their white, their gold, their coral gleam,

Islanded in the sun — then disappear,
Since one brief season is their only year,
Lost as the wild rose in the long grass
Their half-seen images through watery glass.

Vision of childhood in the aging world,
So soon decays, so fades the flower-world,
The child heart printed on the mother's heart,
The visions seen by fit and start.

For one brief season is their only year,
When sunken islands from the sea appear,
Crowned with deep light, the childish forms arise,
Bringing renewal to our fading eyes,

That laughter, softness, sweetness, and surprise,
Bright as bewildering airs from Paradise,
When swept by Time's long wave, we drift, far, far,
From where the children of the island are.

Marya Zaturenska

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THE ENDURING

YEATS, the newspaper said, tall, white-haired,
Arrived in Boston today remembering the past.
'His words tumbled. He wore a light-brown suit.'
He is dead now, and the days are running fast.

I saw the poet Robinson, a tall man, too,
Who spoke few words, although they were his last.
His train left, we five went home. A great man.
He is dead now, and the days are running fast.

The days run fast, and suddenly great men die.
Their deaths are news but not good news to read.
It was hard, when Bach was gone, to match his kind,
His work and theirs being always new for our need:

An enormous structure of sound and meaning built
Out of a cool and ruthless memory and mind:
The pity, the care, the calmly savage truth
Told in the peace they fought their wars to find.

And the small men also die, who listen and read,
Whose names we do not know for what they gave us,
Who living thought, as some alive think now,
That great names and their great works only save us.

The days are running fast, and we shall die,
Even we who never liked the news of death.
But the words of tall men, with the small men's love,
Sweeten a thousand years of air for breath.

JOHN HOLMES

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GERMANY'S MILITARY SUCCESS

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I

THE total success of Germany's total war against the Netherlands, Belgium, France, and England (on the Continent) leaves every onlooker stunned and gasping with horror that so much loss of life and such immeasurable misery could be inflicted upon innocent peoples in so brief a time, with such vast military results. The greatest experts, who but a short time ago were declaring that the French army was 'the finest in Europe' and certain to defeat the Nazis, are hard put to it to explain how they could have been so misled. Allowing for some treachery and much incompetence on the Allied side, the truth is that the Germans crashed through their opponents not merely because they had piled up enormous quantities of the new weapons of war, but because they had drilled a huge army in original methods of warfare which swept the enemy off their feet. For their aviation, their armored cars and tank corps, they invented remarkable tactics quite contrary to existing military conventions, and — most important of all — applied those tactics with an amazing timing and coördination and coöperation of the various branches of the service. Since the net result is so staggering, so alarming, it is of the utmost importance to understand at once how such results were achieved when Hitler had only five years in which to arm openly.

In the first place, it must not be forgotten that the conscienceless dictators who misrule Germany deem themselves radical revolutionists called upon to warp the world to their ideas, and this has had a profound influence upon their military planning. When they attacked the Netherlands they frankly announced that this was the final move in 'the greatest world revolution ever seen,' and that it would end in the complete smashing of 'democratic plutocracy.' Now there have been many revolutions before, but most of them have been inefficiently led by zealots often lacking in executive ability and leadership and so visionary as to ensure failure. This is probably the first great one which has been engineered and directed by men of extraordinary organizing and administrative ability, who are great soldiers and are able to plan on a gigantic scale down to the smallest detail, since they have been able to rule exactly as they please, without public criticism, without let or hindrance. They have known their objectives, and pursued them with a merciless, bloody brutality and murderous ruthlessness to which the whole life of the country has been subordinated.

This has rendered all the easier their creating their own precedents, notably in military affairs; they have made far-reaching changes in systems and procedures without having to ask anyone's permission. Even that does not tell the whole story. The Nazis have had the foresight to break with a large part of Germany's military past, and here the Allies helped enormously, for the original post-Versailles Reichswehr, 100,000

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strong, was built on totally new lines. According to an Associated Press dispatch of June 3 last, the chief of the press department of the German army on the western front, Lieutenant Colonel Hesse, declared correctly that 'the Versailles Treaty gave Germany a tremendous advantage. For many years we were unable to build militarily, so now we have designed equipment, even an infantry rifle, so superior to the enemy's that the effects turned out to be surprising from the time of the first battle.' He added that the Allied armies were 'surprisingly easy to defeat.' When the Nazis took over the Reichswehr they were in a position to expand a new, absolutely up-to-date organization wholly free from the castes and conventions of the Kaiser's army. They did not revive century-old traditions. They did not create another snobbish aristocratic military machine in which the officers were everything, with a most dangerous code of honor and frequently intense antagonism to the civilian public, and the men were slave-like automatons. Today it is intended that all the men in the army, whether rich or poor, educated or otherwise, shall be on a complete equality.

Thus the Nazis aimed at a more democratic army and encouraged their officers to eat and sleep with their men when in the field or in manœuvres, to know and to work with them. The officers were urged to overcome the chief fault of the German soldier in the first World War — his lack of individual initiative, his sheep-like character, more of a robot than a man, and as such automatically obeying orders. This was made the easier because of the change in the machinery of war itself. When you ride a motorcycle, or help to fly a plane, or drive or service one of a half-million trucks, camions, tractors and tanks, you are bound to develop some initiative and independence, some readiness to be a 'thinking bayonet,' and to make decisions for yourself. Moreover, where there were comparatively few varieties of troops in 1914, — heavy and light artillery, cavalry and infantry, some cyclists, telegraph, railroad and engineer troops, and so forth, — the number of different branches of the service has enormously increased with the advent of the new weapons and the new techniques, such as searchlight forces, anti-aircraft batteries in enormous numbers, parachutists, and endless kinds of troops in armored vehicles. It is certainly a far cry from the days of Kaiser Wilhelm I, when the sole objectives were, first, perfect drill on the parade ground, and second, good work in field manœuvres.

That this change was absolutely essential appears from what has been called 'the indescribable melee of the *Blitzkrieg*' in Belgium and France, in which, Mr. Churchill said, Allied troops were behind German troops and German tanks and shock troops far behind the Allied lines. Day after day, it was reported, troops on both sides fought individual actions all by themselves, even in small groups, and certainly it is not possible that there were officers with all the cyclists, tank and armored-car drivers, and parachutists who mushroomed out as soon as they were behind the Allied forces. The most striking part of the new Nazi tactics is this rushing of men far behind the enemy lines in order to cut communications, blow up bridges, terrorize the enemy's troops and the civilian population, bringing about complete panic and disorder. The dispatches report that sometimes only a handful of armored cars or tanks or cyclists broke through, but that they went ahead with lightning speed, not to 'get thar fust with the mostest men,' but to get as far to the rear as possible, with utter disregard of previous military conventions and with no thought of what might happen to themselves, or of having supports or bases to fall back on. They were apparently expected to be 'battalions of death,' if need be. All this required not only dash, nerve, utter recklessness as to themselves, but most un-

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usual daring, decision, and, above all, initiative. Officers and men both *have* to think for themselves.

II

As Herbert Rosinski has just pointed out in his new book, *The German Army*, the powers assumed by the General Staff officers on duty with brigades, divisions, corps and armies, led to endless intrigues, to their grasping after more and more power, to blunders, to inefficiency in steadily increasing degree through the years 1914–1918. The Nazis took good care that their new General Staff officers were subordinated and in proper relationship to their generals. Indeed, the most amazing thing about the new German army appears to have been its open-mindedness and its eagerness to accept new ideas. Two remarks by Sir Edmund Ironside, who has been transferred from the headship of the British General Staff to command of the home defenses, seemed to me to convict him of unfitness for his earlier task. The first was his echoing Neville Chamberlain's incredible remark that Hitler had 'missed the bus' because he did not attack the English and French on the outbreak of the war when they were not ready for him, whereas in May they were. The second was his assuring his countrymen that the British army was superior to the German because the latter had no generals who served as such in 1914–1918, and the British had.

The first was astounding to me, who had been in Germany in October and November and, just as a lay observer, knew that Hitler had to have that breathing spell to mobilize millions, drill his raw recruits, reorganize his army after the Polish campaign, move it across Germany, and build up his enormous tank, armored-car, airplane, and ammunition reserves for the great May offensive. That this had been decided on then, military men freely told me and others, and I recorded and reported it at the time. Why did not Ironside and Chamberlain know these things? The second remark seemed to reveal an even more dangerous mentality, or at least lack of understanding by Sir Edmund of the new German army and the tactics it was planning to use. I recall hearing the Czechoslovak army praised by military observers several years ago on the ground, among others, that it had not a single general of the vintage of 1914–1918, because all its generals had been captains or majors in those years. It does not seem to have occurred to Sir Edmund that this policy of not retaining any men of general's rank in the old army might have been deliberate, a part of the plan to have a new kind of war conducted by men who were not consciously or unconsciously affected by their experiences as commanders in 1914–1918. New fighting, new fighters! How calculated and far-reaching this policy was still remains to be exactly revealed — but that the German army was a new army, with wholly inexperienced company and battalion officers, is true. That its leaders were young and fresh would appear at this distance to have been its strength and not its weakness, as Sir Edmund thought. Certainly the collapse and dismissal of so many French officers, headed by the seventy-year-old generalissimo, Gamelin, would seem to point another moral and adorn a very sad tale.

The English and the French commanders should have realized not only that the Nazis were going to strike out on new lines precisely as they did in Poland, where the campaign gave full notice of the technique applied to Norway and in the West, but that they were determined to profit by the lessons of the last war. One of the most egregious of these was the failure to make a rush for the Channel ports the minute the Battle of the Marne was lost and trench warfare established, for then the Germans might have taken those harbors with a

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few thousand men. That was freely admitted to me by a group of ex-officers when I reached Berlin in February 1919, three months after the Armistice. Since the British have from the beginning of this war been honored by being the especial target of all the Nazi venom and hatred, it was a foregone conclusion that the Channel ports as well as the Dutch harbors would be the chief Nazi objectives if an offensive against the Low Countries and France were undertaken. Moreover, the German army — or the Prussian — was always trained for *Blitzkrieg*, as it demonstrated in 1866 against Austria and in 1870 against France. When it was stopped in its tracks in 1914, the whole staff machine collapsed. Everybody should have foreseen that the Nazis would return to the historic German policy of planning a war of record-breaking speed, and that they would count on their new weapons to ensure success.

Hence it was certain that the Nazi generals would strike like lightning against the French if they undertook an offensive in the West, as they had in Poland, where they began with the destruction of every Polish air field on the first day. According to Polish statements, Nazi planes appeared immediately over 400 Polish cities, towns, and villages. There was the same machine-gunning from the air of troops and civilians, even a limited use of parachute troops dropped behind the Polish lines, with masses of tanks and armored cars sweeping over the countryside and opening the way for the motorized infantry. If there were any new tactics or weapons used in the plunge into Holland, Luxembourg, Belgium, and France in May, I cannot seem to trace them, except that some of the tanks used were 70-ton vehicles that had not been displayed in Poland. Was not the attack on France merely a repetition of the strategy and tactics used in Poland, only on a vastly larger scale with far greater numbers of tanks and other machines? Yet the Allies were apparently entirely taken by surprise.

Another instance of the Nazis' profiting by the mistakes of 1914–1918 is their superior use of propaganda. In the Kaiser's war the English were far ahead of the Germans in this respect, especially in the United States, where they carried everything before them. Despite the measureless lying and conscienceless falsification of the Nazis' propaganda since last November, they have achieved marked success. The English press has admitted that some of the German broadcasts affected their troops adversely, and that innumerable Britons have been listening to the renegade Englishman 'Lord Haw-Haw,' although it is said that his daily talks are not as effective now as at first. In a recent trip to California and return, it seemed to me that I could trace the effect of the German propaganda by the constant questions asked me as to whether there was, morally, any difference between the Allies and the Germans.

Berlin has often given better and quicker news to the foreign correspondents, and it lived up to the promise made to me when I reached the Foreign Office there, that I was free to cable and mail what I chose provided only it was truthful as to facts and did not vilify the German leaders. For once the Germans have shown some understanding of the psychology of other peoples, while deliberately misinforming and deceiving their own. The Nazis struck out along new lines in this field also.

III

Mr. Rosinski is one of many who thought that the Nazi generals had gone too far in their creation of a 'purely mechanical and centralized control.' He quotes 'a leading person' as saying to him in 1936: 'Among our elder staff officers the idea of being prepared for every emergency has developed such fantastic notions of the supplies needed

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that, if those gentlemen had their way, within three years the whole of Germany would be nothing but a gigantic munitions dump, with a single private left to guard it!' It must be admitted, however, that this policy of enormous preparation, especially in piling up new weapons, has largely produced the German victories in Flanders. The all-important point remains that the Nazi army leaders were sufficiently free from red tape, bureaucratic conservatism, and hidebound tradition to enable them to build their campaign plans around their new techniques and new weapons while holding fast to the best methods and policies of the past. Thus, in 1914 the Schlieffen plan was modified — and ruined, and the war lost. In 1940 it was modified to correspond with the new conditions and the new coastal objectives in France, but its underlying strategy was preserved, and an unparalleled success was obtained.

It remains only to add that the Nazi leaders and their generals have succeeded in instilling into their officers and soldiers the most complete certainty of success. The officers and informed civilians (even when anti-Nazi) I talked with were so sure of victory that they would not argue with me about it. They outlined the program against England which has been followed, stressing particularly their superiority in the air, though they were careful not to suggest the violation of any neutral's territory. The military men were certain that since they had the will to conquer, since, under Hitler, their country had had a new birth and was animated by a new spirit of vigor and a vital new force, they could not be defeated.

Is there one person who is responsible for the German success? General Göring, with sickening sycophancy, has lauded Hitler to the skies as a commander greater than Napoleon and has assured us that every move, political and military, has been planned by Hitler himself. He has represented the *Führer* as giving every moment to poring over maps and plans until all hours of the night, and then, he says, the ex-corporal of 1914–1918 brings forth the wonderful solutions which have ensured the German victories. Possibly this is true. Possibly Hitler has contributed largely to the streamlining of his army for the new-type war of 1940. Personally, it is easy for me to believe that it has not been the work of one man, but that of many minds in agreement, more or less influenced by the psychology and the program of the Nazi Party. If, however, Hitler is to be credited with all the things attributed to his 'genius,' according to Göring, then the ex-corporal must also be charged with another responsibility — that of being the leader who ordered his army to wage this war with unparalleled ferocity, with a sadistic wickedness in ruthlessly destroying men, women, and children on a scale never before equaled in supposedly civilized warfare.

Hitler doubtless will not shrink from accepting this responsibility, for he has boasted from the start that if war came it would be conducted with a violence and ferocity never before witnessed, and also with new and irresistible weapons. For this he will answer at the bar of history, whether he wins or loses. In this respect he has also broken with the German military past. Whatever misconduct may have been proved against the Kaiser's troops in 1914–1918, no honest man can doubt that in satanic determination to lay waste the lands of the Poles, Norwegians, Dutch, and Belgians, who never injured Germany or threatened her in any way, — to say nothing of France and England, — the Nazi leaders have established a record. It is a criminality which must make the dead leaders of the Germans in 1870 and 1914, if they can behold the desolated Europe of today, wince with shame at the never-to-be-forgiven brutalizing and degrading of the German army and the German people. It is certainly a com-

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plete break with the old Germany, which did not seek world dominion.

The lesson of all this for those who are now so frantically arming the United States in the belief that if Hitler wins we shall have to take over and defend by force the Allied and Dutch possessions in the Caribbean, and prevent German domination of Greenland and Iceland, is that the best possible defense will be to have younger and more open-minded men in charge of the administration of the War and Navy Departments, and a resolute insistence not only that these departments shall be modernized and rendered efficient, but that they shall be manned by men who are capable of dealing with American military problems in an American way and are not merely copiers of what goes on abroad. Years ago General William Mitchell, head of our air force in France, was court-martialed and driven from the army because he insisted that the day of the battleship was over and the future of warfare lay with the airplane. He has been dead for some years. Whether in the next two months we shall have it proved to us that English sea power is at an end is on the lap of the gods. But enough has happened in Europe to make it plain that Mitchell was right and those who criticized him wrong. Had his lead been followed, it is certain that the air force of the United States would not now be where it is, and we should not be continuing to build large battleships, at a cost of $100,000,000 apiece, when the British battleships have been far more of a liability than an aid and may at this moment be doomed to defeat. Today the attacks upon Colonel Lindbergh, whose sizing up of the excellence of the German air corps has been completely upheld, to a certain degree seem to prove that the same refusal to face facts as to the airplane's domination of land, and perhaps of sea, still holds in certain quarters.

Major General Johnson Hagood, a West Point graduate, who has commanded three out of four of our armies and was chief of staff of the line of communications during our war in France, has written of the War Department: 'It is so involved that no Secretary of War has ever been able to understand it, and no Chief of Staff, however well qualified, has ever been able to keep it under control or to know just what was going on among his subordinates.' Speaking of the officers of the army, he declared: 'They are efficient, unselfish and patriotic — but they are human, and no human being, no archangel of Heaven, could operate a machine that is as badly constructed and as complicated as the War Department under existing law. It is too big. It is topheavy.' He has solemnly warned Congress that 'if we do not have allies to keep things going while we get ready, the War Department would collapse as it did before.' One may build 50,000 planes a year, — or 365,000, as Mr. Ford says he can, — but unless they and the campaigns in which they may be used are directed by competent and efficient War and Navy Departments they may be of little avail. Incidentally, General Mitchell declared that the efficiency of an air corps should not be measured by quantity, but by quality, and that an up-to-the-minute corps would be far more effective than a huge mass of planes some of which were out of date.

In addition to the necessity for adequate planning and for modernization of the fundamental army and navy organizations, an important reason for not moving as precipitously as Mr. Roosevelt has done is that unless all signs fail we shall see, perhaps before this article appears in type, a further demonstration of the up-to-date war in the coming attacks upon England. Last November I was assured in Berlin that England would be defeated by July 15 by means of an unprecedentedly large fleet of submarines, fast motorboats, and surface vessels, plus concentrated bombing from the air by thousands of air-

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planes — to which will now be added the shelling of England from the French ports. The military men I talked with were certain that they could make untenable and uninhabitable every English port, and especially every naval base. They believed that it would be possible to isolate England to such an extent that ships could not dock to put ashore their cargoes of food and other necessities. Now the talk is of the creation of a forty-mile no man's land by bombing and shelling, under cover of which barrages troops and motorized units are to be landed in England. If that is the case, then the hope of the British must be to keep their forces as mobile as possible, so as to be able to throw them in any direction the minute a bridgehead is established.

We in the United States will be able to profit by a most agonizing demonstration of this form of the modern *Blitzkrieg*, whether it is successful or unsuccessful. We shall also have the opportunity to learn whether what German military men say is true or false — that the day of the battleship and heavy cruiser, indeed of all sea power, is over, and that the only thing worth considering now is the air force, plus, when land operations are possible, huge masses of tanks and mechanized equipment. Certain it is that we must keep our defense forces mobile behind excellent coast forts; fortunately the 3000-mile moat of the Atlantic Ocean puts us in a position that has enabled more than one officer — such as Admiral Yarnell, who only recently commanded our Asiatic fleet with such honor and distinction — to declare that we cannot possibly be invaded.

But whatever the situation now, or five years from now, if there are not in Washington a streamlined War Department and an up-to-date Navy Department with highly mobile forces, intelligent production of war materials, and commanders with open minds for new devices, new methods, and new tactics, there will be only waste, confusion, and inefficiency. Unless there are fundamental reorganizations, the vast sums already voted will not lead to greater efficiency or safety, but to the contrary. Even more fundamental is the decision whether we shall prepare to defend only our own coasts or undertake to defend all of South America (regardless of the wishes of the twenty-one republics to the south of us in the matter), or whether we shall prepare for another overseas expeditionary effort to conquer the Germans. Unless we tell our military and naval men what they are to defend and how they are to defend it, we certainly cannot blame them if they fail to plan and arm properly.

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TRELAWNY

BY MARGARET ARMSTRONG

I

TRELAWNY sat crouched on a low bare rock out at sea off the coast of Jersey, staring at the dark water, waiting impatiently for sunrise and the turn of the tide, but with no desire for what day might bring. A few feet away the two smuggler-fishermen bribed by De Ruyter to carry him across the Channel and set him safe on the English shore lay stretched out beside their boat drawn up on the rock, fast asleep and snoring contentedly, having already earned their money.

Trelawny could not sleep. He was tired and cold and wet and hungry — a supper of shellfish washed down with Nantz had failed to satisfy him. He was sunk in one of his blackest moods. Bidding good-bye to De Ruyter had meant bidding good-bye to the only human being in the world whom he loved, or who cared a rush whether he lived or died. It had snapped the last tie that held him to the past; to Zela, to all that warm, bright, sun-drenched East where he belonged. What was he doing here in England? Chilly, damp, inhospitable England. If he were to jump off into the next wave that came curling in, who would care? His family? He laughed aloud, remembering that homesick little boy turned out by his father 'with as little remorse as he would have ordered a blind puppy to be drowned.'

Yet a prodigal who has made his way half across the world and is almost in sight of home must risk the last few steps, no matter how poor a welcome he may get at the end of the road. A few hours later he was on dry land, making his way to the nearest village.

His forebodings were justified. The East had left him too restless for civilized life. London became intolerable. In the end he rented a little cottage in Middlesex, and let himself sink deep into the soft green bosom of the English countryside, hoping to relax and to forget. The rural experiment amused him for a time. Then restlessness returned. The year 1820 took him to the Continent. In August he was staying in Ouchy on the Lake of Geneva near Lausanne, seeing something of a more cosmopolitan society than he had ever before encountered. At this time 'Lausanne,' he wrote later, 'was one of the inland harbors of refuge where wanderers from all countries sought shelter.'

Trelawny soon made an acquaintance — one of those chance acquaintances not personally important whose influence may be far-reaching: a young bookseller, graduate of a German university, 'more interested in literature than in lucre,' and trained to express himself with eloquence and exactitude. He was probably the first highly educated man Trelawny had ever met. The young bookseller was a linguist; bits of Goethe and Kant and other great foreign writers were translated for Trelawny's benefit, their philosophy, religion, and politics exhaustively discussed in the light of modern thought. Then one memorable day a new name 'swam into his ken,'

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a name that was to echo all through Trelawny's life on and on into extreme old age — the name of Shelley.

It was a midsummer day, hot and sunny; Trelawny had happened to pass a terrace shaded by feathery acacias, saw his friend sitting there absorbed in a book, and joined him. The book turned out to be *Queen Mab*, Shelley's adolescent arraignment of the enemies of mankind, — religion, government, and war, — which the bookseller had just come across by accident.

'It is crude, but well flavored,' remarked the bookseller. 'They say the author is but a boy; if that be true we shall hear of him again.'

Trelawny nodded. He was already reading, already excited by what he read. *Queen Mab* was of course an appetizer. Other poems by Shelley were unearthed, and the more Trelawny read, the more admiring he became. Before long he had yielded so entirely to the charm of Shelley's song and Shelley's preaching that it was something of a shock to be brought up with a round turn, as he was floating happily along on the full tide of enchantment, by the adverse criticism of a poet whose opinion could not well be ignored, and who was, incidentally, the first of his tribe Trelawny had ever encountered.

The meeting came about through an English friend of Trelawny's who happened to be staying at a hotel in Lausanne. Captain Daniel Roberts — a son of that 'stout fellow' Lieutenant Roberts who had gone around the world with Captain Cook and was in command of the pinnace at the time of Cook's murder — was at loose ends now, like so many Army and Navy men after the Peace, and traveling for pleasure on half pay. He and Trelawny had much in common. For one thing, Roberts had met both Byron and Shelley some years before in Geneva, had dined at the Villa Diodati and seen Byron later on in Venice, and Trelawny listened eagerly to all he had to say of the two poets. It was disillusioning to hear Roberts speak of Byron as not really a handsome man, too short and stout; but delightful to find him a wholehearted admirer of Shelley. According to Roberts, 'Never were manly wit and sense combined with such ingenuousness, or trust in mankind and unacquaintance with the world, as in Shelley.'

So here he was waiting for Captain Roberts one clear shining September morning, in a hotel in Lausanne, having been invited to breakfast and wishing his friend would return, — Roberts had gone sketching, — for he had walked in from Ouchy and was getting hungrier every minute. At last the captain came in, but not alone. He was accompanied by three travelers whom he had happened to meet on their way to the hotel: a man and two ladies.

'I saw by their utilitarian garb,' Trelawny wrote later, 'as well as by the blisters on their cheeks and noses that they were pedestrian tourists fresh from the blazing sun and frosty air of snow-covered mountains. The man was evidently a denizen of the north; his accent harsh, skin white, of an angular and bony build, and self-confident and dogmatic in his opinions. But the precision and quaintness of his language, and his eccentric remarks on common things, stimulated my mind. Our icy islanders thaw rapidly when they have drifted into warmer latitudes. These, flushed with health, delighted with their excursion, and with appetites earned by bodily and mental activity, were in such high spirits that Roberts and I caught the infection of their mirth. We all talked as loud and fast as if under the influence of champagne instead of café au lait.'

Breakfast over, a carriage arrived to take the travelers on their way. As they were leaving, Roberts whispered to Trelawny that they were the Wordsworths — the poet himself, his wife, and his sister — and Trelawny could not resist an eager question: What did Mr. Wordsworth think of Shelley as a poet?

'Nothing,' he answered shortly. 'A

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poet who has not produced a good poem before he is twenty-five will never do so.'

'*The Cenci?*' Trelawny ventured.

'Won't do.' William shook his head and got into the carriage, followed by a rough-coated Scotch terrier.

'This hairy fellow is our flea trap,' he shouted, and they drove away.

Trelawny was left staring after them, wondering if it were jealousy or lack of poetic taste that had prompted the verdict.

II

Soon after, Trelawny went on to Geneva, and here at Plongeon he met two young Army men, Edward Ellerker Williams and Thomas Medwin. It was extraordinarily exciting to discover that Medwin was actually a cousin of Shelley's and a schoolfellow.

'Medwin had known Shelley from childhood,' Trelawny wrote later. 'From all I could gather, Shelley lived as he wrote, the life of a true poet, loving solitude but by no means a cynic. Irrespective of his genius, we all longed to meet him.'

England seemed prosaic after Switzerland, the air heavy, his friends dull. Trelawny's dissatisfaction with London society that winter of 1821 was increased by hearing from Edward Williams, who had now met Shelley. The poet, according to Edward, looked the part to perfection. He was young, amiable, full of life and fun, and could talk brilliantly on any abstract subject; but even his ordinary conversation was 'akin to poetry; for he saw everything in the most singular and pleasing light.'

But the poet's chief pleasure was boating. When Edward Williams wrote that Shelley had had a little boat built at Leghorn and they expected to enjoy delightful trips exploring the various streams and canals in the neighborhood, Trelawny was filled with envy, tinged with the contempt all sailors feel for soldiers who venture on the water. In Edward's case this contempt was justified. Edward wrote: 'A few nights ago I nearly put an end to the poet and myself. We went to Leghorn to see after the little boat and, as the wind blew excessively hard and fair, we resolved upon returning to Pisa in her, and accordingly started with a huge sail, and at 10 o'clock P.M. capsized her.'

Neither Williams nor Shelley thought of their escape as a warning. Yet it was not their first. That winter, while they were sailing on the Arno in an even smaller boat, Williams stood up suddenly, caught at the mast to steady himself, and tipped the boat over. He could swim a little and managed to struggle ashore; but Shelley could not swim a stroke and would have sunk like a stone if a more competent friend had not been with them.

These experiences, however, only increased Shelley's romantic passion for the water, and the correspondence between Edward Williams and Trelawny must often have touched on boatbuilding, for at the end of 1821 Williams wrote: 'Have a boat we must, and if we can get Roberts to build one so much the better.'

In the meantime Trelawny had returned to the Continent, having planned to spend the winter of 1822 shooting in the wildest part of the Maremma with his friend Roberts, a keen sportsman, and the summer in Pisa, making the acquaintance of Byron and Shelley.

This agreeable combination of sport and poetry decided upon, he had gone to Chalon to get the horse and cabriolet he had left there with the Williamses; to Geneva, where Captain Roberts was waiting for him; and at last, after long anticipation, he found himself actually headed for Italy.

'In my Swiss carriage,' he wrote, 'we could go on or stop, where and when we pleased. We could sketch, shoot, fish and observe everything at our leisure. If our progress was slow, it was most pleasant. We crossed Mount Cenis and, in due course, arrived at Genoa. After a long

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stop in that city of painted palaces, anxious to see the Poet, I drove on to Pisa alone.'

III

When Trelawny arrived in Pisa, January 14, 1822, the Shelleys had been drifting from one Italian town to another for nearly four years. They both knew that a mild climate was better for Percy's health, and Italian scenery more stimulating to his mind than the quiet English landscape, and Mary had accepted a roving life in foreign parts for his sake. But those four years had not been as happy for her as for Percy. She had lost two children; she was often desperately homesick; she distrusted the strange Italian way of living; she was not strong enough to share Percy's long walks and rides and dangerous excursions on the water; she found his liking for solitude and dislike of society very hard to endure, and although she still loved him and still believed in him wholeheartedly as a poet, she was beginning to wonder whether it had been worth while to sacrifice so much for those wild radical theories that had banished him — the gentlest, kindest soul that ever lived — from his father's house and made him 'a scorn and a hissing' to his compatriots. But, though Love had often fluttered perilously close to the window sill, he had never actually flown away; and here, in Pisa, Mary was as contented as it was in her nature to be, and Shelley was happy — the first six months of 1822, except for one unhappy interlude, were probably the most serene of his life.

Both the contentment and the serenity of this time came largely from the presence of those amiable, slightly commonplace young persons, the Williamses, Edward and Jane; 'temperamentally,' according to Miss Glynn Grylls, 'the most normal friends the Shelleys ever had.' At first they had both liked Edward better than Jane. But Percy soon discovered that Jane — for all she was so simple, shallow, and cheerful — stimulated his poetic imagination to a quite extraordinary degree. Mary, realizing this was true, accepted the situation as just another of 'Percy's Platonics,' and found Jane's liveliness a relief from the intolerable boredom of Tom Medwin (he stayed on and on — Mary wrote to a friend, 'The burden of Tom grows very heavy!'); and even when Percy gave Jane a guitar, with some pretty lines calling himself 'Ariel' and Jane 'Miranda,' she was only a very little jealous, for she knew that Percy was only a very little in love.

So the intimacy flourished, and when autumn made village life impossible Shelley found apartments for both families in the same house in Pisa. They were scarcely settled in before another friend, — a friend less soothing than the Williamses, — Lord Byron, arrived to take up his residence on the opposite side of the river.

It was Shelley's doing. For various reasons, he had wanted Byron to come to Pisa; had made it easy for him (Shelley could be efficient when he chose — Matthew Arnold's nickname, 'ineffectual angel,' had little foundation in fact) by choosing a palace that even Byron would think suitable for his way of living — the magnificent Palazzo Lanfranchi, supposed to have been built by Michael Angelo, on the Lungarno; and here in due time the great man had arrived from Ravenna 'with his servants, his horses, his monkey, bulldog, mastiff, cats, peafowl, hens and other livestock' — as well as that still more indispensable article, his mistress, Countess Guiccioli, lodged, however, at a discreet distance in another quarter of the town and chaperoned by her complacent family, the Gambas — to give sleepy Pisa a taste of the noisy, bright-colored, pompous comedy that a Byronic entrance on a new scene always provided.

Trelawny's arrival two months later was a very different affair. He came alone — having left Captain Roberts in Genoa, probably to see about that little

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matter of building a boat for Mr. Shelley. It was late, almost dark, when he drove in from the north in his little Swiss carriage, and Pisa's marble palaces and towers stood up white and ghostlike in the twilight. He found an inn, stabled his tired horse, ate a hurried dinner, and then made his way through empty, ill-lighted streets, depressed by the sadness of the ancient town, to find himself at last in the cheerful apartment of his friends, the Williamses.

Their welcome could not have been warmer. The three had much to talk about and were laughing and telling one another all that had happened since they had parted at Chalon a year ago, when Trelawny became aware of eyes — glittering eyes — looking in at him from the dark passage with disconcerting intentness.

Jane laughed. 'Come in, Shelley!' she called. 'It's only our friend Tre, just arrived.'

'Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall thin stripling held out both his hands,' Trelawny wrote thirty-six years later, still able to recall the meeting as if it had been yesterday.

For the 'stripling' who came into the room that winter's evening was to become the one great romantic figure of Trelawny's life. He was to accept all Shelley's beliefs and denials, theories and practices, — sensible and fantastic, little and big, — and make them his own. The friendship was to color his whole life through. Yet it had only six months to ripen. The shadow of the little American schooner was taking shape in the mind of Roberts, the boat-builder. Another six months and it would become reality, and Shelley would go the way that 'golden lads and girls all must.'

Trelawny's first feeling as he saw Shelley's 'flushed, feminine and artless face' was merely incredulous surprise. Could this be the rebel poet — 'this mild-looking, beardless boy, dressed like a boy in a black jacket and trousers he seemed to have outgrown'? Was this 'the veritable monster at war with all the world, excommunicated by the Fathers of the Church, deprived of his civil rights by a grim Lord Chancellor, discarded by his family and denounced by rival sages of literature as the founder of a Satanic school'? He could not believe it; it must be a hoax!

Jane, seeing Trelawny's bewilderment, broke in with a tactful question: 'What book is that you have in your hand, Shelley?' she asked. 'Calderón's *Magico Prodigioso?* Oh, read it to us!'

'Shoved off from the shore of commonplace incidents,' Trelawny wrote, 'and fairly launched on a theme that interested him, he became oblivious of everything but the book in his hand. . . . His lucid interpretation of the story, and the ease with which he translated the most subtle and imaginative passages of the Spanish poet, were marvelous. . . . I no longer doubted his identity.'

IV

Trelawny, always quick as a flash in his likes and dislikes, knew with conviction that he admired both the Shelleys and wanted them for his friends. How did they feel about him? What impression did he make that evening? Mary's reaction seems to have been excitement mingled with doubt. Her journal of January 14 noted 'Trelawny arrives,' as an important event, but a few days later: 'Trelawny is extravagant — *un giovanni stravagante*. . . He tells strange stories of himself, horrific ones.'

Obviously Mary was too conventional to give immediate approval to this exotic newcomer. Shelley, on the other hand, aware of the admiration in the 'dark gray expressive eyes' gazing at him with such intentness as he read from Calderón, must have felt an answering wave of friendliness. For admiration seldom came Shelley's way. No great poet ever lived so entirely without applause — the *Literary Gazette* had dismissed *Adonais* as 'a mere collection of bloated words' —

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and no man of so sweet a nature ever had to get along with so few friends. Here in Pisa he was living in strange isolation cut off from the great world — the world of publishers, readers, critics; living in a 'glass house,' hearing the stones of the Philistines rattling on the roof and eager to reply, but always finding his sling too weak. For no publisher dared to take his poems; they were 'forbidden fruit,' printed at his own expense, read on the sly.

So Shelley was not so overrun with friends that he could not find room for another. But, whether or not he returned Trelawny's liking at once, their first evening together was cut short. Jane's tea tray appeared, Shelley vanished; not, however, before making an appointment for the following day. Mr. Trelawny would like to make Lord Byron's acquaintance? They would go together.

So next afternoon found the two, so oddly unlike, — fair, slight, boyish Ariel, tall, dark Pirate, — strolling along the Lungarno to the Palazzo Lanfranchi. They entered a vast marble hall, mounted a vast marble stairway, were ushered through a vast salon and on into a small billiard room empty except for Byron's bulldog, Moretto, who was welcoming them with a growl when his master came in from an adjoining room.

The usual politenesses were exchanged. But Trelawny — himself always at ease in any society — realized with some amusement that the great man was feeling a little embarrassed at meeting a stranger and was trying to cover it with an affectation of nonchalance. Neither embarrassment nor affectation, however, could live long in Shelley's presence; both soon wore off. Byron asked Shelley to look over a poem he had been writing, Shelley instantly became absorbed; Byron picked up a cue and suggested a game of billiards. Trelawny agreed; they began knocking the balls about. But neither was interested in the game. Byron was too occupied in talking — telling anecdotes likely to impress this new acquaintance, such as the story of his swim across the Hellespont — and Trelawny much too intent on listening and watching, making the most of this interview with a famous poet, hero of a thousand scandals.

Those 'dark expressive eyes' of Trelawny's never missed anything they wanted to see, and he was blessed with an excellent visual memory. The portrait he drew of Byron in his *Recollections* is as vivid as if he had used paint instead of words.

The portrait is a handsome one. Byron happened to be thin at the time. The months in Venice that Mary Shelley mildly termed 'the gaieties and incorrectness of his Venetian life' had taken off some of the fat that was the plague of his life, and he had adopted a slimming diet — cold potatoes and vinegar, biscuits and soda water — that kept him looking as a poet should look. 'By starving his body,' Trelawny wrote, 'Byron kept his brains clear; no man had brighter eyes, or a clearer voice.'

As he watched this pale young man with soft white hands, brandishing a billiard cue, bending languidly over the table, chattering of nothing, boasting of everything, he told himself that, having 'come prepared to see a solemn mystery,' he seemed likely to be bored with a rather dull farce. But he was wrong — very wrong, as he soon found out.

Shelley rejoined them, and almost at once Byron's cloak of affectation fell from him. It was always so. Byron could sneer at Shelley behind his back, he could be unutterably false to their friendship, but he could never resist Shelley's charm when they were face to face. Now, as the two poets talked of their trade, Trelawny listened in wondering admiration — surprised at first to find the great poet not only inviting criticism from the little one but accepting it, then astonished by the brilliance of Byron's defense, his mental agility, and a memory for apt quotations that

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would have floored most opponents. This was the real Byron, creator of Childe Harold and Don Juan, the man he had traveled so far to see!

Interruption came too soon. A servant appeared; his lordship's horses were at the door. So Trelawny sent to the inn for his own Swiss horse. They were joined by Count Taaffe, an Irish poet conspicuous in Pisa, but a bad rider and almost as great a bore as Medwin. They all set off; rode for an hour or so out into the country, — Byron talking with wit and animation, for he was in good spirits, — reached a *podere*, drank wine and ate cake; wandered out into the vineyard, and amused themselves pistol shooting — the marks, five-paul pieces stuck in the tip of a cleft stick.

V

It was only the first of many pleasant days Trelawny would spend in the old Italian town during those halcyon months of 1822. His friendship with Shelley grew apace. There was no disillusionment here; the more he saw of Shelley, the more he admired. Shelley had but one fault: he worked too hard. 'He would set to work on a pyramid of books, his eyes glistening with an energy as fierce as a gold digger who works at a rock of quartz, crushing his way through all impediments, no grain of pure ore escaping his eager scrutiny. . . . He had seen no more of the world than a girl in a boarding school, and his habit of brooding on his own thoughts, in solitude and silence, damaged his health of mind and body.' After leaving him one morning, standing in front of the fireplace reading a book open on the mantelshelf, and returning at night to find him still there, still standing, having forgotten to sit down, forgotten to eat the food that had been brought to him, Trelawny decided that 'the dreamy bard needed glimpses of rough life,' and took it upon himself to drag poor Shelley away from books as often as possible.

Trelawny's naïve comment, 'He disliked it, but he could not resist my importunities,' illustrates his amazing self-confidence; for Shelley must have found this ruthless interference with work rather trying. Perhaps he did not have the heart to refuse, when Trelawny came breezing into the study, hearty and confident as a trainer who is bent on making a strong man out of a weedy boy. Perhaps the physique of this big sunburned sailorman excited his emulation. Anyway he seems to have submitted to the 'glimpses' fairly often and to have accepted a certain amount of training with a docility that, on one occasion, came near putting an end to him for good and all.

Trelawny had been bathing in a deep pool in the Arno while Shelley sat watching him from the bank, and had been showing off, 'exciting the astonishment of the poet by a series of aquatic gymnastics learnt from the natives of the South Seas.' As he came ashore, Shelley asked mournfully: 'Why can't I swim? It seems so easy.'

'Because you think you can't,' Trelawny answered. 'Take a header off this bank, and when you rise turn over on your back; you will float like a duck.'

He obeyed on the instant; stripped himself of jacket and trousers, kicked off his shoes, and plunged in. But, to Trelawny's horror, he did not come up: 'he lay there stretched on the bottom like a conger eel, not making the least effort to struggle or save himself,' and would have drowned if Trelawny had not dived in and fished him out at once.

He was not grateful; when he recovered his breath, he said wistfully: 'They say Truth lies at the bottom of the well. In another minute I should have found it, and you would have found an empty shell. It is an easy way of getting rid of the body.'

'What would Mrs. Shelley have said to me if I had gone back with your empty cage?'

'Don't tell Mary — not a word! But

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it's a great temptation; in another minute I might have been in another planet.'

The experience must have given Trelawny a shock. But he was not discouraged. He was forever coming in with tempting proposals, and one day, finding the poet already flown, consented at Mary's suggestion to follow him to his remote sanctum in the *pineta*.

With no landmarks to guide me, I was bewildered in this wilderness of pines and ponds; so I sat down and smoked a cigar, reflecting that a red man would have known his course by the trees themselves, their growth and color; or if a footstep had passed that day, he would have hit upon his trail. As I mused upon his sagacity and my own stupidity, the braying of a brother jackass startled me. He was followed by an old man picking up pine cones. I asked him if he had seen a stranger. '*L'Inglese melancolico* haunts the woods *maledetta*,' he answered. 'I will show you his nest.'

As we advanced, the ground swelled into mounds and hollows. By-and-by the old fellow pointed with his stick to a hat, books and loose papers lying about and then to a deep pool of dark glimmering water, saying '*Eccolo!*' I thought he meant that Shelley was under the water. The careless, not to say impatient, way in which the Poet bore his burden of life, caused a vague dread amongst his family and friends that he might lose or cast it away at any moment.

The strong light streamed through the opening of the trees. One of the pines, undermined by the water, had fallen into it. Under its lee, and nearly hidden, sat the Poet, gazing on the dark mirror beneath, so lost in his bardish reverie, that he did not hear my approach. There the trees were stunted and bent and their crowns were shorn like friars by the sea breezes, excepting a cluster of three, under which Shelley's traps were lying; these overtopped the rest. To avoid startling the Poet out of his dream, I squatted under the lofty trees, and opened his books. One was a volume of his favorite Greek dramatist, Sophocles — the same that I found in his pocket after his death — and the other was a volume of Shakespeare. . . . He had been writing verses on a guitar. I picked up a fragment, but could only make out two lines: —

Ariel to Miranda. — Take
This slave of Music.

It was a frightful scrawl; words smeared out with his finger and all run together. It might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh overgrown with bullrushes and the blots for wild ducks. . . . I then hailed him, and, turning his head, he answered faintly: 'Hello. Come in.'

The interruption must have been sufficiently annoying. A less sweet-tempered man would have protested at being roused so abruptly from his 'green thought in a green shade.' But when Trelawny told him his wife was waiting for him, he crept obediently out of his pine-scented arbor, though he gathered up his books and papers with a sigh.

'Poor Mary,' he murmured, 'hers is a sad fate; she can't bear solitude, nor I society.'

As they left the sea and turned inland, Trelawny spoke of the scrap of verse he had found and tried in vain to read. Shelley nodded; his first draft of a poem was always very nearly illegible.

'When my brain gets heated with thought,' he explained, 'it soon boils and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off. In the morning, out of the rude sketch, as you justly call it, I shall attempt a drawing. If you ask me why I publish what few or none will care to read, it is that the spirits I have raised haunt me until they are sent to the devil of a printer. All authors are anxious to breech their bantlings,' he ended sadly — almost as if he had known he would not live to see that bantling breeched. The lovely lines, 'With a Guitar, to Jane,' were not published until after his death.

Nor was that still more perfect poem — perhaps the most perfect thing of its kind in the English language: 'The Invitation,' also written for Jane. Sweet, commonplace, unimportant little Jane Williams, to live forever as Shelley's 'best and brightest'! — extreme proof of how trivial a spark is needed to fire poetic imagination.

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One memorable day they drove to Leghorn, probably in Trelawny's little Swiss carriage, and spent a delightful morning examining the ships that crowded the waterfront.

'The nationalities of all the world are here,' Trelawny remarked; and as they strolled along he named the vessels one by one: 'An English cutter, a French chasse marée, an American clipper, a Spanish tartan, an Austrian trabacolo, a Genoese felucca, a Sardinian xebec, a Neapolitan brig, a Sicilian sparanza, a Dutch galiot, a Danish snow, a Russian hermaphrodite, a Turkish sackalever, a Greek bombard. . . . What do you say to taking a closer look at that Greek ship over there, the *San Spiridione*? You are writing a poem about Hellas. You ought to see something of the Greeks of today. Here comes the Capitano Zarita; I know him.'

The captain was introduced. They went on board his ship; stood for a moment on the deck surveying the crew, crouched about in small groups, shrieking, gesticulating, smoking, eating, and gambling. Then the captain invited them to his cabin for coffee and pipes. They went down. 'Over the rudder-head there was a gilt box enshrining a flaming gaudy daub of a saint, with a lamp burning before it; this was *Il Padre Santo Spiridione*, the ship's godfather. The skipper crossed himself and squatted on the dirty divan. Shelley talked to him about the Greek revolution, but the captain was opposed to it; it would interrupt trade.'

By this time Shelley had seen all he wanted to of the modern Greek. 'There is not a drop of the old Hellenic blood here,' he muttered.

But there was another vessel that Trelawny wanted to see — and not only, one may be sure, on Shelley's account: the American schooner.

'You must allow,' he said as they approached her, 'that graceful craft was designed by a man who had a poet's feeling for things beautiful.'

Shelley agreed. They went on board, examined the ship from stem to stern. This skipper too was most polite. He offered them 'a chaw of real Virginia cake, and a cool drink of peach brandy.' Shelley was persuaded to drink a glass of weak grog — the first and last he was ever known to taste — on the plea of drinking to the memory of Washington. He wrote a few lines of verse in the logbook — that logbook would be worth its weight in gold today; they bade the captain good-bye, and were soon on their way back to Pisa.

Both had enjoyed the expedition. Trelawny noted with pleasure that Shelley 'was in high glee and full of fun. He talked of ships, sailors and the sea. . . . He regretted having wasted his life in Greek and Latin instead of the useful arts of swimming and sailoring, and resolved to have a good-sized boat forthwith. I proposed we should form a colony at the Gulf of Spezia. I said, "Get Byron to join us, and with your family and the Williamses, and books, and horses, and boats, undisturbed by the botherations of the world, we shall have all that reasonable people require." This scheme enchanted him. . . . During the rest of our drive we had nothing but sea yarns.'

The yarns brought Shelley home more eager than ever for a boat of his own. And it must be a schooner, like the graceful American schooner they had seen in Leghorn. Williams had spoken of a friend in Genoa, a Captain Roberts, who could build boats. Trelawny must write to him at once. And Byron ought to have a boat too; Trelawny must speak to Byron at once. Byron was more likely to listen to him, as he was new; Byron was always influenced by his last acquaintance. Would Trelawny see about all this at once? Trelawny would, and did.

Byron needed no persuasion. He liked the idea of the Pisa circle transferring itself in part to Lerici or some such little seashore village for the summer. He

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would of course need a boat: a large comfortable yacht fitted up with every luxury. Trelawny would please communicate with Captain Roberts at once.

Captain Roberts was written to; he got permission to build the boats in the government dock yards at Genoa, and soon the two schooners were under way — a small open boat for Shelley, a larger decked one for Byron — and estimates came from Roberts.

'Like all estimates,' Trelawny wrote, 'they were a delusion, which made Byron wroth but did not ruffle Shelley's serenity. . . . Shelley's boyish eagerness to possess the new toy was pleasant to behold. Williams was inspired with the same enthusiasm. We used to draw plans on the sands of the Arno of the exact dimensions of the boat, dividing her into compartments (the forepart was decked for stowage) and then, squatting down within the lines, I marked off the imaginary cabin. With a chart of the Mediterranean spread out before them, and with faces as grave and anxious as those of Columbus and his companions, they held councils as to the islands to be visited, coasts explored, courses steered, the amount of armament, stores, water and provisions which would be necessary. . . . We would relate instances of the daring of the old navigators; of the extraordinary runs and enterprises conducted in open boats, of equal or less tonnage than the one we were building, from the earliest times to those of Captain Bligh; Byron, with the smile of a Mephistopheles, standing by.'

VI

For all his affectation of superiority, Byron must have been listening to these tales: his next long narrative poem, *The Island*, was founded on that old favorite of Trelawny's, Bligh's story of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, and he remained sincerely interested in the building of his yacht. Byron and Shelley were amateurs too ignorant to offer more than tentative suggestions, and even Edward Williams, although he considered himself a nautical authority, was willing to listen when Trelawny held forth. For, after all, a man who had not only commanded a schooner in the Indian Ocean, but taken her through typhoons and pirate attacks, ought to know what he was talking about.

Mary Shelley wrote to a friend: 'Trelawny came in one afternoon in high spirits, with news concerning the building of the boat, saying, "Oh, we must all embark, all live aboard; we will all 'suffer a sea change,'" and dearest Shelley was delighted with the quotation, saying he must have it for the motto of his boat.'

The exact spot where this watery existence was to be enjoyed was left vague. But it had been agreed that some village on the Gulf of Spezia, where the coast rose above the low fetid Maremma, might provide a suitable setting. So one winter's morning Trelawny and Edward Williams started off on horseback to explore the shore, hoping to find modest but comfortable accommodations for the Shelleys and Williamses and even some country house large enough for Byron's more luxurious requirements. They were disappointed. Only a few miserable fishing villages dotted the margin of the bay. They rode on, Trelawny grumbling his usual complaint: if 'tyranny had not paralyzed the energies and enterprise of man,' this stretch of coast would be as prosperous as the Bay of Naples. But it was very unlike that populous shore, very desolate. They had almost given up the search when they came upon a ramshackle building called the Casa Magni, near the village of Lerici, unfurnished and forlorn enough except for its situation, which they thought Mary and Jane might consider habitable for a few months. Anyway there was nothing better for them, and nothing whatever that 'Milord Inglese' would tolerate for a moment.

The report was not encouraging. Mary's heart sank. Why move to a

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horrible little fishing village when life was so pleasant here in Pisa! However, the question need not be decided at once, and a week of really hot weather might dissipate her reluctance. She determined to postpone the thought of a prolonged *villeggiatura* and make the most of urban society while it was within her reach.

In this pursuit she found, rather to her surprise, that Trelawny could be made useful as an escort. That black-browed piratical aspect of his was deceptive; he had a kind heart and, strange to say, no objection to society. In fact he actually liked parties! Such a contrast to poor dear Percy! When the invitations had come for one of Mrs. Beauclerc's balls and Percy's lamentations were, as usual, threatening to take the edge off her pleasure, and Trelawny had offered to accompany her, she had accepted, but with misgivings — unnecessary misgivings. Trelawny's dancing was not at all bad — it seemed he had practised the latest quadrilles in London; it was amusing to have a big bad wolf for a partner, see everyone staring at him, coming to be introduced. But she found him more than a good dancing partner. Her journal noted: 'I am glad to have met with one who, among other valuable qualities, has the rare merit of exciting my imagination. . . . His company is delightful, he excites me to think.' And her timid qualification, 'If any evil shade the intercourse, that time will unveil, — the sun will rise or night darken all,' seems soon to have been forgotten. She no longer thought of him as 'a strange web which I am endeavoring to unravel,' but accepted him with confidence as a friend; and when he took to dropping in of an evening to listen while Percy read aloud she realized with pleasure that Percy not only accepted him but, like herself, found Trelawny's personality 'exciting to the imagination.'

That winter Shelley began a drama, 'undertaken,' according to Mary, 'for the amusement of the persons who composed our intimate society.' Edward Williams's diary notes: 'Trelawny dined and passed the evening. We talked of a play of his singular life, and a plot to give it the air of a romance.' Shelley's hero was 'a Pirate, a man of savage but noble nature'; the scene was laid in 'an island of the Indian archipelago.'

The 'intimate society,' including Trelawny himself, must have been more than a little amused by the description of the Pirate: —

> He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,
> As terrible and lovely as a tempest.
> . . . . . .
> Some said he was a man of blood and peril
> And steeped in bitter infamy to the lips.

But amusement would have faded when Shelley struck another note and sang of the island as only he could sing, so that they saw it rise before their eyes out of a blue-green sea and hang there hovering like a mirage; an island 'paved with flowers and moss,' with a garden and a 'glassy pool' set in 'old hoary stones,' sweet with 'unblown violets,' and lilies peeping 'from their bright green masks': one lovely word flowing out of another until his hearers sighed with delight.

And Trelawny? One may be sure that Trelawny was listening with pain and longing and a sense of irrevocable loss. As Shelley read, —

> Alas! Why must I think how oft we two
> Have sate together near the river springs,
> Under the green pavilion which the willow
> Spreads on the floor of the unbroken fountain,
> . . . . . .
> While the musk-rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
> Showered on us, and the dove mourned in the pine,

he drifted back into the past. The Shelleys' fireside vanished. He was far away, in an island garden . . . Zela bent over a glassy pool, watching her reflection come and go in the blue water. They sat together under the *yakoonoo* tree; she made patterns on the sandy

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garden path, embroidered the white sand with crimson pomegranate seeds. . . .

The drama was never finished. Shelley was extraordinarily sensitive to atmosphere; it is just possible that he felt he had cut too near reality. Anyway, the drama was left a fragment.

Another dramatic project of that winter also came to nothing. Mary wrote later: 'Lord Byron talked vehemently of our getting up a play in his great hall of Lanfranchi; it was to be *Othello*. He cast the characters thus: Byron, Iago; Trelawny, Othello; Williams, Cassio; Medwin, Roderigo; Mrs. Shelley, Desdemona; Mrs. Williams, Emilia. "Who is to be our audience?" I asked. "All Pisa," he rejoined. He recited a great portion of his part with great gusto; it exactly suited him, — he looked it too.'

Society was not to see a performance of *Othello* in the Palazzo Lanfranchi, but Byron entertained there a good deal and every Wednesday gave a dinner for what Medwin called the 'convives' of Pisa and any distinguished travelers that happened along. Even poets were made welcome — if they were not too modern; Byron considered Rogers, next to Scott, the foremost poet of the day, immeasurably superior to 'that dirty little blackguard, Keats,' and far above Wordsworth and the other 'Pond Poets,' all of them a mere 'puddle of water worms.' But Shelley disliked dinner parties and seldom attended them; he wrote to a friend: 'My nerves are generally shaken to pieces by sitting up, contemplating the rest of the company making themselves vats of claret, etc., till three o'clock in the morning.'

This aversion of Shelley's to society was growing upon him. Trelawny wrote of a day when the Poet came hurrying into the Williamses' apartment with such a woebegone face that Jane became really alarmed.

'Mary is threatening me!' he cried.

They exclaimed. He explained.

'Mary says she will have a party; there are English singers here, the Sinclairs, and she will ask them, and everyone she or you know — Oh, the horror!'

They laughed. He went on: 'For pity go to Mary and intercede for me. I will submit to any other species of torture than that of being bored to death by idle ladies and gentlemen.'

Ned Williams kindly offered to see what he could do. Shelley remained 'in a state of restless ecstasy; he could not read or sit' till Ned returned.

'The lady,' Ned announced sadly, 'has set her heart on having a party and will not be baulked. But,' he added, seeing the poet's despair, 'it is to be limited to those here assembled and some of Count Gamba's family; and instead of a musical feast we are to have a dinner'; and the Poet, Trelawny wrote, 'hopped off rejoicing, making a noise I should have thought whistling but that he was ignorant of that accomplishment.'

So the weeks went by, and winter warmed to spring, and the boats were nearly done, and Byron named his the *Bolivar*, and Trelawny agreed to captain her, and Shelley bought Byron's share of the smaller boat — paid eighty pounds to make her all his own, and rode to Lerici and decided the Casa Magni might do; and Mary read Greek and drove every afternoon with Countess Guiccioli, whom she found 'a nice pretty girl, without pretensions, good-hearted and amiable,' and saw something of that agreeable lightweight Count Gamba — Byron's brother-in-law in the sight of Heaven, known as Pierino; and Shelley and Jane wandered in the *pineta* picking violets, and life was slipping along in idle pleasant fashion for all the little Pisa circle when in April their peace was broken. Clare came.

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WE TRIED TO ENFORCE PEACE

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

I

ANY survivor of a band of explorers for a worthy purpose, — let us say the discovery of a northwest passage, — however unsuccessful in itself, is under some obligation, when years later the undertaking is revived, to give to the successors the benefit of the earlier experience. And this is true even if those recollections relate, in the main, to the obstacles encountered, to the magnitude and the nature of the preparations required, and to the conditions essential for success. After a vigorous effort for reform in New York City, many years ago, someone remarked that one could always trust to a spontaneous movement in such cases, whereupon Theodore Roosevelt, who had taken an active part in it, retorted that the spontaneity had involved an enormous amount of work. So it is always. In a democracy public opinion, whether partisan or otherwise, rarely arises unprovoked, but is usually the result of labor thoughtfully and vigorously applied. For that reason it may not be ill-timed, now that people are considering measures designed to prevent a recurrence of war, to recall a previous venture of a similar kind, ill-starred, but earnest and to some extent misunderstood, and indeed overestimated, at the present day.

Six years ago the *Atlantic* printed a Phi Beta Kappa oration in which I tried to explain how and why the League of Nations was becoming moribund. In fact, as we can see today, it began to plot its own destruction as soon as it was organized; and plotted it so thoroughly that its progressive loss of prestige became inevitable. There is no use in harping on that chord again; and yet, in this day of growing panaceas about world plans to follow peace, it may not be out of place for one of the few survivors of the effort to prepare public opinion in this country for such a League to point out some of the difficulties that had to be overcome, the labor involved, and the good fortune that made the task possible, although in fact unsuccessful.

Probably none of the members of the League to Enforce Peace take pride in the organization — because it was a failure: first, in the effort to get this country to join the League of Nations; and, second, by the inability of that body to prevent war. And yet I have never known more hard work done by prominent citizens, for a nonpartisan public object, with greater disinterestedness and less desire for political recognition. I am not proposing to tell the story of the League to Enforce Peace. That is being done by Professor Ruhl J. Bartlett, and will, no doubt, be published next autumn; but I think it may not be without value to point out the situation at the time, the means employed to create public opinion, and the limited results achieved.

The magnitude of the task undertaken by the League to Enforce Peace seems not to be appreciated today, when a dozen or a score of leading citizens get together, discuss how, after hostilities

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cease, the world shall be reorganized to prevent war, pass resolutions, and believe that they have made a serious advance towards inducing the nations to undertake risks repugnant to them all; and, save under grave stress, especially to large ones, on which the responsibility for decisive action must chiefly rest. During a war, men are ready to give up much of their national independence for the sake of escaping the disaster of defeat, but, when they have overcome, the desire to manage their own affairs returns. The cry becomes insistent: 'Why should we send our young men to be slaughtered in someone else's quarrel?' At the present day, when patriotism is lauded as the highest of virtues, above all other moral qualities, it is especially hard to make the mass of the people look far enough ahead to see the value of surrendering a certain amount of self-determination for the purpose of preventing aggressive war; and yet that was precisely the task of the League to Enforce Peace — for when it started this country had not entered the war.

The first thing to do was to have a single sufficiently definite plan on which practically all people desiring to prevent future war could unite. That the League to Enforce Peace substantially achieved for this country. There were similar bodies in other nations, several of them older than ours, whose plans were in general similar to our own, and with whom we corresponded; but we made no attempt to form a joint plan, knowing that no plan so formed would, after the peace, be adopted as a whole, and that our function was to persuade Americans of the value of some kind of international organization based upon the principle of a threat of overwhelming power to prevent aggressive war. Other bodies in this country met and discussed, but without formulating anything definite, with the result that the League to Enforce Peace obtained a virtual monopoly of the attempt to urge a plan for the prevention of war. Otherwise it would have been much more difficult, if not impossible, to produce a marked effect upon public opinion in this country.

Very different is the situation now, when the most diverse plans are eagerly put forward and discussed, from that of consolidating all democratic countries into a single nation, through every kaleidoscopic variety of federation, to plans directly contrary for placating the aggressive nations by supplying them with the means of aggression. However divergent, they are debated seriously by competent people, while much of the public regards them as did the lawyer years ago who said that all propositions of law were equally defensible and equally likely to be right. People seem to think that devising some new variant is adding to the wealth of expedients from which a choice may be made, whereas it is reducing the chance of agreement upon any effective policy. In a library the gift of every new commentary, in a museum of natural history the addition of every strange skeleton or stuffed skin, is an enrichment; but that is not so where the object is to reach agreement upon one definite plan for common action.

It may be argued that open discussion is the way to reach agreement, but that is not always true. If the deliberations of the jury were open to the public they would rarely agree on a verdict. The art of agreement on difficult matters lies in the ability to express provisional views without committing people by publicity until the matter has been so far threshed out that — partly by persuasion, partly by concession in detail for a common end — a consensus of opinion can be reached. Of course among dishonest men seeking selfish ends such methods are capable of abuse; but the people working here for permanent peace on earth are neither dishonest nor selfish, and their object should be to reach unity of plan that will command general respect, and have some chance of popular adoption.

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II

After a preliminary dinner in New York, where the plan was discussed and agreed upon, a large meeting to launch it was held in Philadelphia on June 17, 1915, with Mr. Taft in the chair. The gathering was, of course, strictly nonpartisan; but without the enthusiasm, the devotion, and the reputation of Mr. Taft it is very doubtful whether the League would ever have attained a strong hold on public attention. At that meeting a committee was appointed to draft the project, and from it came the name — not unimportant — of 'League to Enforce Peace.' It was terse, direct, expressed exactly the object in view, and it was provocative. Although there were, both in the committee and in the hall, pacifists who disagreed wholly with the use of force, they presented no alternative plan and did not organize an opposition. In fact it was sometimes said that the League had put the *fist* in *pacifist*. The essence of the League Plan is contained in the following articles, then adopted:

Article 1. All justiciable questions arising between the signatory powers, not settled by negotiation, shall, subject to the limitations of treaties, be submitted to a judicial tribunal for hearing and judgment, both upon the merits and upon any issue as to its jurisdiction of the question.

Article 2. All other questions arising between the signatories, and not settled by negotiation, shall be submitted to a Council of Conciliation for hearing, consideration and recommendation.

Article 3. The signatory powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing.

Article 4. Conferences between the signatory powers shall be held from time to time to formulate and codify rules of international law, which, unless some signatory shall signify its dissent within a stated period, shall thereafter govern in the decisions of the judicial tribunal mentioned in Article 1.

Thus it was intended to be universal; to act like the hue and cry, automatically, without deliberation or command, and therefore to involve a diminution of independent action but not of sovereignty; and at the same time to give an intending aggressor no one with whom he could negotiate to prevent the application of Article 3. Later more formal plans were adopted, but these would lead us far afield from our object, which is how the society did its work, not the specific methods it suggested.

On the train coming back from the meeting one of the participants remarked that we now had a program and needed only publicity, which we could get if Mr. Bryan would advocate it — or, the answer came, oppose it; and this he did within a few days. That was a piece of good luck coming just at the right time, drawing attention to the movement as it was getting under way.

Another piece of luck came a year later at a dinner in Washington, where both President Wilson and Senator Lodge spoke in favor of the League. That had a triple advantage. It gave an official sanction to the idea: it discouraged any possible attempt to get up a rival plan, and for the time at least made it clear to everyone that the movement was so thoroughly nonpartisan that anyone might support it without damage to his political affiliations. But political approval was not the only object of that meeting at Washington; for, to influence the public, organization was needed on a large scale, covering the principal centres of population, with branches for correspondence throughout the country — in short, for the type of thing first, I believe, elaborated in England by Richard Cobden for his anti-corn-law league. For this purpose widely diffused energy and large amounts of money were required; and, obviously. Washington was the place to call together a great nation-wide meeting, and solicit from those who came both direct gifts and pledges to raise funds in their

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different communities. Many people felt strongly the horrors of modern weapons long before this country entered the war, and were very generous to an organization — and the only one — that proposed a definite plan for preventing it: a plan, moreover, approved by such high political authorities as the President, an ex-President, and the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

The central office of the League was in New York, where eventually it occupied the entire twenty-third floor of the Bush Terminal Sales Building; and in October 1916 it was incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. Throughout its active work Mr. Taft was its president, and many men prominent in the political, intellectual, and economic life of the nation served as vice presidents, while the active controlling body was the Executive Committee. The hardest-worked member was the secretary, Mr. William H. Short, who kept the procedure and the records straight, but he, like many of the other members, is now unfortunately dead. Several other committees dealt with such matters as finances, home organizations, correspondence with foreign societies, field work, membership, information and publications.

The League intended to have a branch in every state, an organization in every county, and a local body in every considerable community; and, while this was far from being carried out, there were at the peak of its activity substantial organizations in about thirty states, and county ones in about six hundred counties. By 1916 the whole nation was divided into five districts, in each of them a salaried secretary whose duty it was to organize the state branches and assist the local ones. Later the organization was more closely centred in New York, but for a time the office was retained at Chicago; and during the fight for the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles a bureau was set up at Washington under Mr. Talcott Williams. At the height of its activity in 1919, the League employed as assistant secretaries, clerks, and stenographers one hundred and ten people.

Almost all the money for the League to Enforce Peace came from private subscriptions, procured at dinners held for the purpose, by appeals made through the mails, or by personal efforts of active leaders. The largest single gift was from Mr. Edward A. Filene of $25,000; there were also two of $10,000 each; about fifteen of $5000; and over one hundred and thirty of $1000. At least eight thousand people contributed, the total amount raised and expended being $874,431.94. As there was no fee for admission, the lists of members have not been preserved, but the estimate at the time was about three hundred thousand.

In 1918 the League organized a series of large congresses for which the speakers traveled eight thousand miles, visiting thirty-two states, and speaking at one hundred and seventy meetings. And again in 1919 it arranged another series of meetings to urge ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, one group of speakers traveling across the northern tier of states to Portland and back from San Francisco by the Union Pacific, making addresses at every large city each way. In fact the number of possible speakers on the list of the bureau was over thirty thousand, though how many of them were actually called upon it is impossible to tell.

It is unnecessary to say that the writer has long ago forgotten most of these figures, and that he is indebted for them to Professor Ruhl J. Bartlett, who has just been taking them from the records; but he retails them to show the nature and size of the labors of the League, and that the movement was carefully planned and carried on.

III

By the time of the Armistice, the League to Enforce Peace had certainly

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produced a notable impression upon the public, but it is easy in retrospect to exaggerate it, and its members did not do this at the time. They well knew that they could do nothing to give effect to the plan without the action of the President when the war was over. Therefore when, before a meeting to be held in Philadelphia in the spring of 1918, the Executive Committee proposed to offer a detailed plan for a League of Nations, and President Wilson at a conference in the White House asked that it be not done, the Executive Committee yielded. They were wholly powerless if he chose to let the matter drop; they could not go to the Peace Conference in Paris or elsewhere if he did not send them (which he did not); they could not have induced Congress to pass a resolution urging the President to advocate such a League upon the Allies: to attempt to do so might well have disgusted the President with a plan toward which he seemed at that time to be lukewarm. In short, their only function was to use such influence as was possible on him, and to prepare the country to support him if he succeeded in getting the delegates of other nations to agree to a League of this kind. That they had probably prepared the country to do.

There is today an impression among many people that much more had been accomplished; that the people as a whole were distinctly in favor of joining the League. To me that seems an exaggeration, due partly to the very fact that there was no organized opposition to the plan, which is a very different thing from universal approval. No doubt members of the Committee of the Senate realized that there was a strong feeling in favor of joining the League of Nations, a feeling shared by many of the Republican Senators themselves and to be respected by all. There was, in fact, a desire to join it on the part of many, perhaps most, educated men, but the people at large were indifferent and not wholly displeased when the question was finally shelved after President Harding's election.

Members of the League to Enforce Peace, who had traveled across the country urging before large and favorable audiences the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations, later tried to get the measure through the Senate by a vain effort to bring the President and the moderate Republicans together. It seems now, as it did to them at that time, that the differences between the plan for the League as adopted in Paris and as changed by the reservations reported by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations were not very important and might with good will be reconciled. But with the utmost efforts it proved impossible to mediate, or indeed to bring the President and the Republicans, who were in favor of slight amendments, together for a conference. Each side professed willingness to meet if requested by the other, but flatly refused to permit the initiative to be taken on its behalf. What more could have been done is hard to see, especially since, after the question became involved in party politics, the League to Enforce Peace became less unanimous than it had been while it was conducting its wholly nonpartisan popular campaigns. Everyone knows how the Versailles Treaty, with the League, failed to be accepted in the United States Senate, and no comment thereon is needed.

It may be observed, however, as throwing light on how far the people really wanted our country to join the League of Nations, that if the desire had been as widely diffused as many men seem to think, it would have proved more enduring than it did: whereas, save for the thirty-one Republicans, and some not very active groups, it faded rather rapidly from public consciousness. Many clergymen, indeed, took up the idea, preaching for some years upon it; and that is a very noteworthy fact, because their sermons caused not a ripple on the

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sea of politics. Could that have been so if at the time of the rejection of the Treaty there had been great popular indignation or disappointment? Nor were the members of the League to Enforce Peace under any illusion themselves. They struggled, indeed, until President Harding, after seeking their support, definitely repudiated them; and then they knew the game was up, and the chance of this country's entering the League of Nations closed so far as anyone could foresee.

The question has often been discussed whether the League of Nations would have had a different history, would have been more of a success, had the United States joined it. This is a question of hypothetics — said to be the most interesting and useless of all subjects — the discussion of those things that might have happened but never did: a peculiarly good field for wishful thinking, but an insecure foundation to build future structures upon. It is in the nature of 'If you had a brother, would he like cheese?' — where anyone's guess on the subject may be as good as that of anyone else. My own guess is that under the actual conditions the participation of the United States would not have made any substantial difference.

The obstacle in the earlier years of the League, when it started on the wrong track, was not that without America it was not powerful enough to overcome any aggressor, but that it preferred negotiation to threat, consultation to intimidation — very naturally and under ordinary conditions very properly, no doubt. Now would the presence of a representative of this country have affected that attitude? Suppose President Wilson had at the last minute swung his Democratic followers to vote for the Treaty with the reservations proposed by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations; the Treaty, including the League, would then have been ratified by far more than the two-thirds required, and we should have been a member thereof. Yet it is hard for me to imagine President Harding urging our delegates to insist upon the principle of immediate and rigorous use of sanctions against the desires of England and France. In fact, there was at that time a tendency to believe — erroneously, as it proved — that a general expression of opinion would be sufficient to restrain an aggressor, a faith not without its repercussions on this side of the Atlantic. The readiness of the autocratic or, as they regard themselves, the 'Have Not' powers to resort to violence was not then understood.

Moreover our later Republican Presidents, Coolidge and Hoover, although wanting to act with the League, treated it as many respectable citizens did their bootleggers, in a surreptitious way. They took great pains to disavow too close an official relation with it, claiming that they were merely consulting informally about our own interests. This they did because they were convinced that the general opinion of our people was against active membership in the League; and who shall say that they were wrong?

An explorer who fails to reach the object of his quest is serving the purpose intended and helping those who may be more fortunate if he gives an account of his expedition, of the obstacles encountered, the preparation and equipment needed. Indeed he neglects his duty if he does not do so when another enterprise is about to set forth. Therefore these words are written not to discourage efforts to frame a plan for the prevention of future war, but to help them by the results of earlier experience. If the League to Enforce Peace, which failed, can have paved the way for better results by some successor which will learn from its labors, it will not have worked in vain.

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BANJO IN THE COW CAMPS

BY 'JACK' THORP

I

'Now, boys, I'll tell you a story
Of a horse I owned long, long ago. . . .'

Words and banjo-strumming floated soft and clear on the night. I reined up in the brush to listen. It was pitch-dark where I was, Pecos River behind me, Roswell down that-a-way quite a piece, and somebody's chuck wagon just ahead, drawn up for the night in flat sand-dune country rich in grama grass and tabosa. The campfire flickered and fell. I knew there would be maybe half a dozen men sprawled around it, their day's riding done, supper over, and a banjo-pickin' cowboy to tell a story under the stars: a story in verse, about their own country and kind, in their lingo, home-grown and maybe as thorny as cactus. This one I was hearing now was about 'a little steel dust the color of rust,' the fastest cutting-horse in Texas — name of Dodgin' Joe. It was a new song to me. As the final words died away, I rode into the light of the campfire. . . .

A young man's impulse sent me out on the road collecting cowboy songs almost fifty years ago. And it was more than thirty years ago, in the year 1908, that I made a dicker with a printer in Estancia, New Mexico, to print two thousand copies of the first little book of cowboy songs ever published. I paid the printer six cents per copy. The book was printed on rough stock and bound in red paper. There were fifty pages, twenty-four songs.

I advertised in some Kansas papers that published patent sheets, and sold a good many of the books at fifty cents apiece. They were fragile, and most of the copies probably were torn to pieces or lost long ago. The few that are left fetch twenty-five dollars or so from collectors.

Few people know of the difficulties encountered in gathering those first songs. Today you can find scores of cowboy ballads in songbooks accessible anywhere, and Tin-pan Alley manufactures new ones fresh every hour. In the '90's, with the exception of about a dozen, cowboy songs were not generally known. The only ones I could find I gathered piecemeal on horseback trips that lasted months and took me hundreds of miles through half a dozen cow-country states.

On this evening I'm telling about, in March of '89, my first song hunt proper started. I had been looking for a couple of stray Bar W horses, and I was tired after a forty-five-mile ride. About to unpack and make a solitary camp, I spied fire in the distance. 'What's the use of campin' by yourself?' I thought. So I rode to the camp which Nigger Add and his men had pitched at the tail of their chuck wagon.

Cowmen from Toyah, Texas, to Las Vegas, New Mexico, knew Add, and most of them at different times had worked on roundups with him. He was the L F D outfit's range boss, and worked South Texas colored hands almost entirely. Black though he was, Add was one of the best hands on the

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Pecos River, well liked, and in due time hero of a cowboy song himself.

I hobbled out my horses and rustled a plate and cup from the chuck box; coffee and a pot of stew were kept hot all night at such camps. Having eaten my fill, I inquired who had been singing just before I came in. Heads nodded at a colored boy known as 'Lasses. I asked if he would mind singing the song again. He did it for me. But he knew only two verses — that's all. And none of the other hands in camp knew more. That was one of the difficulties encountered in the earliest effort to assemble the unprinted verse of the range. None of the cowboys who could sing ever remembered an entire song. I would pick up a verse or two here, another verse or two there.

After 'Lasses finished, I sang a song and so did several others. Somebody knew a couple of verses of 'Sam Bass' — not the whole thing. The other songs they knew were about cotton patches, like one which celebrated a colored girl named Mamie — she picked her weight of cotton in the morning, 'twas said, then, with her feet under a bush and her head in the sun, went fast asleep. Cotton-picking songs were fine if you liked them, but they weren't what I was after. By the light of the fire I copied in my notebook the two verses of 'Dodgin' Joe' which 'Lasses knew. Then I spread my tarp, wrapped my soogan around me, and, with feet to the fire, fought off sleep for a while because a big idea was buzzing in my head. Here I was, I told myself, workin' for wages for the Bar W. Nothing on my mind. Not much in my pocket: three dollars or so, and no more comin'.

'The cowboy's life is a dreary life, though his mind it is no load,
And he always spends his money like he found it in the road.'

Nigger Add had told me the two horses I was looking for were safe in the L F D horse pasture; no need to worry more about them. I was handy with horses, and in cow country somebody was always wantin' horses broke; they paid wages for it. My saddle horse, Gray Dog, and my pack horse, Ample, were my own property. Right here on my own range I had ridden into Add's camp and heard part of a cowboy song brand-new to me.

'If there's one here,' I thought, 'there must be plenty more off my own range that I never heard.'

So I made up my mind to keep driftin'.

Next morning when the mule star went to bed and the morning star got up, I had breakfast and started. No trouble to say good-bye to my job. When I got near the first post office a week or so later, I dropped a letter in the box telling my boss where his two strays were, and adding that one of his cowhands was a stray now too, and he should expect me back when he saw my dust arrivin'.

'Add,' I said, 'how far is it to the next water?'

'Keep this draw ten or twelve miles, Jack,' he told me. 'You'll see some cow trails comin' in. Head due east and you'll strike a dry lake.'

I was on my way!

A couple of hours after leaving the chuck wagon I reached Comanche Springs and there found two V T men watering a bunch of saddle horses. The rest of the day I saw no one. Just me, a couple of horses, a little rough country, a lot of rolling prairie; and at night, near the northeast end of Mescalero Valley, a lone camp and a dry one. I hobbled my horses, laid out my bed in a chamise flat where the brush was three to four feet high, ate a snack, and made a fire to be sociable and show the folks I was rich and had matches in my pocket.

II

Maybe cowboy singing was an answer to loneliness. Maybe it was just another way of expressing good fellowship. Maybe it was several things. Something

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happened in the day's work, funny or sad, and somebody with a knack for words made a jingle of it; if it was liked, others learned it and passed it on. A ballad like 'The Old Chisholm Trail,' with its catching *come ti yi youpy* refrain, seems to have just grown. It was sung from the Canadian line to Mexico, and there were thousands of verses; nobody ever collected them all. Every cowboy knew some, and if he had a little whiskey in him, or was heading for town with wages in his pocket, he might make up a few. These weren't 'cultured' songs. Sometimes the rhymes didn't match very well. Often the language was rough and for publication had to be heavily expurgated. But ballad-making and song-singing were living parts of cowboy life.

I have never attempted any high-brow explanations of cowboy balladry. Not long ago in a newspaper I read a piece about the 'singin' families' of East Tennessee who by word of mouth keep alive scores of ballads they have never seen in a book. It was that way on the range. Singing songs, and making them too (homely, everyday songs, not high-brow stuff), seem as natural to human beings as washing herself is to a cat. And the faculty gets more practice when people are cut off in isolated groups.

Three or four days after crossing the Llano Estacado (so flat, as Uncle Johnny Martin once said, that you could see the water in the bottom of a forty-foot well ten miles away), I was heading for the town of Tokio, up Red River way. I had started my travels toward Red River because an old cowman once told me that they did nothing much in that district but sing, cuss, and go to camp meetin'. Some miles short of Tokio I caught sight of a little ranch house and headed for it. The owner was busy slaughtering a beef. I turned to and helped him. We soon had the carcass cleaned and hung up. The rancher showed me the gate to his horse pasture; the grass looked fine and I decided to stay all night. Even if the owner had been away, I should have been welcome to go in and help myself to a meal and feed my horses. No doors were locked. All they asked was that you leave other things alone. If you wanted to, you might wash up the dishes you dirtied.

As we entered the house, I saw a banjo hanging on the wall.

'You play?'

The rancher said he did. So I went to my pack and got my mandolin-banjo.

We ate a hearty supper. I pushed back and started up a song. My host was soon singing too. Little square room with a light in it, lonely cabin miles from any neighbor. Fire in the stove, dishes dirty, bellies full. Banjos makin' melody. 'Sassiety' enough for one night for a couple of horny cowhands. I don't know how many songs we sang that night. The coyotes must have gathered outside and laid off howlin' to listen.

Cowboy songs were always sung by one person, never by a group. I never did hear a cowboy with a real good voice; if he had one to start with, he always lost it bawling at cattle, or sleeping out in the open, or tellin' the judge he didn't steal that horse. Some of the cowboy actors and radio cowboys nowadays, of course, have very beautiful voices.

The cowboy hardly ever knew what tune he was singing his song to; just some old, old tune that he had heard and known as a boy. Very often the old familiar airs were used. Both 'Little Joe the Wrangler' and 'Little Adobe Casa' were sung to the air of 'Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.' 'Sky High' was sung to the tune of 'Solomon Isaacs'; 'Overland Stage' to the air of 'Son of a Gam-bo-leer.' 'The Little Cowgirl' was sung to the tune of 'Turkey in the Straw'; the people of Texas didn't know the National Anthem, but they all knew 'Turkey in the Straw.'

Two of the songs we sang that night, I know, were important for me. One was 'Sam Bass.' This famous song, if you don't remember, has to do with a cowboy

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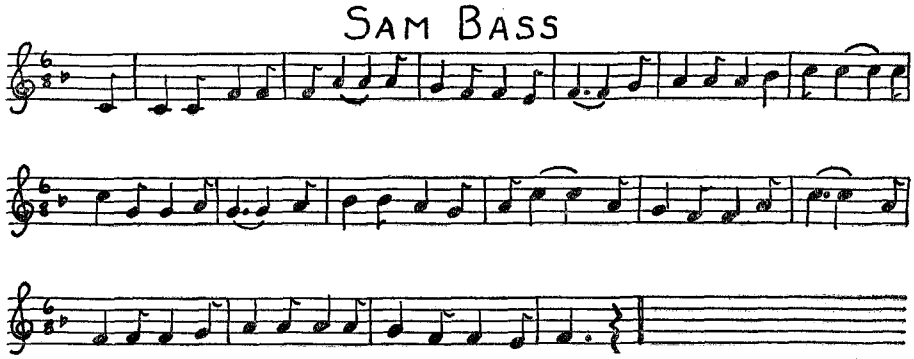
turned train robber and outlaw, and betrayed by one of his pals. It is supposed to have been written by John Denton of Gainesville, Texas, about 1879. It goes like this: —



Sam Bass was born in Indiana, it was his native home,
And at the age of seventeen young Sam began to roam.
Sam first came out to Texas a cowboy for to be,—
A kinder-hearted fellow you seldom ever see.

Sam used to deal in race-stock, one called the Denton mare;
He matched her in scrub races and took her to the fair.
Sam used to coin the money, and spent it just as free;
He always drank good whiskey wherever he might be.

Sam left the Collins ranch, in the merry month of May,
With a herd of Texas cattle the Black Hills for to see;
Sold out in Custer City, and then got on a spree, —
A harder set of cowboys you seldom ever see.

And so on. I first heard some of it sung at a dance hall in Sidney, Nebraska, and one of the boys in Nigger Add's camp had sung a couple of verses. My host this evening sang five verses, three of which I had not heard. Into the notebook they went. When I published my first little book, nearly twenty years later, I had found three more verses, making eight which appeared in the first printed version. But there were more. I printed eleven in my bigger book in 1921. This will indicate how songs grew. Versions were likely to vary from singer to singer. Verses were added, eliminated, altered, and otherwise 'improved' as they went the rounds. In my first version of 'Sam Bass' it was 'Jonis' who was due to get a scorching 'when Gabriel blows his horn'; in the later version it was 'Jim Murphy.' Take into account that many of the songs had to be dry-cleaned for unprintable words before they went to press, and you get some notion of the chore a song collector had who was only a cowboy himself.

The second song important for me that night was 'The Death of Jesse James.' Two verses of it; just two. I got several additional verses some days later in the bunkhouse of the Craul and Jacobs cow spread west of Ringgold. And in Ringgold itself I got two more from an old cowpuncher, who I had been told was *dripping* with songs. I have noticed that the further you are from a gold strike, the richer it is. This old cowpuncher, and two other people in Ringgold who had been recommended to me as great singers, knew between them 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean,' 'Clementine,' several revival songs, two French love songs — and the two final verses of 'The Death of Jesse James.' A song-hunter had to pick up his gold in small hunks where he found it.

III

A lot of singing on the range had nothing to do with cowboy songs as such. In different camps I encountered railroad, mountain, river, and granger songs, as

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well as sticky-sweet sentimental ballads like 'Mollie Lou, Sweet Mollie Mine,' and 'My Little Georgie May.' Cowboys weren't always singin' about 'little dogies' or 'give me a home where the buffalo roam,' and when they sang river songs it was generally something about running logs down a mountain stream. Railroad songs celebrated head-on collisions, or told how a brave conductor saved a train. Granger songs usually had something to do with a yoke of oxen, old Buck and Spot, and a boy who was tired of driving them to the plough and so quit home. These were a part of the singing West too, but I was mainly interested in songs that had all the elements of the range — the cow range, and its special codes and points of view.

It is generally thought that cowboys did a lot of singing around the herd at night to quiet them on the bed ground. I have been asked about this, and I'll say that I have stood my share of night watches in fifty years and I seldom heard any singing of that kind. What you would hear as you passed your partner on guard would be a kind of low hum or whistle, and you wouldn't know what it was. Just some old hymn tune, like as not — something to kill time and not bad enough to make the herd want to get up and run.

Cowboy songs, as I said, were often sung to old familiar airs. Failing these, there was a kind of standard monotonous tune used over and over that even uneducated fingers could pick out on the banjo. A young friend who has listened to me hum it says the tune looks like this in printed notes: —

Things that cowboys liked, things they hated, incidents of the here and reflections on the hereafter — these were the chief themes of their songs. Their ways were rough, but they knew gold from glitter when they saw it. They judged a man, not by his boasts, but by what he could and did do when the time came for action. They played hard practical jokes, but the best of them could 'take it' when their jokes backfired. No theme of cowboy balladry illustrates these characteristics better than the one incorporated in 'The Educated Feller,' 'Cowboys Victimized,' 'The Zebra Dun,' and others built around the same essential situation.

Who wrote the cowboy songs? The authorship of many of them is doubtful or unknown. Often the authors, if they hailed from the range direct, didn't bother or care to acknowledge authorship. Thus 'The Campfire Has Gone Out,' which I heard when I was ranching in the San Andreas Mountains, was written, I believe, by Gene Rhodes; but, as far as I know, Gene himself never said so. 'Hell in Texas' is a popular ballad describing a supposed deal between the Lord and the Devil by which the latter acquired some land so bad that the Lord couldn't use it, but perfectly suited to the Devil's needs for a little hell on earth: he 'put thorns on the cactus and horns on the toads . . . poisoned the feet of the centipede,' and did more of the same — and called it Texas. At one time or another I picked up five versions of this song, each supposed to be by a different author; some of them say the place the Devil got hold of was Texas, others say New Mexico, depending on the writer's partisanship. There was 'Fightin' Mad,' too, a ballad about a cowboy who was offered ginger ale to drink. This I got at the annual Colorado Springs Roundup from Jean Beaumondy. Jean was then the champion trick girl roper of the world — she's still good, according to accounts of a movie film in which she did her stuff less than a year ago.

'Did you write the song, Jean?' I asked her.

'Oh, I was around when it was written,' she said. And that's all I ever could get out of her.

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Sometimes a song lost its author and even changed its name as it passed from mouth to mouth. Henry Herbert Knibbs once brought me a cowboy song from southern Arizona, known there under the title 'High-Chin Bob.' Actually the song was written by Charles Badger Clark, Jr., and the original version appeared in his book, *Sun and Saddle Leather*, under the title, 'The Glory Trail.' A song of mine called 'Nigger 'Lasses' had this four-line refrain: —

Oh, dere ain't no horse what can't be rode,
Dat's what de white folks say!
En dere ain't a man what can't be throwed,
Oh, Mah! — I finds it jest dat way!

J. Frank Dobie once heard this song at Eagle Pass, Texas, sung by a darky singer, and Frank asked him where he got it. The singer said: 'Ah don' know, sah. A man named Mister Jack he wrote it — ah dunno.'

Authorship wasn't reckoned very important — nothing to fight over. But when you did discover a song's author, sometimes it was a surprise. The second night after I threw in with Speckles and Tom, we penned the horses on the outskirts of Gainesville and later hunted up a pasture to put them in for the night. While we were cooking supper a great tall ganglin' swamp-angel moseyed into camp looking hungrier than a dieting deb. A swamp-angel was a fellow raised down in the swampy lands, maybe Louisiana or Arkansas. They all had chills and fever, ninety per cent of them chewed snuffsticks, and they generally looked like walking matches. This one seemed to be a fair sample of the breed. Seeing my little banjo lying on my bedroll, he asked if any of us could sing. No, we said, but sometimes we opened our mouths and noise came out.

'Want me ter sing you a song?'

'Sure!' we said. So he picked up my banjo. And what a banjo-picker he was! He sang 'Bucking Bronco' — sang the whole song of five verses. What's more, he knew the author's name. Belle Starr, he said, wrote it.

I had met Belle several times in Dallas and Fort Worth. Now, I was told, she had a ranch at Younger's Bend. Belle was one of the most famous of the women outlaws of the Southwest. A beautiful brunette, well educated, she wore guns and had a bunch of desperadoes working for her. She was running a holdout stable in Dallas, where stolen horses were fenced. But the horses came from the Indian Territory, which made it all right; nobody in Texas would bother her. All the cowpunchers went there to put up their horses when they came to town. Belle sang in the church choir, played the piano, and was a 'sassiety' lady in those days. That she was also a song writer was news and quite a surprise to me. But Belle was an original, a product of the time and the region; and her end, when it came, was tragically in keeping with her life. Returning from a trip to Fort Smith, she was two miles from her ranch at Younger's Bend when she was shot in the back by one of her tenants with whom she had quarreled, a man wanted in Florida on a murder charge but afraid to meet Belle face to face. . . .

'Bucking Bronco' went like this, after it was expurgated: —

My love is a rider, wild broncos he breaks,
Though he promised to quit it, just for my sake.
He ties up one foot, the saddle puts on,
With a swing and a jump he is mounted and gone.

The first time I met him, 'twas early one spring,
Riding a bronco, a high-headed thing.
He tipped me a wink as he gayly did go,
For he wished me to look at his bucking bronco.

. . . . . .

Now, all you young maidens, where'er you reside,
Beware of the cowboy who swings the rawhide,
He'll court you and pet you and leave you and go
In the spring up the trail on his bucking bronco.

I broke horses for old man Waggoner in Paul's Valley for some time, picking up what songs I could; and when I felt I had enough cash ahead to last a spell, I saddled up Gray Dog, packed Ample, and started drifting and song-hunting again, south this time towards Dallas, Austin, San Antonio, and points farther south and west.

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IV

Cowboy songs did not always reach me through cowboys. I took them where I found them, from all sorts and kinds of people. Walking up Main Street in Fort Worth one morning, I heard the air of 'My Old Kentucky Home' through the doors of the Silver Dollar saloon. I went in and found a girl singing a cowboy song for a drink. Her audience soon left and she sat at a table with me. She knew only one song, but it was a good one for the notebook — 'Buster Goes A-Courtin'.' In Dallas I camped in a pecan grove outside the Fair Grounds near a group of Irish gypsies who drew crowds by fomenting horse races, and here I picked up 'My Pet Horse' and 'Ridin' Jane' — not quite cowboy songs, but good enough to go into the notebook. 'Buckskin Joe' I first heard in the public square of Waco.

South of Waco one night I rode in the dark. It was a night for riding! I saw a city on fire below the edge of the world, and presently the moon popped up and made the whole State of Texas so bright you could read a newspaper. A campfire flickered, and I rode in where three men were camped. They were dressed no differently than other mounted Texans — no uniforms, no brass. They invited me to get down and camp. I unpacked, unsaddled, hobbled out my horses. Seeing my banjo, they asked me to play. I did. One of the three responded with a song, a new one to me. That there was such a song I knew, but this was my first hearing of it. 'The Texas Rangers' it was; and it was a ranger who sang it. These three were part of Captain Hughes's famous force, on their way to Fort McKavett, they told me, to investigate a report of trouble between sheepmen and cattlemen.

Followers of many trades were found in the cow country, many of them with songs on their lips. From San Antonio I headed into mesquite-and-cactus country. I reached Devil's River four miles south of the town of Juno, and found a strange assemblage of wagons, all manned by Mexicans. They invited me to get down and try a cup of coffee.

At this camp one of the younger Mexicans sang me four verses of a song in Spanish called 'El Rio Rey' — 'The River King.' It was a ballad of a *palomino* stud that roamed the range uncaught, untamed. I never found anybody who knew more of the original than the four verses sung me by this Mexican. But some months afterwards I was lying in my bedroll at two or three in the morning, and words to complete the song suddenly came to me. I slid out of bed, got my little notebook out of my chaps pocket, and wrote four new verses in English. I translated the four from the Spanish, and in that way completed the ballad. Such was the mongrel ancestry of some cowboy songs.

It was at Toyah near the New Mexico line, from another cow-country character, 'Sally' White, that I got four verses of 'The Great Roundup': —

> Where cowboys with others must stand
> To be cut out by the riders of judgment
> Who are posted and know all the brands.

'Sally' was no girl despite his name, but was so called from his fondness for singing a song with that title. No, Mr. White was no girl. I remember the night he got drunk in Pecos town. They had a law against wearing six-shooters within the city limits. 'Sally' tied his gun to the end of his rope, thus in his opinion complying with the law, and went all over town dragging the rope and yelling, 'Don't step on my tail, boys! Open the door an' let me an' my tail through!' His song, attributed to the father of a Captain Roberts of the Texas Rangers, ends up: —

> And I'm scared that I'll be a stray yearling,
> A maverick, unbranded on high,
> And get cut in the bunch with the 'rusties'
> When the Boss of the Riders goes by.
>
> For they tell of another big owner
> Who's ne'er overstocked, so they say,
> But who always makes room for the sinner
> Who drifts from the straight, narrow way.

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They say he will never forget you,
That he knows every action and look;
So for safety you'd better get branded,
Have your name in the great Tally Book.

My wish for all cowboys is this:
That we may meet at that grand final sale;
Be cut out by the riders of judgment
And shoved up the dim, narrow trail.

V

Cowboy songs, as I have said, were full of the vernacular of the range, and it wasn't always parlor talk. I vividly remember sitting in the ranch house on Crow Flat with old Jim Brownfield during the latter stages of my trip, and hearing him give the entire range version of 'The Top Hand.' The theme — ridicule of a cowboy too big for his boots — was a scorcher in itself, and the words of the song would have burned the reader's eyeballs if printed as Jim sang it. I expurgated it and had to change even the title, and the song has appeared exactly as I rendered it in all books of cowboy songs published since: —

While you're all so frisky, I'll sing a little song:
Think a horn of whiskey will help the thing along.
It's all about the Top Hand when he's busted flat,
Bumming round town, in his Mexicana hat.
He's laid up all winter and his pocketbook is flat.
His clothes are all tatters, but he don't mind that.

The same is true of Belle Starr's 'The Bucking Bronco' and of many other songs.

In fact, I have found that cowboy songs have their adventures after they get into print as well as before. I closed my first little paper-covered book with a ballad I wrote myself, called 'Speckles.' There were eight verses as I wrote it, but the printer lost part of the copy and printed only six. Some time later a very learned professor brought out a big book of cowboy songs which he claimed to have collected with great labor, and he printed my abbreviated 'Speckles' (without credit), but changed the name to 'Freckles' and called it a fragment that he had picked up.

Another song of mine also had a rather checkered history. In 1898, nearly ten years after the trip I am writing about, I helped trail a herd of O cattle from Chimney Lake, New Mexico, to Higgins, Texas. There were eight of us in the crew. One night I sat by the campfire with a stub of pencil and an old paper bag and wrote the story of little Joe, the horse wrangler, a Texas stray who had left home, he told us, and struck out for himself because his daddy had married again and his new ma beat him. The boss 'sorter liked the little stray somehow,' and took him on as a hand. One night in a thunderstorm everybody turned out to check a stampede. The cattle ran a ways, but were headed, and when they were milling and kind of quieted down, one of the hands was missing — our little Texas stray. He was found next morning in a wash twenty feet deep, under his horse, Rocket: —

Little Joe, the wrangler, will never wrangle more;
His days with the *remuda* — they are done.
'Twas a year ago last April he joined the outfit here,
A little 'Texas stray' and all alone.

We'd driven to Red River and the weather had been fine;
We were camped down on the south side in a bend,
When a norther commenced blowing and we doubled up our guards,
For it took all hands to hold the cattle then.

Little Joe, the wrangler, was called out with the rest,
And scarcely had the kid got to the herd,
When the cattle they stampeded; like a hailstorm, long they flew,
And all of us were riding for the lead.

'Tween the streaks of lightning we could see a horse far out ahead —
'Twas little Joe, the wrangler, in the lead;
He was riding 'Old Blue Rocket' with his slicker 'bove his head,
Trying to check the leaders in their speed.

At last we got them milling and kinder quieted down,
And the extra guard back to the camp did go;
But one of them was missin', and we all knew at a glance
'Twas our little Texas stray — poor Wrangler Joe.

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Next morning just at sunup we found where
Rocket fell,
Down in a washout twenty feet below;
Beneath his horse, mashed to a pulp, his spurs had
rung the knell
For our little Texas stray — poor Wrangler Joe.

I sang the song to the men who were with me on that trail trip. After our return I sang it for the first time in any man's hearing — save on that trip — in Uncle Johnny Martin's store and saloon at Weed, New Mexico. From that time on it was passed along by word of mouth. I led off my first little book with it, but didn't sign it; none of the songs in that book were signed, though five of the twenty-four were my own compositions. In the course of time 'Little Joe, the Wrangler' became one of the most widely sung and best liked of cowboy songs. I have no idea how often it has been sung over the radio in the last few years. I do know that it has been put on phonograph records and more than 375,000 of them have been sold — and the author of the song not richer by a penny for having written it.

Never a cent in our pockets,
But what did a cowpuncher care?

VI

A morning in March 1890, just a year after I started out, found me back on my home range not far from the place where I had encountered Nigger Add and his chuck-wagon camp. I had but twenty-five miles more to go to the old Carrizozo ranch, better known as the Bar W. I reflected on the miles I had ridden (more than 1500 of them), the handful of songs I had collected, the nights and days I had passed in cow country new to me, the hands I had shaken, the men 'good' and 'bad' I had come to know. I had spent some time with 'Old Perk,' who once dug a pit to trap predacious bears, and when his dog fell into the pit while it was occupied by a big trapped bear Old Perk followed feet first with no weapon but a butcher knife to save his dog. A braver deed, wholly without audience, it would be hard to find. Old Perk killed the bear and saved the dog, but received terrible scars which he wore to the end of his life; he was so sensitive about his appearance that he would never come to town except for necessary grub and then only after dark. I had eaten and bunked, too, with a man who made his home in a cave in the Guadalupes. He was 'wanted,' whether for murder or horse stealing I did not know, and he certainly rode horses with too many different brands to be honest; but he was as likable a man as you could meet.

Cowboys didn't judge too harshly. The best of them would do to ride with anywhere, and the worst weren't all bad. 'Show me a perfect man and I'll show you Christ' was their tolerant attitude. With such men I had lived and would live, and the time did not seem to me ill spent. Next spring, I thought as I jogged along, I'll go again: this time through western New Mexico, and on through Arizona, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming. . . .

You would ride those ranges in vain today to find men who ride and make songs and sing them in the old free larruping spirit and under like conditions: —

What's become of the punchers
We rode with long ago?
The hundreds and hundreds of cowboys
We all of us used to know? . . .

But the country, and the life as it was, survive authentically in the balladry, crude though it may have been, that grew out of the very lives the cowboys led and the troubles they had; and our literature is richer for it.

Late afternoon brought sight of the cottonwoods around the old Bar W. Ample, the pack horse, had been raised there. He recognized home, and passed me at a fast trot. Gray Dog, too, commenced fishin' at the bit. Hi, boss! Want an old hand for the roundup? Our dust is arrivin'.

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MOLIÈRE

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

Molière, with his deliberate eye and urbane
Pen, pierced the skull. In the tart elegance of his verse
As in a collector's palm, lay man's split, membranous brain.

What he said about avarice, affectation, death,
Was clad in such lucidity — it almost seemed
That there was little he intuitively discerned or even dreamed

Of that horrible whirlpool of disorder, man's desire:
The retaliating nightmare, the dirty tears, the hissing breath —
To tell of these would demand a pen dipped not in ink but in fire!

And yet, he knew, he knew. And all those others knew as well.
Through the clipped and ordered park, the salon, the avenue,
They walked, rosy with the approaching glow and spectacle of hell.

Stricken already with a common and incurable disease,
Célimène, Alceste, Tartuffe, Sganarelle,
Tufted, colorful as idols, passed and bowed among the maple trees.

Rain fell on the statues, darkened the cathedrals; rain
Decade upon decade darkened the villas and the quais;
The maple trees and beech trees hung moping above the Seine.

The momentary perfection of a gesture held in its control
All the heat and squabble of mankind caught in an entertaining mood,
Pinning to a couplet the queer, wild spasms of the human soul:

Flawless, pathetic actors in an antiquated play,
They march through album upon album as through the darkness of a wood,
Bearing civilization like a mask from yesterday into today:

A civilization as marvelous and as far, far away
As that of Rameses. The intricately spun
Laws of reason lie burnished, like hieroglyphics, in the sun,

And whatever they illuminated, whatever they gave
Of poise and magnanimity in each successive wave,
Lie lost as wholly as Othello's howl, or Dido's echoing cave.

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DISCARDING FROM WEAKNESS

BY ROBERT S. BINKERD

I

In the spring of 1939 the Reconstruction Finance Corporation agreed to finance the reorganization of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway on condition that some 547 miles of unprofitable trackage be set aside in a separate corporation and none of the borrowed funds be spent upon its maintenance or improvement. In the spring of 1939, also, United States District Judge Carroll C. Hincks directed the trustees of the New Haven Railroad to cancel the lease on the 455 miles of the Old Colony Railroad which the New Haven had operated for forty-seven years, and in the fall of 1939 he directed the trustees to take the necessary steps for abandoning operation. Application for this abandonment is now being heard by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Thus last year the United States Government, acting through two different agencies, called for the abandonment of a substantial portion of the mileage of two widely separated railroad systems. These separate and unrelated actions throw into high relief the fact that there is a lot of railroad mileage in this country which does not earn its keep.

The first and normal cause for unprofitable railroad mileage is exhaustion of natural resources which a particular line was designed to tap. Government owned and operated railroads can compel traffic to come to them, but privately owned and operated railroads build to points where they can originate traffic. Hence, in a rapidly growing country such as America has been for decades past, it was inevitable that much railroad mileage would be built to open up naval stores, timber, oil, coal, or mineral resources. With the exhaustion of these resources, it became a question of whether or not the succeeding phase of development would generate enough traffic to support the railroad lines originally built. For instance, after many of our forests were opened up and the lumber exhausted, no adequate volume of industry or agriculture followed. This caused the abandoning of considerable railroad mileage which no longer had economic utility.

Today, however, exhaustion of natural resources is a minor cause of unprofitable railroad mileage. If motor transport had been in existence thirty or forty years ago, many thousands of miles of railroad main and branch line would never have been built. At that time this country had woefully poor roads, and the travel range of horse-drawn vehicles was limited to a relatively few miles. Railroad stations were built only four or five miles apart, based on convenient radius of access by horse and wagon. The underlying conditions which justified the construction and operation of railroad trackage on that basis have radically changed. A very substantial contraction of railroad mileage is now made inevitable by our system of good roads.

Experience of the past thirty years, in Europe as well as in the United States, is writing a new chapter in

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railway economics. This recognizes for the first time that in the earlier stages of development the railways, in addition to their prime function of being the most economical mass transporters, also perform a secondary function: they provide the initial, continuous, integrated, hard-surface highway system. Long before this country possessed even the rudiments of a national highway system, the railroads had leveled it to within the limits of a two per cent grade and, in considerable part, to within the limits of a one per cent grade. They had bored tunnels, built bridges, and established ferries. Neither persons nor freight could move any great distance in any reasonable length of time except by railroad. But since 1900 the development of our present public highway system has been gradually reducing this secondary function in this country and remanding our railroads to their primary function — namely, the production of mass transportation.

Here confusion of thought can be saved by a little reflection. Originally our railroads were among the foremost supporters of the good-roads movement, but, with the development of the automobile, highway expenditures far outran the railway conception of good roads as helpful in getting commodities and people to and from railway stations. For many years those primarily benefited by these expenditures paid a very small part of them. Ultimately, the expenditures grew so large that high license fees and high gasoline taxes levied on highway users were required. Distribution of this cost burden is not yet fully equitable, but certainly today it is more equitable than it was twenty years ago. In my judgment the railroads have a legitimate grievance against the undue burden thrown on them in at least the earlier stages of our present highway development — a burden not confined to contributing taxes toward a partially competitive transportation system, but also involving large nonproductive investment in the separation of grade crossings and increased operating expenses in protecting an ever-increasing number of crossings at grade.

II

Just though this grievance is, it should not becloud the fact that, once started, this extensive highway development was inevitable. The task remains for us to make it also salutary. One way to do this is to discard, and stop paying taxes on, railroad investment where it cannot get the traffic required to produce mass transportation, and then to throw the transportation burden of light traffic territory upon the new public highway system.

Few realize the possible extent of this readjustment. Testifying before the United States Senate in 1932, Mr. L. F. Loree, then president of the Delaware & Hudson Company, presented a freight-traffic density chart of the American railroad system based on the freight traffic of 1930. It indicated that 26,000 miles, or a little more than 10 per cent of the total mileage, turned out slightly more than half of the total net ton miles of freight. The next 148,000 miles, constituting about 60 per cent of the total mileage, turned out over 48 per cent of the total ton miles, while the remaining 73,000 miles, or nearly 30 per cent of the total mileage, turned out less than 2 per cent of the net ton miles. In other words, about 10 per cent of the mileage did 50 per cent of the line-haul business; about 60 per cent of the mileage did 48 per cent of the line-haul business; while the remaining 30 per cent of the mileage did less than 2 per cent of the line-haul business.

Under the Emergency Transportation Act of 1933, the Honorable Joseph B. Eastman, long a valued member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, was appointed Federal Coördinator of Railroads. He and his staff issued a series of studies on the main problems confront-

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ing our railroads. One of these studies is entitled *The Problem of Thin Traffic Branch Lines*, published in August 1937. It defined a branch line as 'a continuous section of railway over which a through freight or passenger train is not regularly operated each business day.' The study was based on the traffic of 1932. In that year 75,957 miles, or about 31 per cent, were branch lines as defined above. Of this branch-line mileage, only 8630 miles had a sufficient traffic density to pay their own way. The average traffic density per mile of the remaining 67,327 miles of track was only 89,785 ton miles. At an average freight rate of one cent per ton mile, this meant an average annual revenue of about $900 per mile. When one realizes that track maintenance costs are around $800 per mile year in and year out, and taxes are at least $300 to $400 a mile, it is clear that the line haul of this mileage could not pay its own way.

These calculations, of course, cover a period of very low traffic; yet, if traffic density were 50 per cent higher, it would still average only about 145,000 ton miles per mile of track annually, and still be too low to pay expenses. In 1932 Mr. Loree took 250,000 ton miles annually per mile of track as the lowest traffic density that could support railroad investment. Labor and material costs have since risen, and high taxes are certain for many years to come. Therefore the minimum required traffic density today is naturally higher than it was in 1932. Without attempting to imply that any hard-and-fast yardstick can be applied to the widely varying conditions in the United States, yet there is certainly little prospect that the traffic of tomorrow will restore profit to much of this economically weak mileage.

It is also not generally recognized that the cost of operation of this low-traffic branch-line mileage is about three times per ton mile what it is on the main line — in New England about four times. These higher unit costs, of course, in part reflect the low traffic density. Again taking New England as an example, if its main-line trackage, with a traffic density of 1,118,727 ton miles per mile of road, had difficulty in making a satisfactory profit, what could be expected from its 2433 miles of branch line with an average traffic density in the same year of only 89,074 ton miles per mile?

Whether we judge from Mr. Loree's analysis of 1932 or from the Federal Coördinator's analysis of 1937, it appears that there are about 70,000 miles of railway in the United States whose line-haul service does not pay its own way, all costs included.

If line haul were the only criterion, the issue would be simple. But we must also take into consideration the service of some of this mileage in originating traffic, the bulk of whose line haul takes place on the main portion of the railroad and not on the branch line where it originated. Examples of this are to be found among branches tapping the fruit sections of California and Florida, or the wheat sections of the North and Middle West. For forty-odd weeks their traffic may be negligible, but during the balance of the year they may each originate several trainloads of freight on which the main-line haul may be a hundred times the distance traveled on the line of origination. There are also cases where a substantial tonnage is originated or delivered a few miles off the main line, but where, by reason of the shortness of distance, the number of ton miles of line haul produced remain inadequate, and yet the facilities may be important as a convenience for a profitable line haul. Elsewhere there may be enough traffic to support one line but not two, and the withdrawal of the less desirable line would enable the other to live. With due allowance for all these exceptions, however, it is difficult to see how they can require the retention of more than half of the trackage whose line haul is insufficient to support its operation.

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This, then, would leave some 35,000 miles of railway branch line as marked for ultimate retirement.

III

The branch-line mileage described above is not the sole measure of unprofitable railroad mileage in this country. For many generations our public policy encouraged competition at any cost. This policy viewed unnecessary parallel and competing trackage not as economic waste, but as a boon to the shipper and a method of playing one railroad off against another.

Hence, even in main-line mileage, over tracks on which through trains are regularly operated each business day, there is unnecessary duplication of mileage. For instance, six different railways exist for getting from Chicago to Omaha, and some of these ways parallel each other for part of the distance. There are two routes to the Black Hills of South Dakota. There are two lines — decidedly lean — out of Chicago to Wyoming. In the East, for seventy-five miles two railroads nearly push each other off the banks of the same small river. There was considerable duplicate mileage between Philadelphia and the Jersey Shore until the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Reading Railroad established a joint seashore service. This kind of duplicate and unnecessary mileage is probably not less than five thousand miles.

Under present conditions, therefore, about 185,000 miles could do all the essential railroad business of the country, and 40,000 miles could be dispensed with. This essential 185,000 miles of railroad contains practically all the second, third, and fourth main track in the country, and the total miles of trackage would be much greater than the route mileage indicated above. On the other hand, the dispensable 40,000 miles is almost entirely single track.

At the beginning of 1940, 77,418 miles of railroad were in the hands of receivers or trustees, mostly distributed as follows: —

Territory	*Unprofitable Branch-Line Mileage*	*Mileage in Receivership or Trusteeship*
New England.....	2,433	2,286
Eastern.....	5,825	4,658
Southern.....	9,314	9,583
Western Trunk Line..	23,720	42,649
Southwestern.....	12,051	13,928

Without pressing the above comparison too closely, is it not obvious that there is some fundamental relationship between the existence of unprofitable railroad mileage and the extent of railroad financial difficulties? Can general financial health be expected in the railroad industry again until there has been a general 'discard from weakness'?

At $30,000 per mile, this non-paying trackage represents an investment of about a billion and a quarter dollars. At 5 per cent, the carrying charges on this investment are about sixty million dollars per annum. At an average of $300 per mile, the tax cost of carrying these facilities is about twelve million dollars a year. Cost of merely keeping eight thousand stations open must exceed eight million dollars a year. Road-haul, collection, and delivery services on this mileage are probably more than seventy million dollars a year, even under conditions of abnormally low traffic. Hence, the annual cost of carrying this unproductive mileage is something like a hundred and fifty million dollars.

This is not all. Capable railroad men know that the greatest single method of restoring profit is by intensifying the use of facilities. In the April *Atlantic* I tried to outline some of the extraordinary results produced by this means through the past twenty-five years. Equally, intensification will be increased by radically reducing mileage which is incapable of intense utilization. Up to some point not yet reached, every step of progress along the line of intensification leads to unpredictable economies and, likewise, to increases in the quality and effectiveness of supervision and management.

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Any experienced business man knows that it may take as much time, expense, and effort to liquidate an unwisely accumulated inventory of a million dollars as it takes to sell ten million dollars' worth of new business. Yet an enlivening and inspiring release comes to an organization when it has buried its dead horses and can concentrate its energies with clearness and intensity on the future. One reason why the personnel of our air lines and truck and bus companies generally make a favorable impression on the public is that those organizations concern themselves almost wholly with the present and the future. In these highly competitive days, it is unwise to continue handicapping the personnel of the railroad industry with an excessive concern for the past.

No record of the abandonment of railroad track exists prior to 1917. From 1917 through 1931, 10,384 miles were abandoned, an average of 742 miles a year. In the eight years 1932 to 1939 inclusive, 13,508 miles were abandoned, an average of 1688 miles per year. The highest rate was 1995 miles in 1934, while abandonments last year were 1783 miles.

Contrary to popular impression, railroad managements have been anything but ruthless in pressing for the abandonment of non-paying property. They have sought every conceivable method of reducing the cost of maintaining low-traffic-density mileage and have continued to nurse much of this mileage even after hope for its profitable operation had almost completely disappeared. When a railroad management today applies for the abandonment of track, it should be *prima facie* evidence to every intelligent citizen that this stretch has lost its economic usefulness.

Inevitably, however, a large portion of these abandonment applications are vigorously, although not cannily, opposed by residents of the communities affected. There is truth in the time-honored joke about the smart railroad lawyer who, at the beginning of each abandonment hearing, asks the persons who have traveled to the hearing by railroad to stand — and generally gets no response, the objectors all having arrived in their own automobiles.

The railroads' function as the greatest single taxpayer in many counties is a decisive factor in these protests — local opposition to abandonments is mainly fear of loss of taxes. But what can be said for the sportsmanship of communities who no longer will themselves support property in profitable operation, but try to push off on others the cost of maintaining what they themselves try only to tax?

There is also fear of loss of property values and impairment of business. But where railway traffic has already declined to an unprofitable point, whatever the result might have been twenty years ago, it is quite unlikely that removal of the railway will be followed by widespread loss. The National Highway Users Conference has done a constructive piece of work in surveying what actually happened in the localities affected by ten railroad abandonments in Nebraska, California, Colorado, Oregon, Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas, West Virginia, and Vermont.[1] The abandonments, including mining as well as agricultural areas, covered 377 miles of railroad; seven of the ten took place between 1933 and 1937. In some cases there was little net difference; yet, in one instance a real-estate development went forward successfully; in another, grain elevators did not have to close, but continued in successful operation; in another, mines expanded production; in another, the output of natural gas and oil increased; and in another a long downward trend of population was reversed. Since motor transport is not as economical as the railroad in its use of man-power, there was generally some increase in employment. Automo-

[1] *The Highway, the Motor Vehicle and the Community*, December 1, 1938.

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bile license fees, truck taxes, and gasoline taxes all increased, and in many cases amounted to more than the former railroad taxes, although of course these regions were put to greater public expense in maintaining the highway facilities necessary for exclusive reliance on motor transport. But none of these communities was remotely ruined, or even worsened. Now that public authority has accepted the responsibility of providing hard-surfaced, all-weather highways at public expense, if any community which cannot support railway facilities suffers for lack of transportation isn't it high time its complaints were removed from the railroad and directed at the state and county governments involved?

Perhaps the greatest obstacle to more rapid abandonment is the local emotion generated from a fundamentally wrong approach. Abandonment has been looked on in most cases as a negative move and as constituting a reflection on somebody.

Precisely the contrary is true. Abandonment of unprofitable mileage is a constructive — not a destructive — move. The business of the modern railroad is the production of mass transportation. Its economies in this field are its fundamental justification; but wherever the distance to be traveled or the amount of traffic to be moved does not economically justify the investment in the mass-production facilities of the railroad, then that locality should be abandoned to motor transport.

IV

Under the Transportation Act of 1920, construction of new railway mileage requires a certificate of public convenience and necessity from the Interstate Commerce Commission. Likewise, the tearing up or abandoning of operation of existing railway mileage requires the affirmative consent of the Commission. Some of the earlier decisions of the Commission give the impression that it also looked upon any abandonment as unfortunate, to be avoided if humanly possible. Thus, in the Boston & Maine case of 1925, the Commission said: —

> The evidence seems to be conclusive that not a few of the lines which it is now proposed to abandon should never have been built. Under present conditions they would not be built. . . .
>
> But irrespective of the origin of an existing line, people gather about it and create for themselves an interest in and a dependence upon it. Under these circumstances abandonment brings about the kind of hardships with which it is so difficult to deal. . . . Benefits to the system of particular abandonments must be weighed against the inconvenience and losses which these abandonments will inflict upon the communities immediately affected.

What if there need be no serious hardships? What if the apprehensions are largely groundless? Then do not public convenience and necessity require the strengthening of the essential railroad structure by relieving it of its burden of carrying an unprofitable capital investment and wasting revenue every year on operating losses and taxes? And if this be so, is not the real requirement of public convenience and necessity that our railroad system today should be permitted to readjust itself as though it had been planned and built originally with reference to the existence of motor transport?

Perhaps the thought of the Commission is moving along the above lines. In any event, seven years after the Boston & Maine decision it made one of the clearest and most common-sense statements of the problem that can be found anywhere. In authorizing the abandonment of the Sumpter Valley Railroad Company in 1932, the Commission said: —

> This is another in a long series of abandonment cases which should serve as an illustration and as a warning. That every community is entitled to use those means of transportation that it prefers cannot be

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questioned by anyone, we think. . . . However, when a community has at its disposal, as many or most communities have, several means of transportation and it has exercised its choice in the form of patronage, it must realize that those means of transportation which its choice has eliminated from patronage may not be able to continue without such patronage and that abandonment must follow as a last resort. A community which can support every known means of transportation is unquestionably entitled to them; but a community which can support only one cannot insist upon the retention of two if the patronage accorded to the least favored one is not sufficient to enable it to live.

In other words, patronage granted to one form of transportation and withheld from another constitutes a more telling vote than any cast in the ballot box; and the income account reveals a great deal more of the truth of a situation than all the petitions and protests of an aroused citizenry.

Whenever a complete line is abandoned, the financial problem is simple. Tear up the track, realize the salvage value of rail, equipment, and other property, and liquidate the corporation. When, however, the track to be abandoned is the property of a Class I railroad and covered by a mortgage, the problem is complex. Cost of abandonment may be charged against the profit-and-loss surplus on the balance sheet; but in some cases that surplus is not sufficient to withstand the charge. To meet this situation Mr. Jesse H. Jones, Chief Federal Loan Officer and formerly Chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, has recently suggested that in all reorganizations the unprofitable mileage be segregated in the hands of a second corporation without capitalization. This would simplify the problem of abandonments from some points of view. It apparently contemplates charging off the cost of unprofitable property as one of the losses of a receivership or trusteeship.

Whether or not Mr. Jones's suggestion is adopted, the question arises if the time has not come to establish a substantial depreciation charge annually against all mileage which is not earning its way. Although net operating income might be somewhat lowered for a time, the railroad cash position would rise, because no taxes on income or net earnings would have to be paid on depreciation accruals. These in turn could be used — at least in part — to retire bonds repurchased below par, and thus fixed charges could be gradually reduced and the profit-and-loss surplus increased by the difference between par and the purchase price of the retired bonds. Certainly some plan can be worked out whereby the railroads could gain relief from the losses involved in owning and operating unprofitable mileage, strengthen their financial structures, and increase their net earnings.

It will, of course, be understood that the present railroad managements of the United States are not responsible for the unprofitable mileage existing today. They inherited it from a former day when radically different conditions and requirements existed. It will also be understood that the abandonment of unprofitable railway mileage is not the only constructive step required for the improvement of railroad transportation, and that the retirement by the railroads from unprofitable competition with motor transport at various points does not absolve our government or our citizenship from the necessity of establishing a fair and sensible national transportation policy. In point of timeliness, however, the abandonment question is unusually important now because the current railroad receiverships and trusteeships provide a fortunate opportunity for 'discarding from weakness' in the forthcoming reorganizations. The greatest obstacle to this is the opposition of public opinion arising from the fears which thrive on ignorance, and the reluctance of our common human nature to accept change, even when the need for change is obvious.

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CORNELIUS McGILLICUDDY

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

You may not be especially interested in baseball, but if you are interested in human beings and human values he would interest you. By his looks he might be a retired manufacturer and former Sunday School Superintendent, one of the thousands each winter in those havens of refuge for the aged along the West Coast of Florida. The sort of man who sits on a sidewalk in the morning sunshine, enjoys his daily game of shuffleboard, and hears Dr. William Lyon Phelps at the weekly meeting of the Iowa Club. After all, at seventy-seven a man has a right to take things easy.

But at seventy-seven Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy is still in the thick of life — in the thick of a young man's game. Back in 1900 when the American League was starting, he hustled over to Philadelphia, interested a rich man named Benjamin F. Shibe in founding a club in the new organization, and set forth to collect a team. He's been in Philadelphia ever since.

In 1902, before the majority of modern baseball fans were born, he won his first pennant. In 1905 he lost his first World Series to the Giants. In the 1910 Series he defeated Chance and the Cubs; in the 1911 and 1913 Series, McGraw and the Giants. Unexpectedly he lost to Stallings and the Braves in 1914. (We must ask him to explain that one.) He beat Joe McCarthy and the Cubs in the 1929 Series, conquered Gabby Street and the Cards in 1930, and lost to them in the 1931 Series. Nine pennants and five Series triumphs are his record in forty years of baseball.

Most of his contemporaries are no more. Stallings is gone, McGraw is gone, Street is gone. Of the men he helped to found the American League, Ban Johnson, the first president, is gone; Shibe, the owner of the Athletics, is gone; Comiskey of Chicago is gone. Only Connie Mack remains, still sitting each afternoon in summer on the bench, and looking almost the same as that tall, gaunt figure of 1900. But he isn't merely the manager of a baseball team. The fans say, 'Let's go watch Connie this afternoon.' He's an institution. He's the first citizen of Philadelphia today.

It was as a mittless catcher that he caught for East Brookfield in the Central Massachusetts League in 1883, the year he was first able to vote. Later that summer he signed with Meriden for the astounding sum of $90 a month, payable whenever he could collect. Then to Hartford, and in 1886 he was sent with four other players to Washington in the National League for the total sum of $3500. Connie was still catching them on the first bounce, still catching them meat-handed.

In 1891 he first became a manager, of the Pittsburgh Nationals; in 1897 he went as catcher-manager to Milwaukee, where he stayed until the American League was formed. Nearing eighty, he's the greatest living example of the fact that a man is as old as his arteries, or that anyone who has a consuming interest in some phase of

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existence stays young despite the years. Connie Mack loves baseball. An old-time player said, 'He'd like to die out on that-there bench.' He probably will.

Watch him at work in the morning behind the long glass-topped table in the Athletics' office in Shibe Park. He looks — well, sixty-five at the most. With a quick gesture he snatches a letter from the table, or jumps up with the reflexes of a young man, stalking rapidly across to the door. He's tall, six feet one, straight, with blue eyes, lots of gray hair parted in the middle, and a kind, mobile face. Catcher's hands, all right — long, strong fingers. Even today his handshake is firm and warm. That's really the amazing thing about this amazing man; not his youthfulness, but his warmth. You feel it in his handshake, see it in his smile — a wonderful smile that lights up his clear blue eyes. You can understand immediately the old-timer who said, 'If a man won't play for Connie Mack he won't play for anyone.'

By what magic has this gentle, warm-hearted individual taken nine clubs to the top? How has he kept discipline for over forty years among those wild-eyed individualists, professional ballplayers? Because even in his younger days he was never tough or hard-boiled. How did he do it? Speaking of several of his youngsters recently, he complained of their failure to assume responsibilities. Then hastily he caught himself: 'I wouldn't have them any different. They're young, and worries will come all too soon.'

Yes, but how has he maintained discipline? Not by force, but by commanding the respect of his players — 'My boys,' as he likes to call them. Not by being hard-boiled, but by being human. All ballplayers like Connie Mack. Some managers enjoy slapping a fine on a recalcitrant star; Connie has other and possibly subtler methods. A player jumps from a taxi before the hotel, nods good-night to Mack, who is standing at the entrance, and goes up in the elevator. But Connie knows youth like the master of a boarding school. He merely walks round to the back entrance in time to catch the player scuttling out like a bad boy. Lots of managers would seize the moment to burst into a lecture, winding up with a fine. Connie doesn't need to. The man sees him, turns round, and goes back to his room and bed.

Moreover, Mack plays no favorites. On the A's, nobody 'sits in the manager's lap,' as ballplayers like to put it. Once a very fine star made so much trouble that although he played heads-up baseball, and was of great value to the team, Connie thoroughly disliked him. After the season Connie asked him into the clubhouse. The player came, expecting to be sold up the river. Instead he was met with a contract for a raise. There was no more trouble with that gentleman.

Lucky man, Mr. Mack. He likes people and people like him. How did he build up pennant winners? By giving players his confidence; they in turn gave him their respect. That's why he can handle those temperamental prima donnas. The hardest of the lot to manage? 'Oh . . . there wasn't any of 'em really hard. You could always talk with 'em and reason with 'em. Even Rube Waddell. Yes sir, though most of my gray hairs can be traced to wondering where he was when his bed was empty. And when he was right we've never had another could touch him!'

The easiest to manage in forty years? 'All my great players, every one.' He speaks with emphasis. 'Eddie Collins, especially.'

His 1910 team, with the famous $100,000 infield of Baker, Barry, Collins, and Davis, is his favorite. He doesn't say so, but you can see he thinks so. What was his greatest infield? 'That 1910 bunch. You see, they could rise to heights in critical moments of a Series. You just couldn't improve on those lads. My greatest outfield? Well, I guess that

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'29 bunch with Haas, Miller, and Simmons. They had power — they were hitters, those boys.'

Connie, himself a catcher, has had some great catchers: Ralphy (Cy) Perkins, Ossie Schreckengost, Wally Schang, Ira Thomas, Doc Powers, Jack Lapp, and the star of them all, Mickey Cochrane. But there's a soft spot for Ossie. 'Schreck was the Harpo Marx of his time. He was the fizz powder in the pinwheel that made Waddell great. He was colorful, unpredictable, eccentric, erratic, and filled with baseball genius.' The blue eyes twinkled. 'Why, he used his gloved hand like a shortstop. Schreck could do more with his glove than any catcher that ever stood behind the plate. I remember he roomed with Waddell. They used to sleep in one bed, to save money. One year, when I sent him his contract, Schreck wrote back: 'The contract is all right, but before I sign it you got to put in a clause that if I have to room with Waddell he can't eat animal crackers in bed.' The clause was inserted.

No manager has had more great pitchers than Connie Mack — starting with Waddell, Coakley, and Bender, Jack Coombs, Eddie Plank, Bush, George Earnshaw, Lefty Grove, and Waite Hoyt. The greatest of the lot? 'Everyone has his own "greatest." I don't like to use superlatives. But I think Chief Bender is the greatest one-game pitcher, the greatest money pitcher, that baseball ever had. He wasn't a Rube Waddell, no, but he was the best money pitcher in the game.'

Yet it was Bender, with Plank, who was the disappointment of the 1914 Series which the Boston Braves won in four straight games from the A's. According to Connie, there was a split in the club. The newly formed Federal League was out for players and naturally raided the Athletics, who had more than their share of stars. Some members of the club wanted to leave, others to stand by Mack. 'The loyalists and rebels were engaged in a bitter fight. Players to whom I'd given a scouting assignment never left Philadelphia. Our players were more bitter against each other than interested in a baseball Series. We lacked the spirit to win. Stallings accomplished a baseball miracle by coming from last place on July Fourth to win the pennant and take the Series that fall; but I sincerely believe a team isn't great unless it repeats. The Braves didn't repeat in 1915.'

Why wasn't he able to meet the prices offered to his men by the Federal League? 'We simply couldn't afford to. As it was, we were paying the highest salaries in the circuit. We had no Sunday ball, and a large number of cheap seats in our park. When Bender and Plank signed up with the Federals, I decided to try to save something. So I sent out word my players were for sale, and the offers rolled in.'

Had he refused to sell his players, it would have hurt those who stayed. 'The boys who were left felt we'd be down in the cellar, and they wanted to go where the future was brighter.' Some managers never think about the players when they leave a club. Still others take good care to see that a star doesn't go to a serious contender. Not Connie. He thinks of the players. Mickey Cochrane, for instance, was sold to Detroit and later won a pennant for them.

To Mack's annoyance, people still ask him what happened to his 1910 and 1932 teams. Why did he break them up? No mystery, for Connie never sells players unless he needs cash. The story runs round Philadelphia that he has invariably made money with tail-enders and lost with pennant winners. He almost admits the truth of this.

'Yes, I've made money coming up, and lost with world champions. When your club is fighting to the top, the fans take an interest and come to the park. Philadelphia's a right good ball town; folks now are loyal and turning out when we are in last place, but pennant

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winners get to be an old story. With a tail-end club this year we're doing real good. When the club is behind, salaries are low; so are expenses. Champions cost money. In boxing, a manager has one champion; in baseball, twenty-five. We had almost the highest-priced club in history in 1932, not barring the Yanks with Babe Ruth's $80,000 salary. I had five men who drew more than $100,000. Yet attendance fell away that year. When you win, you have a general rise in all expenses; more gatemen, ticket takers, ushers, and so on, are necessary.'

Yet the fans in Philadelphia say there's a reason he sold those men which Connie won't ever mention. They believe that when the A's were winning one man connected with the club took out large profits for other business ventures. The rumor also persists that Connie, in common with several others, got pretty well clipped in the market in 1929 and 1930. One fact is true: whenever he sold players he needed money. 'You don't make money by selling players in baseball. Half my 1932 team cost me more than I got by selling my entire 1914 team. If I hadn't sold some of my players I should have had to leave baseball.'

He won't leave baseball. Baseball is his love and his life. Save for indispositions such as the gallstone attack which benched him in the summer of 1937, he appears each day at the park. At seventy-seven he still runs the team, still travels on the road, still climbs into the dugout every afternoon in his blue suit and high choker collar, a handkerchief wrapped round his neck if it's very hot. Removing his coat, he hangs it on a peg in the dugout, puts the team on the field, takes his scorecard in hand, places his outfield, and proceeds to run his show.

Does he ever make mistakes?

'Yep, I've made hundreds. Make 'em almost daily. Every manager does. The worst mistake of all? Let me see . . . well, to my way of thinking the worst mistake I ever made was back in 1907 when we were running nip and tuck with Detroit. I had a pitcher, name of Jimmy Dygert, who could beat anyone for seven innings. Then he was finished. I could have pitched him seven innings any day in the week. If I'd a found this out in time, I could have won that pennant. Instead, I didn't realize it until after the season. We finished second, and Detroit won the League.

'Another time we were playing the Yanks and Ruth came to bat. I waved my outfield round and they moved where I motioned, but still I wasn't satisfied, and finally had to climb out of the dugout to place them and direct the defense. Meanwhile the pitcher was waiting in the box and Babe was standing at the plate. After about three minutes' wigwagging, I got everyone set. You can guess what happened. Babe hit the first pitch over the fence.

'Fortunately for a manager it doesn't always work out that way. I'll never forget the first game Ty Cobb played for us after twenty-two years with Detroit. He'd been manager six years with the Tigers and knew the weak and strong points of all players in every club. One of the first batters was a man I knew would hit the ball I signaled my pitcher to feed him, to Ty's left. I stood up in the dugout and waved him over with my scorecard. Even the pitcher turned in the box to look. What'd he do? He saluted, like the good sport he was, and trotted over to the new position. Believe me, I felt relieved a few seconds later when the batter lined a drive so close he hardly had to move a step to grab it.'

Ask him how Cobb and the old-timers compare with the modern player, and watch his straight back in the stiff chair grow more erect. 'Oh, the old-timers were wonderful. Wonderful. They didn't have the advantages the player has nowadays. The equipment is so much better, the gloves and the bat. He has material to work with that Cobb and Schreck and those boys never had.

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Then, too, they've got another asset today — they have the experience of those old-timers to assist them. They're making plays a little easier because they know how to do it. But they aren't any smarter, no sirree.'

He believes the great difference between baseball today and baseball forty years ago lies in two things. 'First, this improvement in all the equipment used. Second, the change in batting and pitching. In the old days we used to throw in four or five balls a game. Nowadays they use a couple of dozen. The pitcher has been handicapped and the hitter has a great advantage. That's the chief change in baseball to my way of thinking.

'Yes, the most important position on a club was always the pitcher, still is. But, outside the battery, short and second have become vital in recent years. A club that has a double-play combination that can pull them out of hot spots has a big advantage in a close race. By the way, the Cleveland club has a dandy pair, those boys Boudreau and Mack. They can throw, and throw hard and straight, from any position. You watch 'em.'

Since the death of Charles J. Comiskey in Chicago, the Mack family is the last dynasty left in baseball. One son, Roy F., is vice president and secretary of the club, while Earle, another son, is due some day to succeed his father on the bench. Connie could retire right now to his Germantown home if he so desired. But, as one of his former stars put it, 'He'd die if you took him away from Shibe Park.'

Some major-league clubs have had twenty to twenty-five different managers in their existence, and the average number in the forty years of the American League is about fifteen per club. But Philadelphia has had only one man, Connie Mack. Today he's an institution — not merely in the game, where he was one of the five men named as Builders of Baseball in the Baseball Museum in Cooperstown, New York, but in his home town, where he was presented the Bok Award of $10,000 in 1929. The fans talk about the A's, but they turn out to see Connie Mack. In fifteen minutes while I was sitting in the outer office at Shibe Park recently, a dozen telephone calls came reserving seats for the next day's game. The club may be in last place, but Connie is an institution.

Since 1933 he hasn't finished in the first division, but it's unlikely that this worries him much. For he's been in the game a long while and has plenty of patience. He waited from 1902 until 1905 for another pennant winner, then started to climb again until he was victorious in 1910. From 1915 to 1921 he was in eighth place, waiting and building for the future. By 1929 he had his championship club once more. In 1932 he sold them to raise cash, and at the age of seventy started the long slow road to the top for the fourth time in his life. Some day he'll win another pennant.

You'll hear it whispered round that he pays poor salaries. Yet he gave $45,000 for young McCoy of Detroit, who was declared a free agent last winter, and pays Johnson, his outfielder, $18,000. Today he has a team of youngsters, a team with possibilities. Lacking first-class pitching, he has nevertheless the nucleus of a good ball club. 'I think next year we'll make trouble for any of them,' he declares.

You have to know Connie — to know his life, to see him, watch him on the bench, and talk with fans in Shibe Park — to appreciate what a character he is. There he sits before you, erect and straight, arms folded, discoursing in his slow, kindly way about baseball, life, or anything you like. 'Roosevelt?' His face lights up, the wrinkles in his forehead vanish in his smile. 'Say, did you hear him last night? He was wonderful. A wonderful American.' Yes, and so is Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy.

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BACK TO POETRY

BY CONRAD AIKEN

I

HAS poetry become too theory-ridden? Has it fallen too much into the hands of social theorists and demagogues, on the one side, of snobs and pedants and schoolmasters on the other?

It is a curious and interesting and perhaps disturbing fact that for the past decade, during which there has been a revival of excitement about poetry comparable to that of the decade 1912–1922, so much of this excitement has been theoretic and critical, so little of it in any 'good' sense popular, in any 'popular' sense creative. The shadow of theory, of dogma, of debate, has hung over it; and if the poetry has certainly been there, it has been there, all too often, as the building, or the steeple, is there behind the scaffold: one takes the steeple for granted, perhaps, but what one actually sees is the scaffolding. And we may be pardoned, in that situation, if we tend to find the steeple impressive in inverse ratio to the scaffolding's elaborateness. Where there is so *much* supporting theory, so conspicuous and intricate an apparatus for care and repair, so much mere *critical* activity, in short, one not unnaturally begins to suspect there may be something wrong with the poetry.

Critical formulations, or crystallizations, tend to occur, it may be, at the *ends* of creative movements in the arts, rather than at their beginnings: with minor exceptions, they seem seldom to advance with them *pari passu;* and it might be argued that they almost invariably arise, therefore, when creative energies are low. The poem does not come out of the theory: the theory comes out of the poem. And the same *Zeitgeist* which has by degrees silenced or enfeebled the more vital and violent and generous elements in poetry, at a given moment, will afterwards govern, in the shape of dogma, the critical movement which follows. Common sense will probably be the cry — it almost always is. The theorist isn't a poet, or is at best a poet *manqué*, and what he wants, of course, is a poetry without nonsense, a poetry which can be achieved by formula, a poetry which can be guaranteed not to offend. The emphasis will all be on technique, on dexterity, on decorum, on good taste: in fact, on all the negative and more arid virtues; and the resulting poetry will naturally be a poetry made safe for the intelligent but unimaginative. It will be quite nice and dry, and comparatively free from sentimentality; but it will also probably be either dull, or precious, or both.

And we have been witnessing, I think, in the past decade, an attempt of this sort to dragoon poetry out of its freedom, its natural wildness (and let us not forget that it *has* a natural wildness) into a dead level of mere conventional excellence and suitability. These poor young poets of our time — what a wretched novitiate we have given them! For first of all, in the mass of theory with which they were confronted, was the sociological question, the sociological demand.

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What about that social contract, into which they had entered, poor devils, in the mere act of getting themselves born? Would they be willing to take sides? Would they choose the *right* side, and lend their art to it in the shape of propaganda? Had they at all considered the social *function* of the poet, or come to any conclusion as to its precise psychological nature, or necessity? Was the poet, for example, essential, anyway? Or was he in fact already outmoded, a mere social luxury? Had they read Marx, Freud, Pfister, Jung, Rank? . . .

The pressure was great, both in England and in America; it came from all sides; it was unremitting. Textbooks of literary history were suddenly written (to be almost as suddenly out of date) from the viewpoint of class warfare; anthologies of 'proletarian' verse appeared; almost without exception, in the 'left,' and 'little,' and advanced magazines, the social problem was pushed forward, the æsthetic neglected or ignored. Small wonder, then, that these young poets were at first bewildered, and then hypnotized, by a social current so powerful and omnipresent, or that at last, fascinated by the reassuring pluralism of its motion, so many of them dived in. Besides, any motion or movement — according to Hegel — was simply a 'manifestation of the dialectic,' and dialectic was all the rage. All the bright critics, whether social or literary, were talking about it, weren't they? Well, then! — And so they became sociological poets, poets with a New Outlook, a social consciousness, poets with a burden. And good heavens, how they kept reminding us of that precious burden! And how they seemed to say, by the very *tone* of their poetry, that it was indeed a very great deal they were doing for us, a great deal they were giving up!

For observe, almost everywhere in the poetry of this group, from early Auden and Spender and Macneice and Day Lewis down to the least and latest of their American imitators, the weary valedictory and valetudinarian note, the seemingly offhand but careful flatness of the language — the voices are the voices of weary and excessively refined young men, anxious to avoid any overstatement, whether overt or implied; and anxious above all to avoid the 'poetic,' if only because to be poetic was somehow to be bourgeois. Says Mr. Auden: —

> It is later than you think; nearer that day
> Far other than that distant afternoon
> Amid rustle of frocks and stamping of feet
> They gave the prizes to the ruined boys.
> You cannot be away, then, no,
> Not though you pack to leave within an hour,
> Escaping humming down arterial roads.

Or again: —

> Hearing the arrival of his special train,
> Hearing the fireworks, the saluting and the guns,
> Bob and Miss Belmairs spooning in Spain,
> Where is the trained eye? Under the sofa.
> Where is Moxon? Dreaming of nuns.
> Their day is over, they shall decorate the Zoo
> With Professor Jeans and Bishop Barnes at 2*d* a view. . . .

Or again: —

> The chairs are being brought in from the garden,
> The summer talk stopped on that savage coast
> Before the storms, after the guests and birds:
> In sanatoriums they laugh less and less,
> Less certain of cure; and the loud madman
> Sinks now into a more terrible calm.

To which Mr. Macneice adds, as if in refrain: —

> But certainly it was fun while it lasted
> And I got my honours degree
> And was stamped as a person of intelligence and culture
> For ever wherever two or three
> Persons of intelligence and culture
> Are gathered together in talk
> Writing definitions on invisible blackboards
> In non-existent chalk.

And further: —

> The country gentry cannot change, they will die in their shoes
> From angry circumstance and moral self-abuse,
> Dying with a paltry fizzle they will prove their lives to be
> An ever-diluted drug, a spiritual tautology.
> They cannot live once their idols are turned out,
> None of them can endure, for how could they, possibly, without

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The flotsam of private property, pekingese and polyanthus,
The good things which in the end turn to poison and pus. . . .

From the tired elegiac note of these English poets it is only a step to Mr. John Crowe Ransom's

Autumn days in our section
Are the most used-up things on earth. . . .
Having no more color nor predilection
Than cornstalks too wet for the fire.

Or Mr. Robert Penn Warren's

Guns blaze in the autumn, and
The quail falls and
Empires collide with a bang
That shakes the pictures where they hang. . . .
But a good pointer holds the point
And is not gun-shy;
But I
Am gun-shy.

Or Mr. Allen Tate's

Heredity
Proposes love, love exacts language, and we lack Language. When shall we speak again? When shall The sparrow dusting the gutter sing? When shall This drift with silence meet the sun? When shall I wake?

Or his

We are the eyelids of defeated caves.

And once more, in the work of Miss Muriel Rukeyser, we find the same elegiac note exactly: —

As I went down to Rotten Lake I remembered the wrecked season, haunted by plans of salvage, snow, the closed door, footsteps and resurrections, machinery of sorrow.

And the same flat 'social' cataloguing: —

Truckdrivers
swing ungrazed trailers past, the woman in the fog
can never speak her poems of unemployment,
the brakeman slows the last freight round the curve.
And riveters in their hardshell fling short fiery
steel, and the servant groans in his narrow room,
and the girl limps away from the door of the shady doctor.

The unanimity of theme and tone, in fact, is astonishing; and the instances could easily be multiplied. Anything to avoid the poetic, anything to avoid the bourgeois! For these are really, one would almost say, *frightened* young people: they have been frozen by fear into a kind of chattering abnegation of self, an abject abrogation of the rights of the individual. So fearful indeed have they become — it is hardly an exaggeration to say — of this shadow of social pressure, whether it take the form of war, revolution, change, order, or disorder, that they seem no longer to have either the will or the courage to look into themselves, calmly and steadily, in order that they may know and *separate* themselves; nor, conversely, have they the ability to see that social shadow any more clearly. Instead, alarmed, and as if electrolyzed by the powerful magnetic pluralisms that everywhere surround them, they appear only too hurriedly willing to give up, to give in, even to surrendering, in the interests of class and fashion, that passionate sense of identity which has always been the most preciously guarded possession of the poet — indeed, his birthright. For these poets no longer, alas, seem to have an 'I' — that would be presuming too much. Instead, they have only, and with properly becoming modesty, the anonymously social and multicellular 'we.' It is no longer 'I, the person, did this, saw this, felt this, knew this'; it is now 'we the people.' . . . Yeats alone, among contemporary poets, dared to retain the first-personal pronoun; alone continued to give it dignity and significance.

II

And of course, one must say at once, such an attitude is tantamount to poetic suicide. For surely the basis of *all* poetic activity, its *sine qua non*, its very essence, lies in the individual's ability, and need, to isolate for feeling and contemplation the relation 'I: World.' That, in fact, is the begin-all-end-all business of the poet's life. It is the most private and precious, as it is also the most primitive, of adventures, the adventure which underlies all others: for until he

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knows himself, and his twinned worlds, the inner and outer, how can he possibly know the worlds, inner or outer, of another? No: uncorrupted by temporal or social or fashionable or ephemeral distractions and disguises, he must first of all keep steady and intense and pure the essentially *lyric* nature of his relation to his own world and moment. It is unquestionably, but inevitably and rightly, the extreme of individualism; but it is the individualism from which ultimately all other human values are derived. Nor is there anything forced or self-conscious about it, or deliberate. The great poets are *naturally* shameless fellows. They go, without ostentation, even without awareness of it as anything in the least unusual, beyond, above, and below, moral or social fashions, and are quite *simply* indifferent to them. They see the world perpetually as both old and new at once: in its complexity they never forget its simplicity; they celebrate its universals, and are therefore dateless; and precisely because they are themselves the most private and individualist of people, by articulating this extreme privacy of awareness they become themselves universals. The proper logical sequence is not 'we, the people' — that is to invoke at once what Henry Adams called the 'degradation of the democratic dogma': it is, on the contrary, and dynamically, '*I*, the people.'

And it is this virtue, this all-nourishing taproot integrity, which the sociological poets, like all fashion-following poets, have blindly thrown away. Their positions are honest enough; and their statements are honest; but unfortunately neither position nor statement is *poetically* honest — they have compromised where compromise is both unforgivable and fatal, namely with poetry itself. The poet *cannot* write, of set purpose, for a group or movement: he can only write for himself, and for that possible group in the future of which he is himself perhaps the prototype. Otherwise, he finds himself, willy-nilly, confined to the writing of what is rightly called a 'poetry of exclusion.' Certain subjects will be taboo, certain others will be considered his proper material. In the case of the sociological poet, this will involve a rigid and sterile sentimentality about the 'common' man as against the bourgeois or privileged, with a natural selection of the appropriate or correct properties — which are usually in practice both dull and false. At all costs, he must avoid (I quote Mr. Geoffrey Grigson, editor of *New Verse*) 'that poetic inflation, which follows when a poet mistakes the product of the conflicts in himself for the gift, inspired in him, mysteriously, by some outside agent.' Was there ever so complete a psychological misunderstanding? Notice especially the emphasis on the 'outside agent': for these poets, nothing must come from inside — the subjective must be run from like the very devil; and the poor ego, with its conflicts — that actual *fons et origo* of *everything*, absolutely everything — is set up as a sort of anathema or antichrist. No, the poet must be driven 'outward on to natural facts and forms'; he must be encouraged to 'observe well' and to be a 'good reporter'; and above all, room must be left for the 'reason' and the 'intellectual faculties.' . . .

Obviously this insistence on the objective method, with the Augustan virtues of reason and common sense, and 'room for the intellectual faculties,' would have pleased Dryden, as it would also have pleased Johnson. Obviously, too, the result, like the theory, is essentially antipoetic — for everywhere in this poetry the emphasis is on manipulatory dexterity, on ingenuity, on cerebral trick and clever word-play, on a *dry* manner, in short, which prefers the safer ambush of irony and satire to the more dangerous 'open' warfare which is involved when the poet faces the world more directly, more instinctively, more emotionally. And perhaps not surprisingly, therefore, the word 'poetic' has become, for these poets and critics, quite frankly a term of

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opprobrium. That a poem should be simple, sensuous, and passionate — *passionate*, above all things! — is for them not merely inconceivable, it is disgusting. To betray feelings in a poem, to run the risk of being charged with sentimentality — oh no, anything but that. And so a little cynicism must be injected; or a little irony, like so much precautionary iodine; and if the taste is bitter, that won't matter, for at all events we shall have avoided vulgarity.

However, to be quite fair, it is not the sociological poets alone who are to blame for this curious and regrettable reversal: the pedant-poets, the poet-critics — and there has been, significantly, an extraordinary number of these in the past decade — are just as much at fault. These earnest theoreticians of poetry — these scholiasts — subtle eyebrow-combers of style, calligraphic text-combers — have worked just as zealously to bring about a 'poetry of exclusion'; and if not for the same reasons, at any rate in pretty much the same direction. These are the intellectuals, the æsthetes, for whom a poem 'should not *mean*, but *be*.' The poem, it would seem, must be conceived of as a detached æsthetic object, hung in the void, which has been shaped quite without feeling, exists by itself, and makes no statement: no statement, that is, but an æsthetic one. But just how it is supposed to work, this epistemological miracle, this process of poetic 'being' without 'meaning,' and just how it is that the most supremely articulate statement of which man is capable (and that is what poetry is) can *exist* without meaning, are nowhere made clear. If poetry were a pure nonsense, or gibberish, that would be a different matter. But it is *not* a pure nonsense — though nonsense plays a valuable part in it, as Cammaerts and others have shown; it is, on the contrary, a supremely articulate statement; it is, in fact, and in essence, man's language; and therefore one is driven inescapably to the conclusion that a poem cannot possibly be considered as a mere detached æsthetic object, but must, instead, be considered functionally and vitally as a psychological and æsthetic *correlative*. In the last analysis, it is nothing whatever but an objectification (by articulation) of feelings and beliefs. Its *only* being is in its meaning. And meaning, we may therefore say (by which we intend *total* meaning, with all the affective colorations and distortions), is its function. . . . Exactly, of course, as it is the function of language.

III

But if this is so; and if we can say, despite all these contemporary snobbisms, that the more meaning (affective as well as conceptual) poetry has, the healthier it will be; and if we can go still further and say that the greatest poetry has always been that which, whether formally perfect or not, has been deepest and widest, and most prodigal, *in understanding:* then it must follow that our present poetry is badly in need of liberation. What a juiceless and joyless and loveless thing it has become — poetry, too, the most generous and lovely of the arts of mankind! How labored in its careful flatnesses, its dry avoidances, its tuneless euphemisms, its frigid and gingerly decorums! How false and affected even in its occasional violences! Good heavens, what are we thinking of — are we going to let the critics bully us into this, into leaving the world out of our poetry, in exchange for a mere guarantee of good breeding, an assurance of good taste? And who are these arbiters of taste, anyway, and who gave them their yardsticks? Shall we listen to Mr. Cleanth Brooks, for example, when he tells us, in *Modern Poetry and the Tradition*, that the only poetry which achieves what Arnold called 'high seriousness' is the poetry of wit? Or when he tries to persuade us that in urging a deliberate return to the seventeenth-century 'metaphysical' style Messrs. Tate, Ransom,

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and others, have brought about the third, and greatest, critical revolution in the history of English poetry? That is a schoolmaster's vision, with a vengeance; and alas, it is all too typical of the ungenerous, because emotionally undernourished, theorizing of our school of scholiasts. And what it really represents — let us be bold enough to say it — is that sort of decay in taste which accompanies a decline in poetic energies, and which then organizes itself in defense, quite naturally, of the lesser and more arid virtues of poetry: the jejune precisions of artifice and formalism, the snug enclosures of wit and irony, the antiseptic caustics of satire. Let them call it by whatever names they like, or disguise it as they will, it will bring about again, as it has brought about before, a withering of the poet's function; if only because the very concept of that function is so belittling.

The truth is that a wholehearted romantic revival is much overdue; and it is the poets who must themselves bring it to pass. They must throw the critics and schoolmasters out of the window, neck and crop, and the sociologists as well; and then themselves reëstablish poetry where it belongs — not in the margins of a textbook, but as coterminous with our awareness of the world. It is in the nature of English poetry to be romantic, — it has never at its best been anything else, — so let us again have it romantic. That need not prevent it from thinking — it never has. But for goodness' sake let us have back as well a few blistering sunrises and peculiar sunsets, a few fierce loves and melodramatic despairs — our private loves and terrors, like the grass blade, the sun, and the unexploded atom, will still be in fashion when the social cleavages and surfaces of our day, with all their ephemeral lumber, will have been forgotten. Let us be reckless, lavish, generous, afraid of no extremes and no simplicities — surely it is better to be fervidly baroque, a Swinburne, for example, than to be a snob: the cult of carefulness has gone far enough. Is not poetry an affirmation, even when it is fullest of despair, or apparently most nihilistic — and then most of all when it is tragic? We need more of that taproot sort of affirmation, a blood-filled affirmation deeply rooted in the world — we need it now more than ever. Let the poet therefore first of all *rediscover himself*. If he will do this, the rest will follow. Already there are signs of what may be to come, in the brilliantly imaginative poems of Mr. Dylan Thomas, a young Englishman with a genius for word-magic, a genuine and outrageous gift-of-the-gab, and in the richly framed psychological delvings and shapings of a young American, Mr. Delmore Schwartz. Mr. Thomas is violent and vivid, as a poet should be; he is a chameleon for colors, a word-spout, full of mad nonsense and humors, prodigal of *af*fects (*sic*) — if his meanings too often escape us, nevertheless he can be read with joy for the shape and shine alone. Here he is, from his new book, *The World I Breathe:* —

I make a weapon of an ass's skeleton
And walk the warring sands by the dead town,
Cudgel great air, wreck east, and topple sundown,
Storm her sped heart, hang with beheaded veins
In wringing shell, and let her eyelids fasten.
Destruction, picked by birds, brays through the jawbone,
And for that murder's sake, dark with contagion
Like an approaching wave I sprawl to ruin.

And again: —

The tombstone told when she died.
Her two surnames stopped me still.
A virgin married at rest.
She married in this pouring place,
That I struck one day by luck,
Before I heard in my mother's side
Or saw in the looking-glass shell
The rain through her cold heart speak
And the sun killed in her face.
More the thick stone cannot tell.

And again: —

The hand that signed the paper felled a city;
Five sovereign fingers taxed the breath,
Doubled the globe of dead and halved a country;
These five kings did a king to death.

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The mighty hand leads to a sloping shoulder,
The finger joints are cramped with chalk;
A goose's quill has put an end to murder
That put an end to talk.

Mr. Schwartz is not so easy to quote from — he prefers to work in long form, he is a careful and accurate psychologist, and makes perhaps fewer concessions to the more obviously sensuous graces of poetry than he need; but for subtlety, richness, and brilliance his 'Coriolanus' (*In Dreams Begin Responsibilities*) is the most exciting long poem in more than a decade. One must go back to *The Waste Land*, or Wallace Stevens's 'The Comedian as the Letter C,' for anything comparable to it either in scope or in virtuosity. These two poets are a promise, as much as a fulfillment — they take us back to poetry again, and that is something to be grateful for. But we need more than this, and we need it of every sort — if necessary we must break down the categories and invent new ones. In short, what we want to see is the poet once more standing, as he did in the Elizabethan age, naturally and vigorously at the centre of the world.

HOOK

BY WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK

I

Hook, the hawks' child, was hatched in a dry spring among the oaks beside the seasonal river, and was struck from the nest early. In the drouth his single-willed parents had to extend their hunting ground by more than twice, for the ground creatures upon which they fed died and dried by the hundreds. The range became too great for them to wish to return and feed Hook, and when they had lost interest in each other they drove Hook down into the sand and brush and went back to solitary courses over the bleaching hills.

Unable to fly yet, Hook crept over the ground, challenging all large movements with recoiled head, erected rudimentary wings, and the small rasp of his clattering beak. It was during this time of abysmal ignorance and continual fear that his eyes took on the first quality of hawk, that of being wide, alert, and challenging. He dwelt, because of his helplessness, among the rattling brush which grew between the oaks and the river. Even in his thickets, and near the water, the white sun was the dominant presence. Except in the dawn, when the land wind stirred, or in the late afternoon, when the sea wind became strong enough to penetrate the half-mile inland to this turn in the river, the sun was the major force, and everything was dry and motionless under it. The brush, small plants and trees alike, husbanded the little moisture at their hearts; the moving creatures waited for dark, when sometimes the sea fog came over and made a fine, soundless rain which relieved them.

The two spacious sounds of his life environed Hook at this time. One was the great rustle of the slopes of yellowed wild wheat, with over it the chattering rustle of the leaves of the California oaks, already as harsh and individually tremulous as in autumn. The other was the distant whisper of the foaming edge of the Pacific, punctuated by the hollow

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shoring of the waves. But these Hook did not yet hear, for he was attuned by fear and hunger to the small, spasmodic rustlings of live things. Dry, shrunken, and nearly starved, and with his plumage delayed, he snatched at beetles, dragging in the sand to catch them. When swifter and stronger birds and animals did not reach them first, which was seldom, he ate the small silver fish left in the mud by the failing river. He watched, with nearly chattering beak, the quick, thin lizards pause, very alert, and raise and lower themselves, but could not catch them because he had to raise his wings to move rapidly, which startled them.

Only one sight and sound not of his world of microscopic necessity was forced upon Hook. That was the flight of the big gulls from the beaches, which sometimes, in quealing play, came spinning back over the foothills and the river bed. For some inherited reason the big, ship-bodied birds did not frighten Hook, but angered him. Small and chewed-looking, with his wide, already yellowing eyes glaring up at them, he would stand in an open place on the sand in the sun and spread his shaping wings and clatter like shaken dice. Hook was furious about the swift, easy passage of gulls.

His first opportunity to leave off living like a ground owl came accidentally. He was standing in the late afternoon in the red light under the thicket, his eyes half-filmed with drowse and the stupefaction of starvation, when suddenly something beside him moved, and he struck, and killed a field mouse driven out of the wheat by thirst. It was a poor mouse, shriveled and lice-ridden, but in striking Hook had tasted blood, which raised nest memories and restored his nature. With started neck plumage and shining eyes he tore and fed. When the mouse was devoured Hook had entered hoarse adolescence. He began to seek with a conscious appetite, and to move more readily out of shelter. Impelled by the blood appetite, so glorious after his long preservation upon the flaky and bitter stuff of bugs, he ventured even into the wheat in the open sun beyond the oaks, and discovered the small trails and holes among the roots. With his belly often partially filled with flesh he grew rapidly in strength and will. His eyes were taking on their final change, their yellow growing deeper and more opaque, their stare more constant, their challenge less desperate. Once during this transformation he surprised a ground squirrel, and although he was ripped and wing-bitten and could not hold his prey, he was not dismayed by the conflict, but exalted. Even while the wing was still drooping and the pinions not grown back, he was excited by other ground squirrels and pursued them futilely, and was angered by their dusty escape. He realized that his world was a great arena for killing, and felt the magnificence of it.

The two major events of Hook's young life occurred in the same day. A little after dawn he made the customary essay and succeeded in flight. A little before sunset he made his first sustained flight of over two hundred yards, and at its termination struck and slew a great buck squirrel, whose thrashing and terrified gnawing and squealing gave him a wild delight. When he had gorged on the strong meat, Hook stood upright, and in his eyes was the stare of the hawk, never flagging in intensity but never swelling beyond containment. After that the stare had only to grow more deeply challenging and more sternly controlled as his range and deadliness increased. There was no change in kind. Hook had mastered the first of the three hungers which are fused into the single flaming will of a hawk, and he had experienced the second.

The third and consummating hunger did not awaken in Hook until the following spring, when the exultation of space had grown slow and steady in him, so that he swept freely with the wind over the miles of the coastal foothills, circling and ever in sight of the sea, and used

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without struggle the warm currents lifting from the slopes, and no longer desired to scream at the range of his vision, but intently sailed above his shadow swiftly climbing to meet him on the hillsides, sinking away and rippling across the brush-grown canyons.

That spring the rains were long, and Hook sat for hours, hunched and angry under their pelting, glaring into the fogs of the river valley, and killed only small, drenched things flooded up from their tunnels. But when the rains had dissipated, and there were sun and sea wind again, the game ran plentiful, the hills were thick and shining green, and the new river flooded about the boulders where battered turtles climbed up to shrink and sleep. Hook then was scorched by the third hunger. Ranging farther, often forgetting to kill and eat, he sailed for days with growing rage, and woke at night clattering on his dead tree limb, and struck and struck and struck at the porous wood of the trunk, tearing it away. After days, in the draft of a coastal canyon miles below his own hills, he came upon the acrid taint he did not know but had expected, and, sailing down it, felt his neck plumes rise and his wings quiver so that he swerved unsteadily. He saw the unmated female perched upon the tall and jagged stump of a tree that had been shorn by storm, and, as if upon game, he stooped. But she was older than he, and wary of the gripe of his importunity, and banked off screaming, and he screamed also at the intolerable delay.

At the head of the canyon the screaming pursuit was crossed by another male with a great wingspread and the light golden in the fringe of his plumage. But his more skillful opening played him false against the ferocity of the twice-balked Hook. His rising manœuvre for position was cut short by Hook's wild upward stoop, and at the blow he raked wildly and tumbled off to the side. Dropping, Hook struck him again, struggled to clutch, but only raked and could not hold, and, diving, struck once more in passage, and then beat up, yelling triumph, and saw the crippled antagonist sideslip away, half-tumble once as the ripped wing failed to balance, then steady and glide obliquely into the cover of brush on the canyon side. Beating hard and stationary in the wind above the bush that covered his competitor, Hook waited an instant, but, when the bush was still, screamed again, and let himself go off with the current, reseeking, infuriated by the burn of his own wounds, the thin choke-thread of the acrid taint.

On a hilltop projection of stone two miles inland, he struck her down, gripping her rustling body with his talons, beating her wings down with his wings, belting her head when she whimpered or thrashed, and at last clutching her neck with his hook, and, when her coy struggles had given way to stillness, succeeded.

In the early summer Hook drove the three young ones from their nest, and went back to lone circling above his own range. He was complete.

II

Throughout that summer and the cool, growthless weather of the winter when the gales blew in the river canyon and the ocean piled upon the shore, Hook was master of the sky and the hills of his range. His flight became a lovely and certain thing, so that he played with the treacherous currents of the air with a delicate ease surpassing that of the gulls. He could sail for hours searching the blanched grasses below him with telescopic eyes, gaining height against the wind, descending in mile-long, gently declining swoops when he curved and rode back, and never beating either wing. At the swift passage of his shadow within their vision gophers, ground squirrels, and rabbits froze, or plunged gibbering into their tunnels beneath matted turf. Now,

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when he struck, he killed easily in one hard-knuckled blow. Occasionally, in sport, he soared up over the river and drove the heavy and weaponless gulls downstream again, until they would no longer venture inland.

There was nothing which Hook feared now, and his spirit was wholly belligerent, swift, and sharp, like his gaze. Only the mixed smells and incomprehensible activities of the people at the Japanese farmer's home, inland of the coastwise highway and south of the bridge across Hook's river, troubled him. The smells were strong, unsatisfactory, and never clear, and the people, though they behaved foolishly, constantly running in and out of their built-up holes, were large, and appeared capable, with fearless eyes looking up at him, so that he instinctively swerved aside from them. He cruised over their yard, their gardens, and their bean fields, but he would not alight close to their buildings.

But this one area of doubt did not interfere with his life. He ignored it, save to look upon it curiously as he crossed, his afternoon shadow sliding in an instant over the chicken and crate-cluttered yard, up the side of the unpainted barn, and then out again smoothly, just faintly, liquidly rippling over the furrows and then the stubble of the grazing slopes. When the season was dry, and the dead earth blew on the fields, he extended his range to satisfy his great hunger, and again narrowed it when the fields were once more alive with the minute movements he could not only see but anticipate.

Four times in that year he was challenged by other hawks blowing up from behind the coastal hills to scud down his slopes, but two of these he slew in mid-air, and saw hurtle down to thump on the ground and lie still while he circled; and a third, whose wing he tore, he followed closely to earth and beat to death in the grass, making the crimson jet out from its breast and neck into the pale wheat. The fourth was a strong flier and experienced fighter, and theirs was a long, running battle, with brief, rising flurries of striking and screaming, from which down and plumage soared off.

Here, for the first time, Hook felt doubts, and at moments wanted to drop away from the scoring, burning talons and the twisted hammer strokes of the strong beak, drop away shrieking and take cover and be still. In the end, when Hook, having outmanœuvred his enemy and come above him, wholly in control and going with the wind, tilted and plunged for the death rap, the other, in desperation, threw over on his back and struck up. Talons locked, beaks raking, they dived earthward. The earth grew and spread under them amazingly, and they were not fifty feet above it when Hook, feeling himself turning towards the underside, tore free and beat up again on heavy, wrenched wings. The other, stroking swiftly, and so close to down that he lost wing plumes to a bush, righted himself and planed up, but flew on lumberingly between the hills and did not return. Hook screamed the triumph, and made a brief pretense of pursuit, but was glad to return, slow and victorious, to his dead tree.

In all of these encounters Hook was injured, but experienced only the fighter's pride and exultation from the sting of wounds received in successful combat. And in each of them he learned new skill. Each time the wounds healed quickly, and left him a more dangerous bird.

In the next spring, when the rains and the night chants of the little frogs were past, the third hunger returned upon Hook with a new violence. In this quest he came into the taint of a young hen. Others too were drawn by the unnerving perfume, but only one of them, the same with which Hook had fought his great battle, was a fit competitor. This hunter drove off two, while two others, game but neophytes, were glad enough that Hook's impatience would not permit him to follow and kill.

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Then the battle between the two champions fled inland and was a tactical marvel, but Hook lodged the neck-breaking blow, and struck again as they dropped past the treetops. The blood had already begun to pool on the gray, fallen foliage as Hook flapped up between branches, too spent to cry victory. Yet his hunger would not let him rest until, late in the second day, he drove the female to ground among the laurels of a strange river canyon.

When the two fledglings of this second brood had been driven from the nest, and Hook had returned to his own range, he was not only complete but supreme. He slept without concealment on his bare limb, and did not open his eyes when, in the night, the heavy-billed cranes coughed in the shallows below him.

III

The turning point of Hook's career came that autumn, when the brush in the canyons rustled dryly, and the hills, mowed close by the cattle, smoked under the wind as if burning. One midafternoon, when the black clouds were torn on the rim of the sea and the surf flowered white and high on the rocks, raining in over the low cliffs, Hook rode the wind diagonally across the river mouth. His great eyes, focused for small things stirring in the dust and leaves, overlooked so large and slow a movement as that of the Japanese farmer rising from the brush and lifting the two black eyes of his shotgun. Too late Hook saw, and, startled, swerved, but wrongly. The surf muffled the reports, and nearly without sound Hook felt the minute whips of the first shot, and the astounding, breath-breaking blow of the second.

Beating his good wing, tasting the blood that quickly swelled into his beak, he tumbled off with the wind and struck into the thickets on the far side of the river mouth. The branches tore him. Wild with rage, he thrust up, clattered his beak, challenging, but, when he had twice fallen over, knew that the trailing wing would not carry, and then heard the boots of the hunter among the stones in the river bed, and, seeing him loom at the edge of the bushes, crept back amid the thickest brush, and was still. When he saw the boots stand before him, he reared back, lifting his good wing and cocking his head for the serpent-like blow, his beak open but soundless, his great eyes hard and very shining. The boots passed on. The Japanese farmer, who believed that he had lost chickens, and who had cunningly observed Hook's flight for many afternoons until he could plot it, did not greatly want a dead hawk.

When Hook could hear nothing but the surf and the wind in the thicket, he let the sickness and shock overcome him. The fine film of the inner lid dropped over his big eyes. His heart beat frantically, so that it made the plumage of his shot-aching breast throb. His own blood throttled his breathing. But these things were nothing compared to the lightning of pain in his left shoulder where the shot had bunched, shattering the airy bones so the pinions trailed on the ground and could not be lifted. Yet when a sparrow lit in the bush over him, Hook's eyes flew open again, hard and challenging, his good wing was lifted and his beak strained open. The startled sparrow darted piping out over the river.

Throughout that night, while the long clouds blew across the stars and the wind shook the bushes about him, and throughout the next day, while the clouds still blew and massed until there was no gleam of sunlight on the sand bar, Hook remained stationary, enduring his sickness. In the second evening the rains began. First there was a long, running patter of drops upon the beach and over the dry trees and bushes. At dusk there came a heavier squall, which did not die entirely, but slacked off to a continual, spaced splashing of big drops, and then returned with the front of the storm. In long, misty curtains, gust by gust, the

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rain swept over the sea, beating down its heaving, and coursed up the beach. The little jets of dust ceased to rise about the drops in the fields, and the mud began to gleam. Among the boulders of the river bed darkling pools grew slowly.

Still Hook stood behind his tree from the wind, only gentle drops reaching him, falling from the upper branches and then again from the brush. His eyes remained closed, and he could still taste his own blood in his mouth, though it had ceased to come up freshly. Out beyond him, he heard the storm changing. As rain conquered the sea the heave of the surf became a hushed sound, often lost in the crying of the wind. Then gradually, as the night turned towards morning, the wind also was broken by the rain. The crying became fainter, the rain settled towards steadiness, and the cave and creep of the waves could be heard again, quiet and regular upon the beach.

At dawn there was no wind, and no sun, but everywhere the roaring of the vertical, relentless rain. Hook then crept among the rapid drippings of the bushes, dragging his torn sail, seeking better shelter. He stopped often, and stood with the shutters of film drawn over his eyes. At midmorning he found a little cave under a ledge at the base of the sea cliff. Here, lost without branches and leaves about him, he settled to await improvement.

When, at midday of the third day, the rain stopped altogether and the sky opened before a small, fresh wind, letting light through to glitter upon a tremulous sea, Hook was so weak that his good wing also trailed to prop him upright, and his open eyes were lustreless. But his wounds were hardened and he felt the return of hunger. Beyond his shelter he heard the gulls flying in great numbers and crying their joy at the cleared air. He could even hear, from the fringe of the river, the ecstatic and unstinted bubblings and chirpings of the small birds. The grassland, he felt, would be full of the stirring anew of the close-bound life, the undrowned insects clicking as they dried out, the snakes slithering down, heads half erect, into the grasses where the mice, gophers, and ground squirrels ran and stopped and chewed and licked themselves smoother and drier.

With the aid of this hunger, and on the crutches of his wings, Hook came down to stand in the sun beside his cave, whence he could watch the beach. Before him, in ellipses on tilting planes, the gulls flew. The surf was rearing again and beginning to shelve and hiss on the sand. Through the white foam-writing it left, the long-billed pipers twinkled in bevies, escaping each wave, then racing down after it to plunge their fine drills into the minute double holes where the sand crabs bubbled. In the third row of breakers two seals lifted sleek, streaming heads and barked, and over them, trailing his spider legs, a great crane flew south. Among the stones at the foot of the cliff, small red and green crabs made a little, continuous rattling and knocking. The cliff swallows glittered and twanged on aerial forays.

The afternoon began auspiciously for Hook also. One of the two gulls which came squabbling above him dropped a freshly caught fish to the sand. Quickly Hook was upon it; gripping it, he raised his good wing and cocked his head with open beak at the many gulls which had circled and come down at once towards the fall of the fish. The gulls sheered off, cursing raucously. Left alone on the sand, Hook devoured the fish, and, after resting in the sun, withdrew again to his shelter.

IV

In the succeeding days, between rains, he foraged on the beach. He learned to kill and crack the small, green crabs. Along the edge of the river mouth, he found the drowned bodies of mice and squirrels and even sparrows. Twice he managed to drive feeding gulls from their catch, charging upon them with buffeting wing and clattering beak.

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He grew stronger slowly, but the shot sail continued to drag. Often, at the choking thought of soaring and striking and the good, hot-blood kill, he strove to take off, but only the one wing came up, winnowing with a hiss, and drove him over on to his side in the sand. After these futile trials he would rage and clatter. But gradually he learned to believe that he could not fly, that his life must now be that of the discharged nestling again. Denied the joy of space, without which the joy of loneliness was lost, the joy of battle and killing, the blood lust, became his whole concentration. It was his hope, as he charged feeding gulls, that they would turn and offer battle, but they never did. The sandpipers at his approach fled peeping, or, like a quiver of arrows shot together, streamed out over the surf in a long curve. Once, pent beyond bearing, he disgraced himself by shrieking challenge at the businesslike heron which flew south every evening at the same time. The heron did not even turn his head, but flapped and glided on.

Hook's shame and anger became such that he stood awake at night. Hunger kept him awake also, for these little leavings of the gulls could not sustain his great body in its renewed violence. He became aware that the gulls slept at night in flocks on the sand, each with one leg tucked under him. He discovered also that the curlews and the pipers, often mingling, likewise slept, on the higher remnant of the bar. A sensation of evil delight filled him in the consideration of protracted striking among them.

There was only half of a sick moon in a sky of running but far-separated clouds on the night when he managed to stalk into the centre of the sleeping gulls. This was light enough, but so great was his vengeful pleasure that there broke from him a shrill scream of challenge as he first struck. Without the power of flight behind it, the blow was not murderous, and this newly discovered impotence made Hook crazy, so that he screamed again and again as he struck and tore at the felled gull. He slew the one, but was twice knocked over by its heavy flounderings, and all the others rose above him, weaving and screaming, protesting in the thin moonlight. Wakened by their clamor, the wading birds also took wing, startled and plaintive. When the beach was quiet again, the flocks had settled elsewhere, beyond his pitiful range, and he was left alone beside the single kill. It was a disappointing victory. He fed with lowering spirit.

Thereafter he stalked silently. At sunset he would watch where the gulls settled along the miles of beach, and after dark he would come like a sharp shadow among them, and drive with his hook on all sides of him, till the beatings of a poorly struck victim sent the flock up. Then he would turn vindictively upon the fallen and finish them. In his best night he killed five from one flock. But he ate only a little from one, for the vigor resulting from occasional repletion strengthened only his ire, which became so great at such a time that food revolted him. It was not the joyous, swift, controlled hunting anger of a sane hawk, but something quite different, which made him dizzy if it continued too long, and left him unsatisfied with any kill.

Then one day, when he had very nearly struck a gull while driving it from a gasping yellowfin, the gull's wing rapped against him as it broke for its running start, and, the trailing wing failing to support him, he was knocked over. He flurried awkwardly in the sand to regain his feet, but his mastery of the beach was ended. Seeing him, in clear sunlight, struggling after the chance blow, the gulls returned about him in a flashing cloud, circling and pecking on the wing. Hook's plumage showed quick little jets of irregularity here and there. He reared back, clattering and erecting the good wing, spreading the great, rusty tail for balance. His eyes shone with a little of the old pleasure. But it died, for he could reach none of them. He was

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forced to turn and dance awkwardly on the sand, trying to clash bills with each tormentor. They banked up quealing and returned, weaving about him in concentric and overlapping circles. His scream was lost in their clamor, and he appeared merely to be hopping clumsily with his mouth open. Again he fell sidewards. Before he could right himself he was bowled over, and a second time, and lay on his side, twisting his neck to reach them and clappering in blind fury, and was struck three times by three successive gulls, shrieking their flock triumph.

Finally he managed to roll to his breast, and to crouch with his good wing spread wide and the other stretched nearly as far, so that he extended like a gigantic moth, only his snake head, with its now silent scimitar, erect. One great eye blazed under its level brow, but where the other had been was a shallow hole from which thin blood trickled to his russet gap.

In this crouch, by short stages, stopping to turn and drive the gulls up repeatedly, Hook dragged into the river canyon and under the stiff cover of the bitter-leafed laurel. There the gulls left him, soaring up with great clatter of their valor. Till nearly sunset Hook, broken-spirited and enduring his hardening eye socket, heard them celebrating over the waves.

When his will was somewhat replenished, and his empty eye socket had stopped the twitching and vague aching which had forced him often to roll ignominiously to rub it in the dust, Hook ventured from the protective lacings of his thicket. He knew fear again, and the challenge of his remaining eye was once more strident, as in adolescence. He dared not return to the beaches, and with a new, weak hunger, the home hunger, enticing him, made his way by short hunting journeys back to the wild wheat slopes and the crisp oaks. There was in Hook an unwonted sensation now, that of the ever-neighboring possibility of death. This sensation was beginning, after his period as a mad bird on the beach, to solidify him into his last stage of life. When, during his slow homeward passage, the gulls wafted inland over him, watching the earth with curious, miserish eyes, he did not cower, but neither did he challenge, either by opened beak or by raised shoulder. He merely watched carefully, learning his first lesson in observing the world with one eye.

At first the familiar surroundings of the bend in the river and the tree with the dead limb to which he could not ascend aggravated his humiliation, but in time, forced to live cunningly and half-starved, he lost much of his savage pride. At the first flight of a strange hawk over his realm he was wild at his helplessness, and kept twisting his head like an owl, or spinning in the grass like a small and feathered dervish, to keep the hateful beauty of the wind rider in sight. But in the succeeding weeks, as one after another coasted his beat, his resentment declined, and when one of the raiders, a haughty yearling, sighted his up-staring eye and plunged and struck him dreadfully, and only failed to kill him because he dragged under a thicket in time, the second of his great hungers was gone. He had no longer the true lust to kill, no joy of battle, but only the poor desire to fill his belly.

Then truly he lived in the wheat and the brush like a ground owl, ridden with ground lice, dusty or muddy, ever half-starved, forced to sit hours by small holes for petty and unsatisfying kills. Only once during the final months before his end did he make a kill where the breath of danger recalled his valor, and then the danger was such as a hawk with wings and eyes would scorn. Waiting beside a gopher hole, surrounded by the high yellow grass, he saw the head emerge and struck, and was amazed that there writhed in his clutch the neck and dusty coffin-skull of a rattlesnake. Holding his grip, Hook saw the great thick body slither up after, the tip an erect,

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strident blur, and writhe on the dirt of the gopher's mound. The weight of the snake pushed Hook about, and once threw him down, and the rising and falling whine of the rattles made the moment terrible, but the vaulted mouth, gaping from the closeness of Hook's gripe, so that the pale, envenomed sabres stood out free, could not reach him. When Hook replaced the grip of his beak with the grip of his talons, and was free to strike again and again at the base of the head, the struggle was over. Hook tore and fed on the fine, watery flesh and left the tattered armor and the long, jointed bone for the marching ants.

When the heavy rains returned he ate well during the period of the first escapes from flooded burrows, and then well enough, in a vulture's way, on the drowned creatures. But as the rains lingered, and the burrows hung full of water, and there were no insects in the grass and no small birds sleeping in the thickets, he was constantly hungry, and finally unbearably hungry. His sodden and ground-broken plumage stood out raggedly about him, so that he looked fat, even bloated, but underneath it his skin clung to his bones. Save for his great talons and clappers, and the rain in his down, he would have been like a handful of air. He often stood for a long time under some bush or ledge, heedless of the drip, his one eye filmed over, his mind neither asleep nor awake, but between. The gurgle and swirl of the brimming river, and the sound of chunks of the bank cut away to splash and dissolve in the already muddy flood, became familiar to him, and yet a torment, as if that great, ceaselessly working power of water ridiculed his frailty, within which only the faintest spark of valor still glimmered. The last two nights before the rain ended he huddled under the floor of the bridge on the coastal highway and heard the palpitant thunder of motors swell and roar over him. The trucks shook the bridge so that Hook, even in his famished lassitude, would sometimes open his one great eye wide and startled.

V

After the rains, when things became full again, bursting with growth and sound, the trees swelling, the thickets full of song and chatter, the fields, turning green in the sun, alive with rustling passages, and the moonlit nights strained with the song of the peepers all up and down the river and in pools in the fields, Hook had to bear the return of the one hunger left him. At times this made him so wild that he forgot himself and screamed challenge from the open ground. The fretfulness of it spoiled his hunting, which was now entirely a matter of patience. Once he was in despair, and lashed himself through the grass and thickets trying to rise, when that virgin scent drifted for a few moments above the current of his own river. Then, breathless, his beak agape, he saw the strong suitor ride swiftly down on the wind over him, and heard afar the screaming fuss of the harsh wooing in the alders. For that moment even the battle heart beat in him again. The rim of his good eye was scarlet, and a little bead of new blood stood in the socket of the other. With beak and talon he ripped at a fallen log, made loam and leaves fly from about it.

But the season of love passed over to the nesting season, and Hook's love hunger, unused, shriveled in him with the others, and there remained in him only one stern quality befitting a hawk, and that the negative one, the remnant, the will to endure. He resumed his patient, plotted hunting, now along a field on the land of the Japanese farmer, but ever within reach of the river thickets.

Growing tough and dry again as the summer advanced, inured to the family of the farmer, whom he saw daily stooping and scraping with sticks in the ugly, open rows of their fields, where no lovely

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grass rustled and no life stirred save the shameless gulls which walked at the heels of the workers, gobbling the worms and grubs they turned up, Hook became nearly content with his shard of life. The only longing or resentment to pierce him was that he suffered occasionally when forced to hide at the edge of the mile-long bean field from the wafted cruising and the restive, down-bent gaze of one of his own kind. For the rest he was without flame, a snappish, dust-colored creature, fading into the grasses he trailed through and suited to his petty way.

At the end of that summer, for the second time in his four years, Hook underwent a drouth. The equinoctial period passed without a rain. The laurel and the rabbit brush dropped dry leaves. The foliage of the oaks shriveled and curled. Even the night fogs in the river canyon failed. The farmer's red cattle on the hillside lowed constantly, and could not feed on the dusty stubble. Grass fires broke out along the highway and ate fast in the wind, filling the hollows with the smell of smoke, and died in the dirt of the shorn hills. The river made no sound; scum grew on its vestigial pools, and turtles died and stank among the rocks. The dust rode before the wind, and ascended and flowered to nothing between the hills, and every sunset was red with the dust in the air. The people in the farmer's house quarreled, and even struck one another. Birds were silent, and only the hawks flew much. The animals lay breathing hard for very long spells, and ran and crept jerkily. Their flanks were fallen in, and their eyes were red.

At first Hook gorged at the fringe of the grass fires on the multitudes of tiny things that came running and squeaking. But thereafter there were the blackened strips on the hills, and little more in the thin, crackling grass. He found mice and rats, gophers and ground squirrels and even rabbits, dead in the stubble and under the thickets, but so dry and fleshless that only a faint smell rose from them, even on the sunny days. He starved on them. By early December he had wearily stalked the length of the eastern foothills, hunting at night to escape the voracity of his own kind, resting often upon his wings. The queer trail of his short steps and great horned toes zigzagged in the dust and was erased by the wind at dawn. He was nearly dead, and could make no sound through the horn funnels of his clappers.

Then one night the dry wind brought him, with the familiar, lifeless dust, another familiar scent, troublesome, mingled and unclear. In his vision-dominated brain he remembered the swift circle of his flight a year past, crossing in one segment, his shadow beneath him, a yard cluttered with crates and chickens, a gray barn, and then again the ploughed land and the stubble. Traveling faster than he had for days, impatient of his shrunken sweep, Hook came down to the farm. In the dark, wisps of cloud blown among the stars over him, but no moon, he stood outside the wire of the chicken run. The scent of fat and blooded birds reached him from the shelter, and also within the enclosure was water. At the breath of the water, Hook's gorge contracted and his tongue quivered and clove in its groove of horn. But there was the wire. He stalked its perimeter and found no opening. He beat it with his good wing, and felt it cut but not give. He wrenched at it with his beak in many places, but could not tear it. Finally, in a fury which drove the thin blood through him, he leaped repeatedly against it, beating and clawing. He was thrown back from the last leap as from the first, but in it he had risen so high as to clutch with his beak at the top wire. While he lay on his breast on the ground, the significance of this came upon him.

Again he leapt, clawed up the wire, and as he would have fallen, made even the dead wing bear a little. He grasped the top and tumbled within. There

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again he rested flat, searching the dark with quick-turning head. There was no sound or motion but the throb of his own body. First he drank at the chill metal trough hung for the chickens. The water was cold, and loosened his tongue and his tight throat, but it also made him drunk and dizzy, so that he had to rest again, his claws spread wide to brace him. Then he walked stiffly, to stalk down the scent. He trailed it up the runway. Then there was the stuffy, body-warm air, acrid with droppings, full of soft rustlings as his talons clicked on the board floor. The thick, white shapes showed faintly in the darkness. Hook struck quickly, driving a hen to the floor with one blow, its neck broken and stretched out stringily. He leaped the still pulsing body and tore it. The rich, streaming blood was overpowering to his dried senses, his starved, leathery body. After a few swallows the flesh choked him. In his rage he struck down another hen. The urge to kill took him again, insanely, as in those nights on the beach. He could let nothing go; balked of feeding, he was compelled to slaughter. Clattering, he struck again and again. The henhouse was suddenly filled with the squawking and helpless rushing and buffeting of the terrified, brainless fowls.

Hook reveled in mastery. Here was game big enough to offer weight against a strike, and yet unable to soar away from his blows. Turning in the midst of the turmoil, cannily, his fury caught at the perfect pitch, he struck unceasingly. When the hens finally discovered the outlet and streamed into the yard to run around the fence, beating and squawking, Hook followed them, scraping down the incline, clumsy and joyous. In the yard the cock, a bird as large as he and much heavier, found him out and gave valiant battle. In the dark, and both earth-bound, there was little skill, but blow upon blow and only chance parry. The still squawking hens pressed into one corner of the yard. While the duel went on a dog, excited by the sustained scuffling, began to bark. He continued to bark, running back and forth along the fence on one side. A light flashed on in an uncurtained window of the farmhouse, and streamed whitely over the crates littering the ground.

Enthralled by his old battle joy, Hook knew only the burly cock before him. Now in the farthest reach of the window light they could see each other dimly. The Japanese farmer, with his gun and his lantern, was already at the gate when the finish came. The great cock leapt to jab with his spurs, and, toppling forward with extended neck as he fell, was struck and extinguished. Blood had loosened Hook's throat. Shrilly he cried his triumph. It was a thin and exhausted cry, but within him as good as when he shrilled in mid-air over the plummeting descent of a fine foe in his best spring.

The light from the lantern partially blinded Hook. He first turned and ran directly from it, into the corner where the hens were huddled. They fled apart before his charge. He essayed the fence, and on the second try, in his desperation, was out. But in the open dust the dog was on him, circling, dashing in, snapping. The farmer, who at first had not fired because of the chickens, now did not fire because of the dog, and, when he saw that the hawk was unable to fly, relinquished the sport to the dog, holding the lantern up in order to see better. The light showed his own flat, broad, dark face as sunken also, the cheekbones very prominent, and showed the torn-off sleeves of his shirt and the holes in the knees of his overalls. His wife, in a stained wrapper and barefooted, heavy black hair hanging around a young, passionless face, joined him hesitantly, but watched, fascinated and a little horrified. His son joined them too, encouraging the dog, but quickly grew silent. Courageous and cruel death, however it may afterwards sicken the one who has watched it, is impossible to look away from.

In the circle of the light Hook turned

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to keep the dog in front of him. His one eye gleamed with malevolence. The dog was an Airedale, and large. Each time he pounced Hook stood ground, raising his good wing, the pinions torn by the fence, opening his beak soundlessly, and at the closest approach hissed furiously and at once struck. Hit and ripped twice by the whetted horn, the dog recoiled more quickly on several subsequent jumps, and, infuriated by his own cowardice, began to bark wildly. Hook manœuvred to watch him, keeping his head turned to avoid losing the foe on the blind side. When the dog paused, safely away, Hook watched him quietly, wing partially lowered, beak closed, but at the first move again lifted the wing and gaped. The dog whined, and the man spoke to him encouragingly. The awful sound of his voice made Hook for an instant twist his head to stare up at the immense figures behind the light. The dog again sallied, barking, and Hook's head spun back. His wing was bitten this time, and with a furious side blow he caught the dog's nose. The dog dropped him with a yelp, then, smarting, came on more warily as Hook propped himself up from the ground again between his wings. Hook's artificial strength was waning, but his heart still stood to the battle, sustained by a fear of such dimension as he had never known before, but only anticipated when the arrogant young hawk had driven him to cover. The dog, unable to find any point at which the merciless, unwinking eye was not watching him, the parted beak waiting, paused and whimpered again.

'Oh, kill the poor thing,' the woman begged.

The man, though, encouraged the dog again, saying, 'Sick him, sick him.'

The dog rushed bodily. Unable to avoid him, Hook was bowled down, snapping and raking. He left long slashes, as from the blade of a knife, on the dog's flank, but, before he could right himself and assume guard again, was caught by the good wing and dragged, clattering and seeking to make a good stroke from his back. The man followed them to keep the light on them, and the boy went with him, wetting his lips with his tongue and keeping his fists closed tightly. The woman remained behind, but could not help watching the diminished conclusion.

In the little palely shining arena, the dog repeated his successful manœuvre three times, growling but not barking, and when Hook thrashed up from the third blow both wings were trailing, and dark, shining streams crept on his black-fretted breast from the shoulders. The great eye flashed more furiously than it ever had in victorious battle, and the beak still gaped, but there was no more clatter. He faltered when turning to keep front; the broken wings played him false even as props. He could not rise to use his talons.

The man had tired of holding the lantern up, and put it down to rub his arm. In the low, horizontal light the dog charged again, this time throwing the weight on his forepaws against Hook's shoulder, so that Hook was crushed as he struck. With his talons up, Hook raked at the dog's belly, but the dog conceived the finish, and furiously worried the feathered bulk. Hook's neck went limp, and between his gaping clappers came only a faint chittering, as from some small kill of his own in the grasses.

In this last conflict there had been some minutes of the supreme fire of the hawk whose three hungers are perfectly fused in the one will; enough to burn off a year of shame.

Between the great sails the light body lay caved and perfectly still. The dog, smarting from his cuts, came to the master and was praised. The woman, joining them slowly, looked at the great wingspread, her husband raising the lantern that she might see it better.

'Oh, the brave bird,' she said.

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BUSINESS WITHOUT PRECEDENTS

BY ARTHUR A. BALLANTINE

THE change in attitude of the Supreme Court which has produced what is aptly referred to as a new Constitution is usually thought of as relating to matters of public law, such as the powers of Congress and of the Executive. In fact, this change equally affects private law and may be of even greater significance in that field. It is the primary purpose of this paper to discuss that phase of the 'judicial revolution.'

Those who are not lawyers often think of the Supreme Court as existing solely to interpret and implement the Constitution, enforcing adherence to the general framework of our government there prescribed. In fact, the Court is by no means confined to that function and deals with many questions which do not concern the Constitution.

Many cases which come before the Court hinge upon the interpretation of laws enacted by Congress, now so vastly increased in number and scope — the tax laws, the bankruptcy laws with their new phases, the patent laws, and so on. In plentiful addition other cases involving merely matters of private law relating to ordinary run-of-mine business transactions come up through the exercise of jurisdiction conferred upon the federal courts in cases arising between citizens of different states.

It is well said that the 'revolution' in the Court, now so widely recognized, consists in part 'in the willingness of the Court to reëxamine established principles and overrule all precedents which do not seem to it justified on a purely pragmatic basis by present needs.' This sounds progressive, but there is much more in the proposition than meets the eye at first glance.

That readiness to reëxamine and overrule has now brought within the scope of action by Congress many subjects previously held to have been allocated by the Constitution to the states, such as agriculture, manufacturing, and conditions and terms of employment, and has so magnified the 'indestructible union' of the nineteenth-century conception that in important respects the 'indestructible states' of that conception persist only in a geographical sense.

It is too soon to appraise the effect of the elimination of limitations on the power of Congress brought about in the past two and a half years by this change in the attitude of the Court. The change is now a matter of history, and, whatever one's estimate of the probable effect, there were strong arguments making for the more liberal view which has now prevailed.

There were also special arguments making for the accomplishment of the change by Court decisions overruling prior decisions rather than by the necessarily cumbersome and long-drawn-out process of constitutional amendment. The finding of unexpected elasticity in the Constitution may have avoided prolonged controversy and dangerous strain.

It is one thing, however, to have the Court overrule precedents which established limitations on the powers of Congress, now believed by the Court to be

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unwarranted by the Constitution itself, which otherwise could be eliminated only by constitutional amendment. It is quite another thing for the Court to overthrow precedents in private law upon which business has been conducted and planned, but which could be eliminated as desired by the less disturbing method of Congressional action. Judicial revision of this sort is calculated to create uncertainties not inherent in legislative action, tending to restrain and inhibit business effort vital to the economic life of the country.

Except in its most elementary phases, business does not spring up spontaneously as flowers in the spring, but must be planned long in advance. A steady flow of new enterprise is essential to maintain and increase the flow of goods and services by which we live. Business building means the construction of factories, the acquisition of equipment, the making of goods, the conducting of selling campaigns, the raising of capital, and the making of heavy expenditures — all in advance of any return.

The business man — the essential entrepreneur — will in general undertake his operations only if he feels reasonable assurance that he can reap where he sows. His effort and the support of his backers rest on faith in rules of the game.

In the building up of a great body of rules and principles in reliance upon which business operation is undertaken, the federal courts have had a very large part. Interpretation of the tax law, the bankruptcy act, the reorganization sections, and the patent laws, for example, is all part of these rules, as well as the great body of decisions as to contract and property rights.

A loan which could be secured, an expansion which could be financed, a needed change in the structure of a business enterprise which could be accomplished, might have to be given up if resulting rights depended upon a mere guess as to what the courts will choose to decide. Danger of protracted and expensive litigation, even with hope of success, is enough to check fruitful enterprise.

In addition to striking down limitations upon the powers of Congress previously established by decisions on constitutional questions, the Court has already gone far in overruling established precedents in the other fields, creating serious uncertainties as to private law.

One of the earlier of these notable overrulings was that in 1938 which struck down a doctrine followed for nearly one hundred years, to the effect that the federal courts in passing upon questions presented between citizens of different states turning upon the common law rather than statute were not constrained to follow the decisions of the particular state, but could decide the question as a matter of general law. Under the doctrine then abandoned, the federal courts had built up a great body of decisions tending to unify the legal principles prevailing in the several states.

The power to make such decisions could have been eliminated by Congress through amendment of the historic statute under which the federal courts act. It could have been eliminated wholly or in part by the state legislatures through enactment of statutes codifying particular branches of law. It was in fact eliminated by a single pronouncement of the Supreme Court, and a vast body of law carefully built up over many decades was largely deprived of authority.

A most important instance of the kind of change here referred to occurred in a field in which the Court has done some of its most constructive work — that of making the several states act in trade and commerce as part of a unified nation rather than as independent principalities, each seeking to further its own interest at the possible expense of the others. Ever since the great case of *Gibbons* v. *Ogden*, decided in 1824, interpreting the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, the Court had refused sanction to statutes and regulations the

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effect of which was to interfere with commerce between the several states.

The rules against state interference with interstate commerce are based upon the so-called commerce clause of the Constitution. Yet they are not 'constitutional' rules in the sense that they cannot be changed without a constitutional amendment. In this field of law the Court has purported only to enforce the presumed intention of Congress that channels of interstate trade be kept clear, an intention deduced mainly from the elementary fact that the United States is a single nation and that Congress probably wants to keep it so. Nevertheless, though Congress could modify or abolish this protection at will, the new Court has taken the initiative.

One aspect of the prohibition upon interference with interstate commerce was the rule, first declared in 1872, which forbade the states to tax business transactions in such a way that sales in interstate commerce might be subjected to heavier tax burdens than similar sales wholly within a state. The states were restrained from imposing taxes which might have the effect of tariff barriers at state borders — one of the main evils which the Constitution was intended to eliminate.

There were two branches to this rule against state taxation of interstate commerce: not only were the states forbidden to undertake *hostile* discriminations against interstate commerce, but they were prevented from applying their ordinary taxes in such a way as to subject interstate business to an unusually heavy tax burden. That is to say, the Court condemned taxes whose *effect* was to hamper interstate trade, as well as those specifically directed to that end.

If a Pennsylvania manufacturer must pay a two per cent gross sales tax in Pennsylvania and a similar tax in New York whenever he sells to a New York buyer, he operates at a two per cent disadvantage as against his New York competitors. To the extent of this differential the dual tax operates to protect the relatively inefficient manufacturer in his home market — the essence of the protective tariff.

In an opinion announced in January 1940, the new Court, over the dissent of Chief Justice Hughes and Justices McReynolds and Roberts, narrowed the rule to a bare protection against intentional discrimination; and in a dissent announced two weeks later Justices Black, Frankfurter, and Douglas (Justice Murphy not sitting) served notice that they would be willing to narrow still further the protection of interstate commerce.

Whatever the abstract desirability of building business enterprise on a national scale, instead of conforming it to state boundaries, centralization does exist; it exists in large part because the Supreme Court has protected the free national market from provincial raids by state legislatures. Vast investments have been made in the faith that such protection would endure until Congress declared otherwise, and for many decades Congress has acquiesced in this development, with apparent approval. Now a change is made by the fiat of the Court which tends toward reducing all industry to a welter of local subsidization, interstate reprisals, and general chaos such as the Twenty-first Amendment, by partially repealing the commerce clause, has produced in the liquor trade.

It is difficult to see why the Court has narrowed the protection of interstate commerce, unless it either is assuming certain legislative functions or believes that Congress has abandoned the view that the country is an economic unit — a view to which in other connections the Court strongly adheres. If the attitude of Congress is to be inferred from its actions, one might suppose that the Wagner Act, the new AAA, the Bituminous Coal Act of 1937, and other New Deal legislation recently sanctioned by the Court, indicate strongest Congressional recognition and endorsement of the very economic unity which the rule against

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interstate tariffs was established to protect.

Another matter upon which the Supreme Court had attempted to evolve a workable compromise between the conflicting interests of the several states was the problem of multiple death taxation. If the United States is a single nation, there seems to be no reason why a man's estate should bear a heavier tax burden because his activities crossed state lines. The governmental protection he has received has been no greater, in the aggregate, than if he had confined his interests to a single state. Yet clearly an estate might be virtually wiped out as a result of taxation in each of several states where the decedent lived or in which he had business interests — each state claiming that he was 'domiciled' within its borders or that his property had a 'situs' there, and that it therefore has the right to impose a death tax.

In a line of decisions beginning in 1925, the Supreme Court undertook to avoid this possible hardship by a system of rules based on the concept of 'jurisdiction to tax.' As Justice Frankfurter suggested in an article published in the *Yale Law Journal* in that same year, it would have been possible for the states, by compacts concluded with Congressional approval, to modify these rules as to 'jurisdiction to tax.' Yet, in two five-to-four decisions announced in May 1939, the Court repudiated the rule against multiple death taxation. Apparently the only situation in which the Supreme Court will now intervene is where the various claims for death taxes exceed the entire estate, as in the case involving the estate of the late Colonel E. H. R. Green, where four states and the Federal Government claimed taxes aggregating $37,727,213 on an estate of $35,831,303. In that case the Court eliminated all but one of the state taxes; but it indicated that it would not have done so had the combined tax claims been merely equal to, not more than, the amount of the estate.

Other cases decided in the past year, though perhaps less important in themselves, still are not without significance as indications of the new Court's idea of its place in the scheme of government.

In one recent decision the Court upset a long-standing rule as to the possibility of suing a corporation in a federal court located outside the state of incorporation. The majority opinion was a brilliant exercise in legal dialectic. As an original proposition, the majority's interpretation of the jurisdictional statute may have been the sounder one. But the majority made no effective answer to the brute fact that the minority view, based on statements in Supreme Court opinions rendered before the turn of the century, had been acquiesced in by Congress, followed by the lower federal courts, and generally accepted by the bar for over forty years. Congress could have changed the rule had it seen fit to do so. Yet the Court felt free to effect the change by its own action.

Still more recently the Court overruled two 1935 cases involving the question whether Congress had intended to extend the federal estate tax to a certain class of gifts. In vain did Justice Roberts adduce evidence that Congress had in effect approved the rule laid down in two overruled cases. Presumably, in the years since 1935 a number of decedents had disposed of their property in reliance on these cases. Congress could have changed the rule had it wished to do so; and in making the change it could have protected such dispositions. But the Court preferred not to await Congressional action.

The present attitude of the Court is shown not only in readiness to overrule judicial precedents but also in willingness to overrule, in effect, the language of federal statutes in order to carry out what the Court declares to be the intention of Congress.

It often happens that the language of the statute is susceptible of different in-

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terpretations. It has long been established that in making a choice between possible interpretations the Court may properly examine such material as the reports of legislative committees and Congressional debates in order to determine the purpose of the statute. Where the language of the statute is clear, however, it has been supposed that business men can safely rely upon the mere wording. Several decisions rendered during the last term of Court appear to go beyond the line of statutory interpretation and to amount to judicial legislation.

One case involved the question of whether a corporation having publicly owned securities outstanding, and desiring to effect modification of its unsecured obligations, may avail itself of the relatively simple machinery for that purpose provided by the new Chapter XI of the Bankruptcy Act, or must resort to the more cumbersome system established by Chapter X, which provides, among other things, for the taking of an active rôle by the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Under the wording of the statute, it seemed plain that any corporation whatever requiring only a modification of unsecured obligations was free to seek relief under the simpler Chapter XI, and that Chapter X was to be used for what is usually called a corporate reorganization involving general revision of the corporation's capital structure.

By a 5 to 3 vote, however, the Court decided that the corporation in question could not avail itself of the simpler remedy, on the ground that the desirability of the more elaborate safeguards afforded to investors by the Chapter X procedure requires exclusion of large publicly held corporations from the benefits of Chapter XI. The dissenting Justices pointed out, without contradiction, that the attention of Congress had been called to the possible desirability of withholding the benefits of Chapter XI from corporations having publicly owned securities, and that Congress apparently rejected that suggestion, for in wording Chapter X no such limitation was made.

Another case in which the Court seems to have taken over Congressional functions involved the question whether the income of a trust established by a husband for his wife's benefit is taxable as a part of the husband's income, rather than the wife's. The trust was to last for five years (unless the husband or wife died during that term), and the income realized on the trust properties during the life of the trust was to belong to the wife. Congress had never placed in the statute language imposing a tax on the husband in such circumstances; indeed, repeated proposals to that effect were rejected. But the Court approved these rejected proposals and sustained the tax.

In another instance, the Court was called upon to decide whether national banks have the power to pledge their assets to secure deposits made by federal governmental agencies of funds other than so-called 'public monies.' Congress had granted such power with respect to public monies. The Court had repeatedly declared that, by so doing, Congress had impliedly withheld that power with respect to all other deposits, thus overruling the contrary view theretofore persistently expressed by the Comptroller of the Currency. But now the Court, apparently impressed by the desirability of giving federal governmental agencies priority over other depositors, has cited approvingly the formerly rejected view of the Comptroller and held that the pledge power existed not only for public monies but also for deposits by federal governmental agencies.

In the matter of the private-law precedents we are not directly concerned with the soundness of the decisions overruled. It is sufficient for present purposes that they had enough support in public policy so that conscientious men can reasonably differ as to whether they were correctly decided in the first place;

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that they had become a part of the fabric of the law, and had been relied upon as such; and that, if their practical effect was believed to be undesirable, the situation could have been remedied through the regular processes of legislation.

In England the highest court declines to overrule any of its past determinations for the very reason that Parliament has full power to change any rule believed to have been wrongly laid down by the judicial process. That principle of adherence to former decisions — in legal terminology the rule of *stare decisis*, 'let it remain decided' — is based not upon black-letter logic, but upon the realistic necessity of enabling those most concerned to predict the legal consequences of their acts.

In the past our highest court had followed that principle with fair consistency in nonconstitutional cases, for the reason for which the highest court of England follows it in all cases. While the new Court has not formally repudiated the principle of adherence to prior decisions, that principle is fast becoming 'more honored in the breach than the observance.'

The interplay of stability and change in the law has been a good deal of a puzzle even to the greatest of our jurists, such as the late Justice Cardozo. There is a fundamental need for stability; there is also a need for 'checking the actual working of accepted legal doctrines in the particular, as well as in the large, and at times correcting them by the leeway which inheres in judicial action.' It will be unfortunate indeed, however, if change of established legal doctrines by judicial action is permitted largely to eliminate stability, particularly in a time when difficulties of business planning are so great and when the road to administrative change is more open than ever.

To protest against a free exercise of the power of the Court to set aside rules of law laid down in the past, and since relied upon, is by no means to maintain that errors and injustices should go uncorrected. It is simply to insist that the legislature is the more satisfactory agency of correction where it is free to act.

Legislative action has the great value of permitting the entire subject matter which a judicial decision touches only in part to be dealt with more completely and on a basis which a more representative body deems appropriate.

Also the legislature, unlike the Court, possesses facilities now extensively utilized for detailed factual investigation of all aspects of a question. And, unlike the Court, the legislature is under no compulsion to establish a new rule of law in order to settle an immediate controversy. The legislature need act only when investigation is complete and after ample time for deliberation on all the implications of the proposed action.

A further great advantage in legislative correction of rules of law is that changes so made do not expose completed transactions to unexpected unsettlement, but simply prescribe the rule to prevail in the future. There is also nothing in the fact that the legislature changes the law relating to a particular subject matter to suggest that the law in general is precarious and uncertain, as does, of course, overruling of prior decisions by the courts or disregard of a Congressional purpose plainly declared by statutory language or previous judicial interpretation.

The great complaint regarding certain earlier decisions of the Supreme Court applying clauses of the Constitution so as to limit the powers of Congress was that this amounted to 'judicial legislation.' There are two sides to the question of whether that was a fair characterization. There is no doubt, however, that ready departure by the Court from precedents judicially established in the field of private law, which can be modified or eliminated by Congressional action, is subject to that complaint. The uncertainties and doubts which such a practice creates will be reflected in hesitation and slowing down of vitally needed business enterprise and economic activity.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Essayists are invited to compete for membership in the Club, and a prize of $250 is offered each month for the most distinguished essay of a thousand words. The prize for August has been awarded to Charles D. Stewart, of Hartford, Wisconsin, a valued contributor to the *Atlantic* for almost forty years.

The Power of Ice

A river will not be halted. It will pause for a dam only long enough to bring up its forces from the rear. The most peaceful brook will fight, and so the railroad respects the runlet and leaves a hole for it in most obliging masonry.

The Wisconsin River, stopped by a moving wall of ice, gathered its waters until it had made a lake one hundred and twenty miles across right in the middle of Wisconsin. At that height it found an opening and carved a new and fantastic route for itself in the sandstone which now forms the beautiful Dells of the Wisconsin.

When a lobe of the glacier dammed the Niagara River, the Great Lakes rose and sought another outlet. They found it at Chicago, that being the lowest point on the divide which separates the waters of the Great Lakes from the waters of the Mississippi. And then, for hundreds of years, the tumultuous flood swept seaward across the site that is now known as Michigan Boulevard and its westward-leading streets. During the long period that the ice was melting, this western Niagara saw a rush of waters such as the eastern rapids had never known. Geologists have determined closely the limits of the channel.

In the case of the mighty Columbia, there was a different and novel turn to the watery drama. When it was dammed by mountainous ice, it rose a thousand feet or more and backed its water clear up into Canada. Finally it overtopped the high foothills of the Cordilleras, and then, finding an opening, it struck off directly at right angles to its old course and made a new channel for itself in the hard basaltic rock.

When the glacier retreated, and the surplus water was gone, the Columbia began flowing again in its old channel, leaving the temporary river bed standing high and empty in the mountainous scene. This dry bed is known as the Grand Coulee; and the upper part, now included in an irrigation project, is a canyon twenty-five miles long, eight hundred feet deep, and one to two miles in width. One end of it looks out upon the Columbia River, hundreds of feet below, and at the other end is the Great Dry Falls of the Columbia. The floor is flat and covered with a sparse and weedy growth.

If you have followed the Columbia all the way up from Astoria at the mouth, and have become accustomed to its bronze-colored walls with their basaltic shapes and textures, you immediately feel, as you roll along through the Grand Coulee, that you are riding on the bottom of a river. It is a complete Columbia River with no water in it. An island, Steamboat Rock, towers high above you.

The Great Dry Falls of the Columbia are three miles wide and four hundred and seventeen feet high. Scientists have estimated that when the Columbia was draining the Cordilleran glacier the volume of water that went over these falls was one hundred times that which goes over Niagara. We have now the stony skeleton of that bygone scene. As we stand on the high edge and look across the first two horseshoes, — there are several of them, — we see what it was like, and yet can hardly imagine it. A half-dozen Niagaras may be summoned up to give the mind a start, but they hardly serve the purpose. It is a fall without mist, or spray, or rainbows; and the vast silence does not give up a remnant of its roar. It is a great ghost of a fall. And it is fed by a river without water.

This fall of more than four hundred feet marks the break between the upper and lower coulee. The sight-seeing tourist might inquire how all this happened; and then again he might not. Most of us do not. We take scenery for granted. God just made it. But the one who knows something about glaciers has here a striking example of the

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stubbornness of ice and the willfulness of water.

This preview of the scenery brings us to a point where we can grasp the general idea of the Grand Coulee development as an irrigation project. In every project for irrigation by power, whether it be a farmer's windmill with its elevated tank or something more ambitious, three things are essential — a source of water, a source of power, and a storage receptacle which is higher than the land to be irrigated. In this case the Columbia River provides the water, the dam with its big turbines and two electric plants turn part of the water into power, and the Grand Coulee, with dirt embankments thrown across each end, provides the elevated tank.

Visitors who come to the Grand Coulee marvel at the machinery and revel in figures, but many of them have no idea of how the Grand Coulee came into being. It is simply scenery. And no doubt many who are told the whole story regard it as a mere theory. Among these latter is the plump old veteran who has been given the job of delivering a short lecture to sight-seers at the Great Dry Falls.

Standing on a railed promontory overlooking the falls, he gathers the little group about him and repeats verbatim the lecture that has been written for him. When he is done he steps down from his station, and continues his talk by telling everyone that he himself does not believe a word of what he has been saying. He has ideas of his own. Those collections of gravel down there at one side of the coulee were not brought there by any age of ice. They were blown there by the wind. He has seen other collections of gravel like that and some pretty strong wind, and he knows what he is talking about. 'No, sir; I have been around these-here parts too long to believe anything like that. They can't tell me such stuff; nor any of that other nonsense about how God was up at this end of the coulee and down at that end a-pushin' things round and *playin' checkers* with Hisself.'

Near the dam they discovered a deposit of gravel which is now the biggest gravel pit in the world; and it serves to make all the concrete in the dam. I did not have the heart to ask our orator whether he thought the wind had blown that there.

CHARLES D. STEWART

A GARDEN OF BUTTERFLIES

(*Government House, Sutton Forest*)

BUTTERFLIES love hills. In this Australian hill garden, the butterflies far outnumber the flowers. I can see five Satyridæ to each single dandelion. And on these lawns dandelions flourish like buttercups in Berkshire. In the valley, which is a sheer, grassy eighty feet below, there are undoubtedly fewer butterflies.

The fluttering thousands which grace this hill invariably begin their day in the kitchen garden, where the sun comes first. Even when there is no nectar of pear or apple blossom to allure them, when, late in autumn, they have for provender only a bucolic pumpkin's yellow flowers, herbs, or the wholly undistinguished efforts of seeding vegetables, the butterflies linger here, pottering about, until a towering sun leads them over the pines and oleanders to the garden's northern slopes, where, by noonday, Penciled Blues and Fiery Jewels dance above the china asters, and over the cactus dahlias Clover Blues and Painted Ladies weave flight patterns prodigal in beauty — a beauty that pierces and passes, spent in being as the beauty of clouds or song is spent.

Stray wayfarers from warmer, northern fields, Spotted Skippers rest on the gravel pathways, moth-wise, wings outspread. On a Michaelmas daisy's lacy white and gold and green, three to a flower, wings up like sails, banked thick as Silver-washed Fritillaries in an English lane, succeeding fleets of Checkered Swallowtails ride at anchor, but are never still.

Mast-high above the poplars another swallowtail, a Green Fanny, makes long purposeful voyages between the camphor laurels and pittosporums. And all day long, avoiding thorned roses and shady walks, hosts of smaller butterflies parade the fragrant alleyways of fir and oak, plumed pampas grass, and dun and russet Prunus, to be with these reflected in the thirty shining windows of the old, inconsequent house; venturing by afternoon along the sun-drenched avenues fringing a western garden angle, brisk coteries of Dingy Browns (palest of Satyrs) and Common Browns (so far from common) and Swordgrass Browns (feeding their larvæ on cutty grass, abundantly near) flutteringly forgather. They are as lovely as the whims of God.

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All butterfly names are quick with meaning. There are the sylvan Owls, the Nymphs, the mystic Danaïdæ. There are the children of the Swallows, and of the Muses, and the sons and daughter of Satyrs, whose Latin names slip like syrup off the tongue. The Erychinidæ hint at Sicilian shepherd-pipings on Mount Eryx. Pregnant as a late spring rings 'Hesperiidæ,' the Children of the Evening Star. Yet no word is as lovely as a butterfly's wing.

If I were very rich, I would not have in my garden so very many trees (though I would have a good many), or flowers (though I would have some, planted like vegetables in a kitchen garden) — no; I would keep a scientist to procure me flights of butterflies.

Every morning I should like my butler to say, 'The scientist, ma'am, is on the back doorstep, awaiting today's orders.' Then I would answer, 'Tell him, please, to release on the perennial phlox fifty Tailed Cupids. Over the Prunus he could set free some Jezebels and Wood Whites, and take a covey of Lacewings and Leopards across to those hawthorns.'

In the spring I would say, 'I think, Darwin, you had better put, over the flowering plum trees, Marbled Blues and Indigo Flashes; over the lilacs — don't you agree? — Parvula Skippers. Keep the wistarias just one mist of lavender with Tailed Cupids, — or are they too dark? — and Miskin's Blues.'

(I would keep the raffish Lemon Migrant for the daffodils, so that one could never guess where the butterfly ended or the flower began — until the petals flew.)

Butterflies might be cultivated. Their tastes are known. Fiery Jewels, for instance, fancy camellia leaves, — and bring their own ant nurses with them. Checkered Blues feed on saltbushes. Jewels thrive on mistletoe. Miskin's Blue eats cycad; Matthew's Blue, the young shoots of the red pigeonberry tree.

Much is known of butterflies, still they are with scientists, and even with poets, a new passion, dating back at most three hundred years. As yet, Science is delicately unaware of the uses of the Glass Wing's pouch. The behavior of those Wanderers sighted by the *Espiègle*, whose sailors dropped flag to them two miles out at sea, still baffles the learned.

Were these butterflies lured seaward by some siren, some itinerant instinct, shared in common with their kinsmen the hairy caddis flies, who love the water?

Wavering tremulously in traps of foam to a diamond and emerald death, to a salt oblivion in Galatea's garden, these butterflies at nightfall were lost sight of, flying man-high above the waves, their myriad painted fans hardily winnowing life from the unkind winds. Did they, throughout the hours of darkness, droop down in ever lower, ever heavier, flight, to lie by sunrise bleaching the uneasy sea? Did they turn landward, flying home for vespers as these butterflies fly now?

When to this hill the wonder of sunset comes, rain pools and creeks wax tawny-bright. Each least, particular leaf is touched with crimson, each tree bole rimmed with cool, citrus flame. Every bough is golden, every blade of grass has its aura of light.

Pressing up through this unutterable glory, a thousand butterflies drift eastward. Late-flying Rock Ringlets linger, stock-still, on the stable wall, or, sinking valleywards, cling perilously to the river's stone-built bridge. All the Pieridæ drop downhill to the lettuce beds, the freighted plums and costards.

Diana's fledglings, clothed in velvet darkness, with luminous eyes and iridescent wings, shyly at dusk the moths appear, a hushed and shrinking company, brushed here and there by Ghost Moths, by the Evening Brown, the one night-flying butterfly.

(Why, in diapered dimness, this leaf-mimicry? Why these wing-adorning black eyes, white-centred, never seeing? Why in night-blurred shadows this sonorous red-brown, this elegantly spotted tornus?)

The last, truant Hesperiidæ, with wings alight, fly over the glittering pine trees to the kitchen garden, to shelter for the night under cold, repellent quinces, or sleep (if butterflies sleep) beneath the lilac-printed tippets of the garden tweenies, poor Rue, sweet, housekeeping Lavender, and urgent Rosemary, who cries, 'Return! Return!'

ETHEL ANDERSON

HOG WILD

THIS afternoon we butchered. The sticky sweet smell of fresh pork and the rusty odor of blood seem to reek from every inch of my body. It was a well-built barrow, though, fat enough to make a nice bucket of lard. When I begin to lose this sickening smell that

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hangs around so close today, my mouth is going to water for the headcheese.

Somehow I keep seeing the look in that hog's eyes, little round pig eyes, dull as buttons and tight into his head. It always bothers me when the hog comes to life after I stun him, before he is stuck. But this one haunts me more. I went down to the feed lot to see how the other barrows are coming — force of habit more than anything else, I guess. Ever since I began feeding that crazy one, I keep going down to watch him.

I put him in there the same day as the barrow we butchered, but I hate to admit it. He isn't half that size. The crazy one has me stumped; he does everything an ordinary pig never thinks about doing, and not a thing pigs ought to do. He wasn't a runt, but was started wrong from the first. The funny thing about it is the way he keeps me coming down to look at him. If you told me six months ago I should be spending my spare time down at the feed lot, watching a crazy hog, I should have said anybody who did that was crazy himself. But now — I don't know.

The barrow stuck to his business of eating and getting fat, kept his eyes to the ground. Hogs are made that way, you know — can't see anything above their necks, and their snouts get in the way of their seeing much on either side.

This other hog sometime or other got a look at the sky, and it jinxed him — he wanted something, after that, the other hogs never knew was there. He feeds a little bit and then rolls over on his back and kicks his feet at the clouds. By the time he gets rolled back and decides to eat some more, the trough is pretty well empty. I throw him an apple now and then and he wolfs it down, and then back he goes, rolling on his sharp backbone and playing with the sky. None of the other hogs get apples out of my pocket, and it makes me wonder about that hog and me.

Nature never meant a pig to know the sky, and, now he's found out about it, that pig is no good as a pig. He gets older and tougher all the time, but not fat; he'll be no good to me at all, but he gets the apples and keeps me hanging on the fence.

That hog has notions. He used to lie down right in front of the barrow we butchered today and kick up at the sun, just inviting the barrow to fall on him. It might have mashed some of the notions out of his crazy skull, but he took the chance and the barrow never stepped on him. Maybe that was because the barrow kept his eyes on the ground where decent barrows are meant to look. Anyway, the wild one wasn't trampled.

It seems to me I can see a queer sort of light in the crazy hog's eyes — maybe the other hogs see it too, or maybe they just think he is no real hog for acting that silly way. They give him plenty of room, though, and he rolls around, upside down and right side up, when he ought to be storing away some of the feed I throw him and making pork for my family. Even when it pinches in my pocketbook, I go on admiring that hog for worshiping the sky.

He comes of straight stock, bred for four generations on my own farm, and the best brood sows all the way along. Maybe his breeding was too good. I don't know. Sometimes it makes me boil to think how much there is about that hog I don't know.

No honest pig ever had a disposition like his; most of them fight and shove each other around, and the only really intelligent look I ever saw before in a hog's eye was meanness. The crazy one never gets mad — just goes his way, trying once in a while to coax some of the others to play with him. He trots along, looking down like any other hog for a little while; then all of a sudden he gives a half whirl and there he is, looking at things that were beside him or behind him.

It makes his meat different, too; that hog will never be good pork chops. He is happier a hundred times than the cross fellows around him, if any hog can be happy. I never should have thought about such a thing before, but now — I don't know. Maybe a hog can be happy if he turns life upside down and looks at the sky. I don't know.

All I know is that there is a different look in that hog's eyes than in those of any other hog I ever saw. All I know is that once he tried to get the barrow we butchered to lie down beside him and look up at the sky. All I know is that the barrow kept going the way hogs ought to go, eating the way hogs ought to eat, and grunting and shoving at the trough. All I know is that when I stuck him this afternoon, and he rolled over on his back, the barrow got the same sort of crazy glint in his eye. Somehow I keep seeing the last look in that barrow's eyes — the look when he saw the sky for the first time in his life.

MARGARET TINLEY

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TO THE *Indies*

BY

C. S. FORESTER

CHAPTERS 18–24

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TO THE *Indies*

A NOVEL OF ADVENTURE

By C. S. FORESTER

Author of "Captain Horatio Hornblower"

NARCISO RICH, a clever young Barcelona lawyer, is sent on the third voyage of Christopher Columbus as special representative of the Crown, to make sure that Columbus's erratic genius does not overstep Ferdinand's authority in the new lands. The ships, after passing the northwest corner of Trinidad, reach the Pearl Islands. Rich is given charge of a landing party. They find endless forest, eat oysters and iguana flesh, and come on a great inland lake. Rich's fears for the natives are aroused by the swaggering brutality of the hidalgos.

Having tasted the tender meat of iguana, some of the gentlemen on a second trip ashore attack a huge one asleep on the sands — García's sportive idea. In the struggle of hidalgos with noose and crossbow, it is Rich who gives the creature its deathblow, so for the first time his sword wins him respect. A friendly party of Indians confirm the Spaniards' suspicion that the stinking beast is not edible, nor iguana, but caiman — a crocodile. With his new prestige, Rich is able to curb the hidalgos' easy ways with native women.

They return eventually to the flagship, where Rich gives the Admiral his report about the mighty Orinoco, which, with other signs, points to the existence of some vast continent behind the shore. Columbus, suspicious, uneasy in his authority, disbelieves him, and orders the voyage to continue to Española. The *Holy Name* lays her course northwest, and for days the hidalgos, who have never learned the rudiments of navigation, mutter with boredom on the hot decks. They arrive at San Domingo to find Bartholomew Columbus, the Admiral's brother and the *Adelantado*, involved in a native mutiny enflamed by Roldan, Chief Justice of the island, a rogue who was once the Admiral's valet. The Indians are being slaughtered with ferocious cruelty. Roldan pursues his treachery, waylays one of the King's boats, and forces Columbus into a treaty with him which Rich knows is a direct affront to the Crown. Sick at heart, he sits down to write his report to Ferdinand. . . .

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TO THE INDIES

BY C. S. FORESTER

XVIII

Roldan and his followers had come to San Domingo under the protection of the free pardon which had been solemnly proclaimed at the foot of the flagstaff. They were swaggering about the place, Roldan and Bernardo de Tarpia and Cristobal García and all of them. They had brought a long train of Indian slaves with them, well-set-up and handsome young women, each bearing burdens. Slaves and burdens, in accordance with the recent treaty, were to be sent to Spain in the *Holy Name;* the crop-eared Martinez was to sail with them as agent for all the recent mutineers, and he was to be armed with a long list of the luxuries which he was to buy with the proceeds of this plunder.

Rich's report was completed, signed and sealed. Rich had given it with his own hands to Ballester, who was sailing as captain in the *Santa Ana*. The action had reminded him — if reminding were needed — of the impermanence of life in this world. He was taking the precaution lest the *Holy Name*, with him on board, should never reach Spain at all. Perhaps the next week would find him with the saints in Paradise, or suffering the pangs of purgatory, or — he felt a shudder of fear — more likely cast into the eternal flames of hell as a result of his recent heretical thoughts. He was in a state of profound dejection and agitation of mind which was not relieved in the least by the suspicious glance which Ballester darted at him when he received the letter; Ballester could suspect only too well what the contents were, and Ballester was one of those who loved the Admiral.

Should anyone of the Admiral's party come to know exactly what was written in his report, Rich knew that his life might be in danger. There were subtle poisons in this island, — the deadly manchineel was one, — even if it might not be the more simple matter of a knife in his back. He had to set himself, for these last few days before the ships sailed, to play the part of the conscientious supporter, critical but not too much so — certainly not the man who would write to the King that the Admiral was not fit to govern a farmyard, let alone an empire. It was a comfort to him now that Roldan knew of the letter. Certainly neither the Admiral nor Ballester would dare to incur the penalties of high treason by tampering with a sealed document addressed to His Highness himself — at least not while an enemy knew that such a letter existed. Rich could not trust either the Italians or the Andalusians, and he waited with impatience during the interminable delays in fitting out the *Holy Name*.

He was walking back in the dark after dining with the *Adelantado*. The *Santa Ana* had actually sailed with his report on board; the *Holy Name* was almost ready; another thirty-six hours and he would have seen the last of this island. Overhead the stars were brilliant; the moon would rise soon in all her splendor.

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The cicadas were singing wildly all round him, and the lusty croaking of the frogs in the stream supplied a cheerful bass. Fireflies were lighting and relighting their lamps about his path, far more brilliant and mysterious than their duller brothers of Spain. Altogether he was in a cheerful mood — two cups of the Admiral's wine may have had something to do with that.

A denser shadow appeared in the darkness close at his right hand, and then another at his left. There was a man at either elbow walking silently in step with him; Rich felt the skin creep on the back of his neck, while between his shoulder blades he felt the actual spot where the stiletto would enter. Yet even in that moment he found time to wonder why they were troubling to murder him while his report was on its way to the King and beyond recall.

And then the walking shadow on his right spoke to him with the voice of García.

'Don Narciso,' he said, 'I must trouble you to turn back and come with us.'

'And if I do not, Don Cristobal?'

Both men pressed in close upon him, forcing his elbows against his sides.

'I have a dagger here, Don Narciso. I will use it if you cry out.'

'And I have another,' said the voice of Diego Moret on his left. 'And I will use it, too. There will be one in your back and one in your belly.'

'Turn back with us, Don Narciso,' said García, insinuatingly.

Rich turned; he felt there was nothing else he could do.

'Where are you taking me?' he asked; he had to try hard to keep the quaver out of his voice.

'This is not the time for explanations,' said García grimly. 'I would prefer you to keep quiet.'

They were walking down the slope from the citadel; the little town lay on their right, and there was only one solitary gleam of light from it. Rich decided they were going to lead him into the forest and kill him there. His body might lie forever in that tangle of vegetation and never be discovered, even within a mile of the place. But he was still puzzled as to the motive, so puzzled that quite involuntarily he broke the silence with another question.

'What do you want to kill me for?' he asked.

'Be quiet. And we are not going to kill you,' said García.

'*Probably* not going to,' amended Moret in the darkness on his left.

Even with this amendment the statement was reassuring. The wave of relief which surged over Rich astonished him; he realized that he had been far more afraid than he had suspected at the time. He trembled a little with the reaction, and then battled with himself to stop it. He did not want these two men at his elbows to know he was trembling. They were coming nearer to the trees and the forest.

'There are four horses here, Don Narciso,' said García. 'One of them is for you. The others are for Don Diego and myself and Don Ramon, who is waiting for us. There will be no reins for you to hold — the reins will be in my charge. But I hope you can stay in the saddle by holding on to the saddle-bow.'

'I can try,' said Rich — the whinny of a horse told that they were drawing near to them.

'Did you find him?' asked an unknown voice.

'Yes,' said García, and then to Rich, 'Mount.'

Rich felt in the darkness for the stirrup, and with the effort usual to him he hoisted up his foot and got it in. By the time he had swung himself into the saddle Moret was already mounted; García sprang into the saddle of the third horse. They began to move along a path — the unknown Ramon, who had been waiting with the horses, in front, followed by Rich and García, while Moret

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brought up the rear. The horses blundered along in the darkness; Rich felt his face whipped painfully occasionally by branches, and his knees received several excruciating knocks. For a space his mind was too much occupied with these troubles, and with the necessity of keeping his seat in the saddle, to have any thought to spare for the future, but as soon as the forest began to thin, and the rising moon gave them light to an extent quite remarkable compared with the previous blackness, he inevitably began to wonder once more. Suddenly a new aspect of the situation broke upon him, with a shock which made him sweat and set him moving restlessly in the saddle.

'Mother of God!' he said. 'The *Holy Name* sails tomorrow. You will let me get back in time to sail in her?'

The first reply he had was a light-hearted chuckle from Moret behind; the question seemed to amuse him immensely. García allowed a painful second or two to elapse before answering.

'No, my pretty one,' he said. 'You will not be sailing in the *Holy Name*. Rest assured about that.'

'Assured' was not at all the right adjective to describe Rich's mental condition. There was bitter disappointment at the thought of not returning to Spain, but his other doubts overlaid that at the moment; he was intensely puzzled. It could hardly be ransom that these kidnappers were seeking; they must know that in the island he possessed practically nothing that anyone could desire. Then it occurred to him that perhaps he was being carried off to give legal color to some plan they had in mind. They might be intending to force him to construct some binding agreement regarding their grants of land.

'I will do nothing,' he announced stoutly, 'to distort the law for you. I have my professional honor to consider.'

Moret seemed to find this announcement extremely funny too. He broke into high-pitched laughter again; Rich, who could not see him, could imagine him writhing convulsed with merriment in his saddle.

'Be damned to your professional honor,' said García. 'Do you think a man like me needs a lawyer to chop straws for him in this island?'

'Then why, in the name of God . . .'

They wanted neither his wealth nor his legal services, and he could think of nothing else they could want of him. Unless perhaps — it was a most uncomfortable thought — they wanted him as a hostage. If that were the case, his doom was certain; nobody of the Admiral's party would lift a finger to save him. The sweat on his face felt suddenly cold, and he shuddered in the warm night.

'We want you —' began García, slowly.

'It's too good a joke to spoil yet,' interjected Moret, but García ignored him.

'We want you as a navigator,' said García.

'As a navigator?'

'Didn't you hear what I said?' snapped García.

'But I'm no navigator,' protested Rich. 'I know nothing about it.'

'We saw you on the voyage out,' said García. 'The Admiral was giving you lessons. You looked at the sun every day through his astrolabe, and at the stars each night. You were enough of a navigator to lecture us about it. Or have you forgotten?'

Rich certainly had forgotten until he was reminded of it.

'But I could no more take a ship to Spain — ' he began.

'Spain? Who said anything about Spain? It's west we sail, not east. And I'll warrant you could find your way to Spain, too.'

'Holy Mary!' said Rich, faintly. 'Sainted Narciso of Gerona!'

He was too stunned for a space to say more, but slowly realization came to him.

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'I will not go with you,' he burst out. 'I will not. Let me go back. Please! I beg of you.'

He writhed about in his saddle, entertaining some frantic notion of flinging himself to the ground and taking to his heels. The sound of a sharp whirr of steel behind him made him refrain; Moret had drawn his sword and was ready to cut him down. He forced himself to sit still, and from that he proceeded to force himself to appear calm. He was suddenly ashamed of his exhibition of weakness; it was especially shameful that he should have been guilty of an undignified outburst before men like García and Moret, whom he despised. And — such is human nature — there was the faint hope growing in his breast already that he might yet escape.

'What is the plan?' he asked, steadying his voice.

'A week back,' said García, 'we caught an Indian. He is not of this island, although our Indians can understand him. He is taller and stronger, and his lower lip has been cut off in a V, so that we call him *el Baboso*, the Slobberer.'

'But what has he to say?'

'He has told us of a land to the north and west, a vast country full of gold. Gold vases and gold dishes. There are vast palaces, he says, reaching to the sky, and the chiefs have their clothes sewn all over with precious stones so that in the sunshine the eye cannot bear their brightness. That is where we are going. We shall bury our arms elbow-deep in gold dust.'

'But in what ship?'

'The caravel *Santa Engracia* lies less than twenty leagues from here. Her captain is dead of fever, and her crew tried to run off, but we have caught four sailors who can work the sails, and now we have you to navigate her.'

'My God!' said Rich. 'I suppose Roldan is captain?'

Moret giggled again behind him.

'Roldan? Good God, no! Who would want to sail under that lout? It is I who am captain, as you will do well to remember in future. We are twenty gentlemen of coat-armor, and we shall carve out our own empire in the West.'

For a moment Rich felt a sensation almost of pleasurable excitement at the thought of such an adventure. He had to catch himself up suddenly and bring down his thoughts to a matter-of-fact level. How could he possibly navigate a ship from Española to China or Cipangu? Perhaps, as García had in mind, the sailors would know how to trim the sails and attend to the other details of the practical handling of the ship. Perhaps he himself was capable of estimating the speed of the ship, and with the needle he would know something of her course. The astrolabe would give him a notion of their position relative to the equinoctial line; he raked back in his memory to see what he knew of the Admiral's table of the sun's height above the horizon — he could at least make a rough allowance for its variation, or perhaps there was a copy of the table on board the *Santa Engracia*. That would be a check on the other calculation, and would help him in the matter of allowing for currents and leeway and the uncertainty of the needle. Vaguely, very vaguely, he would have some sort of notion as to where they were. He could never hope to find his way back to Española if they wanted to return, but he could at least turn the ship's head and sail her eastward — eastward — eastward until he had found Africa or Spain or Portugal or France or even England. The Old World was too big a place even for him to miss.

Then, like a cold douche, common sense returned again. The whole plan was too mad, too insane. How could he be expected to handle a ship, with only his sketchy theoretical knowledge? There would be all kinds of emergencies to deal with — he remembered how the Admiral had brought the *Holy Name* through the Serpent's Mouth and then through the Dragon's Mouths. He could

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not handle a ship like that. He knew nothing about beating to windward off a lee shore. He did not have the practised seaman's uncanny knack of guessing the trend of a shoal from the successive casts of the lead. These hotheaded Spanish *caballeros* had no conception at all of the difficulty of the task they proposed to set him — if for no other reason, because they were accustomed to the Admiral's phenomenal seamanship.

'I never heard of such a ridiculous plan in all my life,' he burst out.

'So that is what you think?' replied García. There was a polite lack of interest in his manner.

'Yes!' said Rich. 'And what's more —'

Nobody appeared to listen to what more he had to say. The horses broke into a trot, and Rich, joggling about in his saddle, found his flow of eloquence impeded. He knew then that nothing he could say would deter these hotheads from their plan. Nothing would induce them to set him free to return to San Domingo and the *Holy Name*. He relapsed again into miserable silence, while the horses pushed on in the darkness, trotting whenever their fatigue and the conditions would allow, and walking in the intervals. Fatigue soon came to numb his misery. He was sleepy, and an hour or two on horseback was quite sufficient exercise for his soft limbs. The men of iron who rode with him had no idea of fatigue. The loss of a night's rest, the riding of a dozen leagues on horseback, were nothing to them. Rich bumped miserably along with them through the night; before dawn he had actually dozed once or twice in the saddle for a few nightmare seconds, only saving himself from falling headlong by a wild clutch at his horse's invisible mane.

XIX

At dawn García broke his long silence. 'There's the *Santa Engracia*,' he said.

The path had brought them down to the sea's edge here, and the horses were trotting over a beach of firm black sand overhung by the luxuriant green cliffs. A mile ahead a torrential stream notched the steep scarp, and in the shelter of the tiny bay there lay a little ship, a two-masted caravel, her curving lateen yards with their furled sails silhouetted in black against the blue and silver sea. There were huts on the beach, and at their approach people came forth to welcome them. There were Bernardo de Tarpia and Mariano Giraldez, Julio Zerain and Mauricio Galindo — all the hotheaded young gentlemen; Rich could have listed their names without seeing them. There were four or five swaggerers whom he did not know; he presumed they were followers of Roldan whom he had never met before, and the notion was confirmed by the raggedness of their clothing. There were a few depressed Indians, and one with a gap where his lower lip should have been, through which his teeth were visible; this must be *el Baboso*, of whom García had spoken. There were a dozen Indian women whose finery proved that they were the mistresses of Spaniards and not the wives of Indians.

'You found him, then?' commented Tarpia. 'Welcome, learned Doctor-Sailing Master.'

'Good morning,' said Rich.

The longboat lay beside the beach; the Indians pulled at the oars — the hidalgos could not sink their dignity sufficiently to do manual work as long as there was someone else who could be made to do it for them — and within five minutes of leaving shore Rich was hoisting himself wearily up over the side of the caravel. João de Setubal, the eccentric Portuguese, was there, and three or four others; apparently their duty had been to prevent the escape of the remaining four seamen.

'Here's your crew, Sailing Master,' said Tarpia.

The four seamen grinned at him half nervously, half sullenly. It was clear that the new venture was not at all to

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their taste. Rich looked as sullenly back at them. The sun was already hot, and pained his eyes; he felt the *Santa Engracia* heave under his feet as a big roller lifted her.

'Who are you?' he said. 'What service have you seen?'

They answered him in Catalan, like sweet music after the harsh Castilian. They were fishermen from Villanueva, pressed the year before for service on the ocean. They could reef and steer, and had spent their lives at sea.

'One of you must be boatswain,' said Rich. 'Which is it to be?'

Fortunately there seemed to be no doubt about that. Three thumbs were pointed at once to the fourth man, the blue-eyed and broad-shouldered Tomas — stoop-shouldered, too, for middle age had begun to curve his spine.

'Tomas, you are boatswain,' said Rich. It was a relief to have found someone on whom he could fob off some of his responsibility.

The second boatload from the shore was already alongside; García had come with it.

'We are ready to sail now, Sailing Master,' said García.

This was all mad, unreal. It must be a nightmare — it could not really be happening to him, the learned Narciso Rich. As though battling with a nightmare he strove to postpone the moment of departure; he felt that if only he could postpone it long enough he might wake up and find himself back in San Domingo, about to sail for Spain in the *Holy Name*.

'But what about stores?' he asked. 'Food? Water?'

'We have spent the last week collecting food,' said García. 'The ship has dried meat, cassava, and corn for forty people for two months. There is forage for the horses, and every water cask is full.'

'And charts? And instruments?'

'Everything the captain had is still in his cabin. He found his way here with them from Spain when he came with Ballester.'

'I had better see them first.'

García's thick brows came together with irritation.

'This is not the moment for wasting time,' he said. 'Hoist sail at once — you can do the rest when we are on our way.'

García's little eyes were like an angry pig's. He glowered at Rich, his hands on his hips and his body inclined forward towards him.

'I know enough about navigation,' he said, menacingly, 'to know we must sail westward along this island before we turn north. I might find I could do without a navigator altogether, and in that case —'

He took his right hand from his hip and pointed significantly overside. Rich could not meet his gaze, and was ashamed of himself because of it. He turned away.

'Very well,' he said, faintly.

And even then the prayer that he began to breathe was cut short without his realizing it by the way the problem of getting under way captured his interest — if his active mind was employed it was hard for him to remain frightened. He looked up at the masthead; the pennant there was flapping gently in an easterly wind; the land wind had dropped and the sea breeze had not begun yet to blow. The ship was riding bows on to the wind; he had to turn her about as she got under way. The theory of the manœuvre was simple, and he had often enough seen it put into practice. It was an interesting experience to have to do it himself.

'Tomas,' he said, 'set the Indians to up-anchor. And I want the foresail ready to set.'

Tomas nodded at him, blinking in the sun. 'Who'll take the tiller, sir? It'll take the four of us to set sail.'

'I will,' said Rich, desperately. He had never held a ship's tiller in his life before, but he knew the theory of it.

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He walked aft and set his hand on the big lever, swinging it tentatively. It seemed easy enough. Tomas had collected a band of Indians at the windlass — from the docility with which they obeyed him it was obvious that they were already accustomed to working under him, presumably during the business of provisioning the ship. The windlass began to clack, the Indians straining at the handles as they dragged the ship up to her anchor against the wind. The seamen were ready to set the foresail — two of them had just finished casting off the gaskets.

'Straight up and down, sir!' shouted Tomas, leaning over the bows to look at the cable.

'Hoist away!' shouted Rich; he swallowed hard as soon as the words were out of his mouth.

The anchor came up, and Tomas rushed back to help with the foresail. As the ponderous canvas spread, Rich felt the tiller in his hand come to life; the ship was gathering sternway. He knew what he had to do. He put the tiller hard over, for the ship had only to lie the tiniest fraction across the wind for the big foresail to swing her round like a weathercock. She lurched and hesitated, and Rich in a sudden panic brought the tiller across to the other side. Tomas was watching him, apparently awaiting more orders, but Rich had none to give. Nevertheless, Tomas kept his head — he saw on which side Rich had at last decided to hold the tiller, and ran with his men to brace the yard round. Rich felt the motion of the ship change as she swung across the swell; a glance at the island revealed the shore to be slowly revolving round him. He struggled widly to keep his head clear; it was the ship that was turning, not the island. The big foresail was doing its work, and he flung his weight against the tiller to catch the ship lest she swing too far.

'Set the mainsail, sir?' asked Tomas. He was so obviously expecting an affirmative answer that Rich was constrained to give him one, though he doubted his strength to hold her if more canvas were spread. He felt the ship under his feet gather increased speed as the mainsail bellied out in the wind, and it seemed as if the tiller would pull his arms out of their sockets. And then suddenly it ceased to be a thing to be fought and struggled with; it became a sweet tool of whose every motion the ship was immediately conscious.

'Send a hand to the tiller, Tomas,' he called.

It would be as well to get as far to the southward as he could; on the other hand, if he set too southerly a course it might take him out of sight of land.

Rich suddenly realized that he was not nearly as afraid of that as he was of finding himself on a lee shore during the night. He yearned to have plenty of sea all round him, and it was delightful to discover that he was quite confident of finding Española again should he run it out of sight. He bent over the compass and took in his hand the white peg which marked the course to be set, hesitated for a space, and then with decision put it into the next hole to the east of south.

XX

The voyage went on, somehow. On the third day they doubled Cape Alta Vela and were able to set a westerly course along the southern coast of Española, the old *Santa Engracia*, leaking like a sieve and encumbered with weeds a yard long on her bottom, lumbering along before the persistent urging of the wind. Far on the horizon to the north rose the green mountains of the island. Each day brought its scorching sunshine and its torrential rain, its blue skies and its rainbows.

Each day brought afresh to Rich the strange feeling of the unreality of it all, despite the harsh realism of the ship's routine, the bailing and the constant repairs. He practised diligently each day with astrolabe and cross-staff — he told

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himself that his very life might depend on his skillful use of them, while at the same time he found it impossible to believe it. He worked out the little calculation necessary to ascertain the speed of the ship by measuring, with his pulse, the time taken by an object thrown overboard from the bow to reach the stern. He pored long and diligently over the Admiral's chart of the Indies, the long sweep of islands at its eastern end, where — as the last voyage had ascertained — lay Trinidad and the mysterious country of the Orinoco and the Earthly Paradise. Westmost of the chain lay Española, divided by a narrow strait from the long peninsula of Cuba which jutted out two hundred leagues or so from the unknown mainland of China or India. So the Admiral had drawn it; Rich was aware that there had been whispers that Cuba was merely another island, the vastest of them all. The Admiral had silenced the whispers by decreeing that any such whisperer would lose his tongue.

But whether Cuba were an island or not, the task García had laid upon him was to steer the *Santa Engracia* up through the strait between Cuba and Española, and then northwesterly, on and on until they reached the country where the temples reached the sky and worked gold was to be seen everywhere.

Seventy leagues to the west of Alta Vela lay Cape San Miguel, the westernmost point of Española; it interested Rich to find that they reached it at the very moment which he predicted. His dead reckoning had been correct, and so was the Admiral's chart — or else they both contained the same error. Rich might at one time have speculated deeply on the philosophy of compensating errors, but nowadays he was too engrossed in hourly problems to waste time. He accepted God's mercy with gratitude and left it at that; as soon as he saw the shore of Española trending away back to the eastward from the bluff green eminence of San Miguel, and knew he had made all the westing necessary, he had to lay a fresh course through the straits, for there was no leeway to spare at all on this next leg of the passage.

No leeway to spare; indeed it became apparent that they would never double Cuba in a single tack. For as they bore northward the wind backed northward as well. Rich and Tomas laid the *Santa Engracia* as close to the wind as they could, striving to make northing while they still had sea room, but she drifted away to leeward spiritlessly, encumbered by her weeds. Rich gazed despairingly at the telltale angle which his unaided eye could observe between the trace of her wake and the line of her masts. The cliffs of Cuba loomed in sight, a hard line on the horizon ahead, and still the wind blew from the north. They had to wear the ship round, heading back almost in the direction from which they had come.

García watched the manœuvre curiously and suspiciously.

'Why back to Española, navigator?' he asked. There was a grim jocularity in his tone. 'I ask you to sail northwest and' — he glanced up at the sun — 'even a poor landsman like myself can see you are sailing southeast.'

Rich endeavored to explain the difficulty he was encountering. Today there was none of the elation which previously had led him to answer with spirit. He was too frightened of García again.

'I see,' said García, consideringly, but with still a hint of unsatisfied suspicion in his voice. 'But you do not want to go *too* close to Española, do you? We should not like to lose you, learned Doctor — not now that you have proved your worth. And I might add that we will see that we do not.'

There were two days when the wind failed altogether, and the *Santa Engracia* wallowed helplessly in the calm, with San Miguel still in sight to the eastward, and the porpoises sported round her as if to show their contempt for her sluggishness, and the flying fish furrowed the deep blue of the water. When it blew

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again, the wind was still hardly east of north, and day by day the *Santa Engracia* beat back and forth across the wide channel, gaining hardly more than a few yards each day, while tempers grew short on board and the murmuring hidalgos, who had actually come to recognize the shores which encompassed them, asked bitterly how long the blundering incompetence of their navigator was going to keep them confined. Rich began to pray for a southerly wind, which would carry them off towards the mad adventure which he so much dreaded.

XXI

Long afterwards Rich remembered those prayers; he suspected that it was because of his impiety and incipient heresy that his petition was granted in the fashion which God chose. It was two weeks before the feast of San Narciso of Gerona (who had always stood his friend) to which he had been looking forward as perhaps bringing relief from his troubles. The wind had died away again when they had nearly clawed their way northward to the open sea, and the *Santa Engracia* drifted helplessly, with Cuba barely in sight from the masthead and Española invisible over the horizon. It was oppressively hot, although there was a thin veil of cloud over the sky, through which the sun showed only at rare intervals and then a mere ghost of his usual self. The *Santa Engracia* pitched and rolled in a swell which was extraordinarily heavy for the narrow waters in which they lay. Spaniards and Indians sat helpless about the decks, gasping in the heat; Rich felt his clothes wet upon his back.

He prayed for a wind, any wind, and the wind came. Gently it came at first, only a mild puff, steadying the ship in her rolling and making the sails flap loudly. Rich started from the deck in wild excitement. Those puffs of wind were from the south — a few hours of this would see them through the straits, and free. Tomas noticed the puffs of wind too; he was having the yards braced round in haste. Soon there was quite a breeze blowing from the southward, piping in the rigging, and the *Santa Engracia* was under full sail before it, heading gallantly to the northward over the gray sea.

But the breeze had brought no relief from the heat, curiously enough. It was a hot wind, a fiery wind. Rich felt his skin still drip, even while the breeze blew upon him. There was an Indian on the forecastle chattering excitedly to Tomas, and Tomas was trying to puzzle out what he was saying. He led the Indian aft to where Rich stood with García, and the Indian babbled in panic.

'Hurricane,' he was saying, or some word like that. He was frantic with the desire to express his meaning — it was a most vivid example of the curse of Babel with which God had afflicted the world because of its impiety.

'Hurricane,' said the Indian again, wreathing his hands. 'Hurricane — big wind.'

He pointed up to the sky and waved his arms; the clouds to which he was pointing had a baleful yellow gleam now which was echoed in the sea below.

'Big wind,' said the Indian, and now that he had the Spanish words he had sought he amplified them.

'Big — big — big — big wind,' he said wildly. He was trying to convey to his stolid taskmasters the impression of a wind bigger than their imagination could conceive. Rich and Tomas exchanged glances.

'Wind's freshening,' said Tomas. It was blowing half a gale, certainly, and the *Santa Engracia* was heaving and plunging before it over the topaz sea.

'You had better shorten sail, Tomas,' said Rich, and then, as a bigger gust came: 'No, heave her to.'

The force of the wind suddenly redoubled itself. It shifted a couple of points and flung itself howling upon the *Santa Engracia* — Rich saw the line of

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the wind hurtling over the surface of the water. The *Santa Engracia* lay over, took a huge wave over her bows, and then wearily came up again. The wind was nearly taking the men off their feet. They felt as if they were being pushed by something solid, and it was still increasing in force; they had all been dashed against the lee rail and it was with incredible difficulty that they regained their footing. Rich felt himself being swept away again. He seized a rope's end and began to tie himself to the rail, with great clumsy knots — it seemed mad for a grown man to tie himself to his ship for fear of being blown away, but everything in this world was mad. The deck forward was strangely bare — only Tomas and another man were to be seen there, clutching the rail. The sea they had shipped must have swept the others away.

Tomas saw Rich looking at him, and pointed up to the mainsail. The small rag of canvas which had been left spread there was blowing out, expanding like a bladder as the gaskets gave way. Next moment the whole sail was loose; a moment later it had flogged itself into fragments which cracked like gigantic whips in the gale with a noise which even the wind could not drown.

The ship must be hurtling to leeward at an astonishing pace, thought Rich, with a mad clarity of mind. He wondered how, when he next worked out the ship's position, he could allow for all this leeway whose pace and direction were quite unknown to him. Then he told himself he would most likely never work out the ship's position again. And he was in mortal sin — he had been intending to confess before sailing in the *Holy Name*. He was frightened now, for the first time since the gale began, and he tried to pray into the shrieking wind.

At nightfall he was still alive, drooping half conscious in his bonds as the seas swept over him, and deaf to the wild roaring of the wind in his ears. He was not aware of the moment when the ship struck land, although he must have come to his senses directly after. Wind and sea were more insensate than ever in the roaring night; there was white foam everywhere, faintly visible in the darkness, and huge waves seemed to be beating upon him with a more direct violence than before. Under his feet, and through the mad din of wind and water, he was conscious of a thundering noise as the ship pounded and broke. He guessed that the ship had struck land — and in panic, like waking from a nightmare, he struggled to free himself from the rope that had bound him fast so far. The deck heaved and canted, smothered under a huge roller. Then the poop broke clear, hurtling over the reef and across the lagoon. Rich felt himself and the deck tossed over and over, and they struck solid land in a welter of crashing fragments. The wind took charge of him as he hit the beach, and blew him farther inshore. He clutched feebly and quite ineffectively at the darkness, while the wind flung him through and over, up the slope. He felt vegetation — some kind of cane — under him. Then he fell down another slope; there was water in his face until he struggled clear. A freak of the wind had dropped him into the lee of a nearly vertical bank, so that the giant's fingers of the hurricane could no longer reach under him and hurl him farther. He lay there, half conscious; at rare intervals a shattering sob broke from his lips, while overhead the gale howled and yelled in the pitchy black.

XXII

It was down into the depths of a ravine that the wind had dropped Rich, perhaps the safest place in a hurricane that chance could have chosen for him. There was a stream flowing in the depths — Rich lay half in and half out of it for most of one day until he roused himself to crawl clear. The fresh water probably saved his life, for he was much too battered

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and bruised and ill to be able to move far. Overpowering thirst compelled him to bend his tortured neck and drink, the first time and at intervals after that; he felt no hunger, only the dreadful pain of his bruises, and he moaned like a sick child at every slight movement that he made. He had neither thought nor feeling for anything other than his pain and his thirst; late on the second day he raised himself for an instant on his hands and knees and looked round the ravine, but he collapsed again on his face.

It was not until the day after that the feeble urge of life within him caused him to pull himself to his feet and stand swaying, while every tiny part of him protested fiercely against the effort. He was like a man flayed alive. He had hardly an atom of skin left upon him — his only clothes were his shoes and his leather breeches — and in addition to his innumerable deep bruises he had several serious cuts, caked now with black blood. He was weak and dizzy, but he made himself stagger along the ravine; he could not hope to attempt its steep sides, but after the first few steps progress became easier as his aching joints loosened, until fatigue caused him to sit down and rest again.

He emerged in the end upon the beach, at the point where the ravine cut through the low cliff, round the corner from where the *Santa Engracia* had been blown ashore. The dazzling sunshine, in contrast with the comparative darkness of the ravine, blinded him completely for a space — the silver sand was as dazzling as the cloudless sky above. He sat on a rock again with his hands to his eyes while he recovered, but as he sat he became conscious of hunger, and it was the prodigious urge of hunger which drove him again to wander along the beach, seeking something to devour.

For several days, even in that smiling island, the problem of food occupied his attention to the exclusion of all else. The first solution was supplied by the discovery of a bag of unground Indian corn, cast up on the beach from the wreck of the *Santa Engracia*, all that he ever found of her except a few timbers. The grain was soggy with sea water, but he pounded it between two rocks and made a sort of raw porridge out of it which at least sufficed to fill his belly and give him strength to continue his search. Then he managed to kill a land crab with a rock, and ate the disgusting creature raw — he became accustomed very quickly to a diet of raw land crab. Most of the trees in the little island had been broken off short by the hurricane, and at his second attempt to push through the wild tangle to the low summit of the island he found a plantain treetop full of fruit, tasteless and tough and not very digestible, but of considerable use in keeping his soul in his body — although the very violent reaction of his interior to this stimulating diet made him wonder more than once if the frail partnership were going to dissolve.

He was not very conscious of the curse of loneliness. Indeed, rather on the contrary: he caught himself almost on the point of smiling once or twice at the irony of it that, of all the complement of the *Santa Engracia*, he should be the sole survivor. García with his bull's strength, Tarpia with his skill at arms, Moret, young Avila, Tomas the seaman — the storm had killed them all except him, and he felt no particular regret for any of them, save perhaps for Tomas. And even for Tomas he was mainly regretful because with his aid it might have been easier to build a boat.

For he was naturally determined to build a boat. Española might lie just over the horizon, and even if he hated Española he wanted to return there if only as the first stage of his road to Spain.

Rich was altogether of much too intellectual a turn of mind to have any illusions as to the magnitude of the work before him; it is all the more to his credit that he set himself doggedly at his task,

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exploring the island for timber that might serve his purpose, and perfectly prepared with shells and stones and his two big nails to dig himself a dugout canoe from a suitable tree trunk — his mind was already busy with schemes for tying a keel of rock under the bottom to stabilize the thing, not merely to make it less likely to roll over, but to save the labor of hollowing it out more than a sketchy amount.

It took him only a single day to discover a suitable tree trunk; but it took him two weeks to discover stones suitable to work with, to chip them to any sort of edge, for he spoiled nine tenths of them. He was consumed with a furious energy for the work — his busy mind could not tolerate the empty idleness of the island, with only the monotonous beating of the surf to windward and the cries of the birds. He chipped away remorselessly, sparing himself only the minimum of time to hunt for food; he grew lean and hard, and the sun burnt him almost to blackness. He reminded himself that when he was home again at last he would have a delightful time building up once more the corpulence essential to the dignity of a successful professional man.

His most exciting discovery was of a thin vein of rock in an exposed scar in the very ravine where he had first fallen. It was of a dark green, nearly black, and when he chipped out a lump, and smashed it, it broke like glass into a series of points best adapted for spearheads, perhaps, but with a dull cutting edge which made them possible for use as knives. With infinite patience he quarried out one heavy lump with as perfect an edge as he could hope for. Using that as an axe, he quite doubled his rate of progress in the weary business of trimming off the boughs of his tree trunk.

Rich had made one miscalculation when he was considering his chances of being rescued. He had had only Spanish ships in mind, and he had never given a thought to Indians in canoes; and so it came about that all his labor was quite wasted. It was one noontide that the canoe came, at a moment when his log was poised on the brink of the last slope down to the beach and a few more heaves upon his lever would have sent it careering down to the water's edge. How long the canoe had been in sight he did not know, for he had been engrossed in his work; it was only when he paused that he saw it, with three men at the paddles, threading its way in through the shoals. He threw himself down into hiding the moment he perceived it, — instant decision was easy to him now, — and he waited until it reached the shore and the three Indians had dragged it up the beach before he seized his heavy lever and rushed down upon them.

They looked up at him in fright as he arrived, and scattered, squeaking with dismay; they may have recognized him as one of the terrible white men of whom they had heard, but just as likely his mere appearance was sufficiently terrifying to strike them with panic. One ran along the beach and the other two dived into the vegetation, and Rich found himself master of a canoe which, crude as it was, was far better than anything he could have hoped to make in three months. But it was a big boat for a single man to handle, and Española was far away. He would prefer to have a crew for the voyage, and he set himself to wonder how he could catch the Indians.

The Admiral had always managed to play upon their curiosity, he knew, — he had studied his reports closely enough to remember that, — and somehow he must manage to coax them within his reach. He looked into the canoe; it contained only a crude creeper fishing net and gourds of water and a few cakes of cassava bread, — the sight even of cassava bread made his mouth water after his recent diet, — nothing by which he could get them into his power. He wanted to eat their bread, but he thought that the sight of a man eating bread

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would be hardly sufficient to excite their curiosity. He took up his big lever, balanced it upright on his open hand, and walked solemnly down the beach with it. Then he raised it to his chin, and he was able to keep it poised there for a few unstable seconds. He picked up three white lumps of stone and tried to juggle with them — as a boy he had been able to keep three balls in the air at once, and he managed to make a clumsy effort to recapture his old skill.

Stealing a glance sideways, he saw that the Indian who had run along the beach had halted and was looking back, mystified; he was even retracing a few of his steps, hesitant, just like a child. Rich juggled all the harder, tossing the white stones higher and higher. He took his lever again, and spun it in his fingers, and he sat down on the thick gunwale of the canoe with his back to the land, twisting his lever and working his left elbow as if he were doing something mysterious with his left hand, out of the Indians' sight. It was while he was so engaged that he heard soft footfalls on the sand behind him, and whisperings; he was careful to turn round as slowly as possible, lest a sudden movement might scare them away.

They were standing in a row, half a dozen yards off, and staring at him big-eyed; they jumped when he turned, and were poised for flight again, but they did not flee. Rich put down his lever and extended his hand in the gesture of peace.

'Good day,' he said, soothingly.

They looked at each other, and nudged each other, but they said nothing.

'This is a very charming island,' he said. 'Do you come here for fish or turtles?'

They actually were smiling at the strange noises he made — these children of nature were never far from laughter if the white man had not actually laid his hands on them. He racked his brains in an effort to be more conversational. He pointed southwestwards.

'Cuba?' he asked.

They knew that name, and stirred with recognition.

'Cuba,' said one of them, nodding, and another added something unintelligible.

Rich pointed to the south.

'Española?' he asked, and then, correcting himself: 'Hayti? Hayti?'

They shrank back a little at that — to them, clearly, the name of Hayti was accursed. But the boldest one managed to nod in reply.

'Hayti,' he said.

The assurance was worth having, even if nothing else came from the interview. One of them stepped forward again, asking a question. He pointed to Rich and then to the south; Rich caught the word 'Hayti' repeated several times — he was being asked if he came from there, and he judged it best to disclaim all acquaintance with the place.

'Oh, no,' he said, shaking his head. 'Me Cuba. Me Cuba. Hurricane.'

They knew that word too, and there was a faint light of understanding in their faces; they chattered to each other as they debated how a hurricane could possibly have blown this queer bearded stranger all the way from Cuba. One of them sidled past him to the canoe, picked out a cassava cake, and gave it to him. He nodded and smiled his thanks and ate, the cooked food grateful to his stomach, although he did his best not to appear too hungry. The more normal his reactions, the easier it would be to win their confidence. He rubbed his stomach and pointed down his throat — a plan was forming in his mind.

He picked up the end of the creeper net and pointed to the sea; they knew something of what he meant. He pointed to the sea again with a sweeping gesture of his arm, and rubbed his stomach again. They grasped what he wanted; this simple stranger needed some fish, and they were perfectly willing to oblige, here on this admirable seining beach. They came fearlessly forward now; one

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of them took up the end of the net while the other two, smiling, prepared to push the canoe into the water. Rich smiled too, and casually picked up his lever and dropped it into the canoe before he bent to help them shove out. The canoe floated, and one of the two Indians prepared to paddle while the other paid out the net; they were only a little surprised when Rich climbed in behind them.

The canoe danced over the small surf as the single paddle drove it slowly forward; the other Indian, standing precariously, dropped the net overside armful by armful. Farther and farther out they went, in a curve, until Rich, watching narrowly, decided that half the net was out and they were about to curve back to the beach. The decisive moment had come. He scrambled forward and seized the whole remainder of the net, and lifted it in his arms and dumped it overboard amid the Indians' ejaculations of mild protest. He picked up his lever, poised it menacingly.

'Hayti,' he said, and pointed southward.

They protested much more strenuously at that, piping in their shrill voices and gesticulating despairingly.

'Hayti,' said Rich inexorably. He swung his club back; he was ready to strike one Indian down if by so doing he could terrorize the other into paddling. The one he menaced screamed and cowered under the impending blow.

'Hayti,' said Rich, again, pointing to the paddles.

They gave way before his snarling ferocity — Rich was desperate now that there was this chance of reaching home. They picked up their paddles and began work; one of them was weeping like a girl.

They headed out through the shallows to the open sea, while from the distant beach came the wailing of the third Indian, standing there puzzled and deserted. His voice mingled with the weird cry of the sea birds.

XXIII

The canoe effected its passage to Española in the course of that night, with Rich steering by the sun while daylight lasted, and by the North Star — he had to stand up in the unsteady canoe to discover it low down on the horizon — at night. The steady hours of paddling wore out the Indians entirely; even before darkness fell they were sobbing with fatigue and Rich had to goad them to work.

Just before dawn there was a sudden squall of wind, and rain which blotted the world from sight, and for a few minutes Rich felt, for the first time, a sense of danger. He turned the canoe bows on into the wind and sea, and had to struggle hard to hold it there; but the odd little canoe, with its thick sides of light wood, rode the waves in a fantastically self-confident manner, threading its way through difficulties as though endowed with an intelligence of its own. Then the squall passed, and with the end of the squall dawn was lighting the eastern horizon, and to the southward there were mountains reaching to the sky, wild and jagged.

'Hayti!' said the Indians.

They turned faces yellow with fatigue towards him, dumbly imploring him not to force them to approach nearer to the accursed land, but Rich hardened his heart. With a stroke or two of his paddle he swung the canoe round towards the island, and then used the paddle to prod them into activity. The canoe danced and lurched over a quartering sea in response to a last effort from their weary arms, and the mountains grew steadily nearer until the white ribbon of surf at the base of the rocks was visible, and then the canoe ran alongside a natural pier of rock and Rich stepped out, so stiff and cramped that he could hardly stand straight.

The Indians still looked up at him apprehensively. They had not the spirit — or else the strength — to try to escape,

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A Lot of "*Heart Trouble*" Isn't!

TOO MANY PEOPLE have fear in their hearts—about their hearts.

They have been told that "heart trouble" usually announces itself by such warning symptoms as shortness of breath, sense of oppression or actual pain near heart, or fainting.

However, no one symptom should make you decide, "I have heart trouble!" The cause may actually be disease of the lungs or digestive system, or nervous strain—or it may be something relatively unimportant. But, whenever any signs occur —*your physician should be the one to decide what's really wrong!*

▶ Such aids to accurate diagnosis as the stethoscope, the fluoroscope, the electrocardiograph, enable him in most cases to determine the heart's condition. He may be able to assure you that your heart is sound, that something minor needs correction.

Even if the trouble *is* in your heart it need not necessarily mean that you will be an invalid—if it is detected in its early stages. You may be able, by following the doctor's instructions, to continue working and enjoying life for many years.

▶ Today, many men and women whose hearts are not normal lead useful, active lives. They and their doctors know what their hearts can and cannot do; their habits of work, exercise, recreation, rest, eating, and drinking, are sensibly regulated.

The most common forms of heart trouble strike most frequently after the age of 40. As you and your heart approach this period, it is wise to modify your work and play so as to avoid overexertion. Too much of either is dangerous. Get plenty of rest and keep your weight down. Remember, too, that sudden indulgence in unusual or over-long exercise is apt to place too severe a strain on the heart.

▶ And at this time—more than ever—it is important to have thorough annual health examinations. Such examinations often can detect trouble before serious symptoms appear.

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and they could only sit and wonder what awful fate now awaited them in this land which the white devils had come to plague. Rich returned their gaze, looking thoughtfully down on them. He could still find a good use for the canoe, employing it to take him along the coast until he found a Spanish settlement; but the two Indians were so depressed and apprehensive and pitiful in appearance that he found it difficult to bring himself to detain them further. He tried to debate the pros and cons of it coldly and practically, but he suddenly thought of what might happen to the poor wretches if his fellow Spaniards laid hands on them.

'Go!' he said, suddenly. 'Go home!'

Rich walked a hundred and fifty miles through the forests before he found what he sought, and he spent sixteen days doing it. There were tracks through the forest, now almost vanished as the Indians had ceased to use them. Three times they brought him to ruined villages whose decayed huts and deserted gardens had almost become part of primitive nature again, but there he found a few ears of corn and was able to dig up a few roots which kept him alive. The Indian inhabitants, he supposed, had died in battle or of disease, or were toiling away to the south gathering grains of gold in the mountains of Cibao. But the fort of Isabella was somewhere to the eastward, and even though Isabella had been Roldan's late headquarters he would be able to obtain assistance to make his way to San Domingo. So Rich walked through the forest to Isabella.

They gave him help when he reached it; they even were anxious to make him welcome when once he had explained who he was and whence he came. They gave him clothing and food — it was good to set his teeth into meat again — and listened sympathetically while he told them of García's wild scheme to discover a land of gold to the northwestward. They had heard of that land themselves — more than one vague account of it had drifted into Española. In return they told him their news, of the wild disorders which had spread through the island again; how Anacaona, the mistress of Bartholomew Columbus, had been hanged for treason, and sixteen petty chiefs roasted alive at the same time.

They told him of madness and battle and bloodshed, but what they were most interested in was the fact that a new expedition had just reached San Domingo from Spain. It was under the command of one Francisco de Bobadilla, a High Steward of the royal household in Spain, and the greatest noble who had as yet set foot in Española. He had some mysterious new powers; he had an army with which to enforce them. At the first news of his coming Roldan himself had made his way to San Domingo.

How matters stood between the Admiral and Bobadilla they did not know, but — was Don Narciso acquainted with Don Francisco? That was very interesting. Did Don Narciso wish to repair at once to San Domingo? Of course. They would provide him with a horse and a guide immediately. Was there anything else they could do for him? A sword? Armor? He had only to ask. And if Don Francisco were to consult him on the legality of their recent behavior, and of their grants of lands and slaves, Don Narciso would go to the trouble of assuring him that at Isabella they were all devoted subjects of the Crown, would he not? Rich nodded without committing himself, and took his guide and mounted his horse and rode for San Domingo.

It was five months and a week since García had kidnapped him. The court of Spain must have acted with unusual promptitude on receipt of his report, and he could guess what sort of orders and what sort of powers had been given to Don Francisco de Bobadilla, and the haste with which he had been sent out. But he hardly cared about that. Soon

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TONIGHT

They're Playing Under Lights!

by Westinghouse

• *Few fans ever dreamed* the day would come when after dinner they could ride out to a stadium and watch a professional baseball game played under lights.

• *Yet, the idea* of night baseball was advanced as early as three decades ago. True, nothing was done about this so-called "fantastic dream" then. But twelve years ago, a minor league club toured the country with a portable lighting system and played before fans at night in much the same manner as a carnival troupe.

• *Night baseball* at last became a reality. And it proved increasingly popular, evidenced by the fact that in the past ten years it has developed in the minor leagues to a point where seven games out of every ten are today played under lights.

• *In 1935* night baseball graduated to its first major league park. So rapidly has it caught on here that eight of the big league parks are now equipped with the most modern lighting facilities. And we are proud to say that five of these lighting systems were designed and installed by our own company.

• *One has only* to check the turnstiles to appreciate how eagerly the public has taken night baseball to its heart.

• *In 1939,* for instance, nearly one million persons attended major league night baseball games. The night games at Shibe Park, Philadelphia, topped the daytime attendance average five to one. In Comiskey Park, Chicago, the first six night games drew over 188,000 paid admissions.

• *There has been* similar enthusiastic response to night games played in the Polo Grounds, New York; Sportsman's Field, St. Louis; Forbes Field, Pittsburgh; as well as those at other baseball parks.

• *Consider if you will* the unusual demands of a lighting system that must provide glareless illumination for a fast night baseball game. At Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, our most recent installation, more than 210 million candlepower of light is spread over the field from 864 floodlights, each of some 1500 watt capacity. Their combined output would be enough to light every home in a city of 25,000 population. Distributed as it is, the illumination over Forbes Field is 19 times brighter than the average business man's desk.

• *Fortunately,* we at Westinghouse were able to bring to this exacting problem a long and highly varied lighting experience. Through the important contributions we have made to better lighting, stores have been made more attractive to shoppers; factories and offices more efficient for employees; school rooms more conducive to study; public thoroughfares, airports and river docks infinitely more safe.

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one at least of the ships which had come out would be sailing back to Spain — perhaps it might already have sailed. That was the rub. Rich urged his horse forward in his panic lest he should arrive too late to be able to sail in her.

XXIV

There had been a hazy dreamlike quality about many of his adventures when Rich had been experiencing misfortune; there was the same unreality about his good fortune. Rich could hardly believe that this was really he, sitting in the stern sheets of a boat pulling out to the caravel *Vizcaya* on his way to Spain. The boat's side on which his hand rested, the ladder which he climbed, the deck on which he set his feet — all were quite surprising in their solidity, considering how he felt that they might at any moment dissolve like wreaths of cloud. The bustle of the ship making ready for departure, the screaming of the sea birds, were like noises heard in a dream. He was free, and he was returning home; perhaps at that very moment the sucking pig was being engendered which he would eat as soon as he set foot in his own house again — sucking pig with onions and a thick slice of wheaten bread.

A boat was coming out to the *Vizcaya;* presumably it had on board Alonso de Villegio, the captain, with Bobadilla's final dispatches for Spain, and they would be under way directly. Villegio was a man of capacity, who had listened, at Bobadilla's side, with much attention to Rich's account of the island. He would be pleasant, sane company for Rich during the long voyage home, and a word in the King's ear (for Rich could be certain of the King's attention for a space on his arrival) could give him much-deserved promotion.

But in the stern of the boat, beside Villegio, was a strangely familiar figure. Rich recognized the bent shoulders and the white hair and beard immediately, and only hesitated because of the unlikeliness of what he saw.

The boat came alongside, and Villegio sprang lightly to the deck, his captain's eye taking in at a flash all the preparations for departure. Then he stood by the rail to help up the man who followed him; another sailor came to help, and the head of a third was visible over the side engaged on the same task. And the man who mounted was in need of this help, for he was old and feeble and stiff. Furthermore, as he raised his hands to the rail, there was a dull clanking to be heard. The Admiral was coming on board with chains upon his wrists.

Rich was inexpressibly shocked. He had approved of the temporary confinement of the Admiral, on the grounds that it was necessary to keep him harmless until the reforms should be under way. But that the Admiral of the Ocean, the Viceroy of the Indies, the man who had discovered a new world, should be thus publicly put to shame by being packed off home in chains, without either trial or sentence, was a dreadful thing, and the more dreadful because it showed that Bobadilla was a tactless man who would never manage the Indies.

Rich hurried across to where the Admiral still stood by the ship's side, looking about him blindly and unseeing, the chain dangling from his wrists and the land breeze ruffling his white beard.

'Your Excellency,' he said, and bowed low. His heart was wrung with pity as the Admiral peered at him with rheumy eyes.

'Ah, Don Narciso,' said the Admiral, slowly.

All about them were clamor and bustle, as Villegio was giving orders for sail to be set and the anchor to be got in. Farewells were already being shouted from the boat alongside.

'It is dreadful to see Your Excellency treated in this fashion,' said Rich.

'It is not dreadful for me,' said the Admiral. 'This is the sort of gratitude that benefactors can always expect of

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the world. And Christ had His cross and crown of thorns, while I have only this chain.'

'Your Excellency,' interposed Rich. 'Take the chain off now for the sake of your own comfort. You can put it on again when we sight Spain.'

'No, no, no!' said the Admiral. 'I will not!'

Rich and Villegio exchanged glances. They both recognized the sort of fanaticism which brooked no argument.

'As Your Excellency pleases,' said Villegio, bowing again. He was already looking round him at his ship; there must have been scores of matters clamoring for his attention. 'I must ask Your Excellency's kindness to spare me for a few minutes again.'

The Admiral motioned him away with superb dignity.

'I understand,' he said. 'I myself was once a captain of a ship.'

As Villegio departed the Admiral rounded upon Rich.

'I had forgotten until now,' he said, 'but I suppose, Don Narciso, that I have you to thank for this treatment. What did you say in that lying report of yours to Their Highnesses?'

'I said nothing but what I saw to be the truth,' said Rich, taken quite aback.

'Who bribed you?' asked the Admiral. 'What friend at court have you to put in my place?'

'No one,' said Rich hotly, stung by the monstrous imputation. 'I have done my duty, that and no more.'

His genuine indignation may perhaps have been remarked by the Admiral.

'No matter,' he said. 'I care not whether you are my friend or my enemy. I am strong enough to stand alone against all the liars and detractors in Spain or in the Indies. Half an hour with Their Highnesses and these chains will be struck off and I shall be Admiral and Viceroy again. I have only to tell them of the discoveries I have made on this voyage — of the mines of Ophir, of the Earthly Paradise, of the westerly passage to Arabia. I have only to remind them of the wealth to be won, the new kingdoms to be discovered.'

The dull blue eyes had a light in them now, and the wrinkled face, until now wooden and impassive, was animated and alive. The Admiral had forgotten Rich's presence; he was staring at the horizon and dreaming dreams, just as he had always dreamed them. Rich, gazing at him, realized quite fully that the Admiral was right — that he had only to talk in that fashion, as he undoubtedly would, to Their Highnesses for a few minutes to have all he wanted again. Within a year, perhaps, he would be at sea again in command of a squadron provided by Their Highnesses — and seeking the Fountain of Youth, or the Tree of Knowledge, or the Golden City of Cambaluc. And he would find — God only knew what he would find; but, being the Admiral, he would find something.

Rich glanced astern to where Española's mountains were fast sinking into the sea. There was a magnificent rainbow across them, adding fresh richness to their superb green summits towering above the blue, blue sea. He caught his breath a little at the sight, and felt a fresh twinge of regret at leaving the Indies behind. He had to think very hard about the solid realities of the island to allay that twinge. He shook off his momentary depression. He was on his way home.

(*The End*)

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